



///



Editorial Board

RENÉ N. GIRARD,
General Editor

BLANCHE A. PRICE,
Managing Editor

CARLOS BLANCO AGUINAGA

NATHAN EDELMAN

JOHN FRECCERO

J. LIONEL GOSSMAN

ANNA G. HATCHER

HAROLD JANTZ

RICHARD A. MACKSEY

WILLIAM H. McCLAIN

PAUL R. OLSON

CHARLES S. SINGLETON

VOLUME 77, 1962

THE JOHNS HOPKINS PRESS
BALTIMORE 18, MARYLAND



Table of Contents of Volume 77

ARTICLES

Freccero, John, Zeno's Last Cigarette.....	3
Norton, Peter C., Cesare Pavese and the American Nightmare.....	24
Musa, Mark, Movement and Meaning in a Poem by Panuccio del Bagno..	37
Singleton, Charles S., Inferno X: Guido's Disdain	49
Hatcher, Anna Granville, The "Detto del Gatto Lupesco" Again.....	66
Spitzer, Leo, On the Significance of Don Quijote.....	113
Rivers, Elias L., The Pastoral Paradox of Natural Art.....	130
Aguinaga, Carlos Blanco, Dos Sonetos del Siglo XVII: Amor-Locura en Quevedo y sor Juana.....	145
López-Morillas, Juan, Preludio del 98 y Literatura del Desastre.....	163
Champigny, Robert, Délimitation du genre romanesque.....	225
Macksey, Richard A., The Artist in the Labyrinth: Design or <i>Daesin</i> ...	239
Morrisette, Bruce, Theory and Practice in the Works of Robbe-Grillet..	257
Strauss, Walter A., Albert Camus, Stone-Mason	268
Ziolkowski, Theodore, Albert Camus and Heinrich Böll.....	282
Holdheim, William W., Gide's <i>Caves du Vatican</i> and the Illusionism of the Novel	292
Jantz, Harold, German Baroque Literature.....	337
Rehder, Helmut, Reflections on Goethe and the Baroque.....	368
Beare, Robert L., <i>Quirinus Kuhlmann</i> : Where and When?.....	379
Schulz-Behrend, G., Opitz' <i>Zlatna</i>	398
Price, Blanche A., Alfred de Vigny and Julia.....	449
Macksey, Richard A., Marcel Proust and the "Chant d'un Rossignol" an Unpublished Letter	463
Melcher, Edith, The Use of Words in Contemporary French Theater....	470
Schneider, Heinrich, Eine Unbekannte Trauerkantate auf Lessing.....	484
Seidlin, Oskar, In the Beginning Was . . . ? The Origin of Thomas Mann's Joseph und seine Brüder.....	493
Olson, Paul R., Symbolic Hierarchy in the Lion Episode of the <i>Cantar de Mio Cid</i>	499
Fichter, W. L., Un Ejemplo del genio creador de Lope de Vega: <i>El Acero de Madrid</i>	512
May, Georges, Rousseau's Literary Writings: An Important New Edition	519

NOTES

Cope, Jackson I., Girolamo Preti's Aesthetic Allegory: A Marinistic Poem on Violence in Love and Art.....	90
Larkin, Neil M., Another Look at Dante's Frog and Mouse.....	94
Rosenberg, Nancy H., Petrarch's Limping: The Foot Unequal to the Eye	99
Wardropper, Bruce W., Góngora and the <i>Serranilla</i>	178

Gross, Nathan, <i>Invention in an Imitated Sonnet by Góngora</i>	182
Sarolli, Gian Roberto, <i>Boscán as Translator: St. Jerome or the Humanists?</i>	187
Cohn, Robert Greer, <i>A Note on the Lahure Edition of the Coupe de Dés</i>	305
Alciatore, Jules C., <i>Plutarque et Shakespeare, Sources possibles de deux présages Stendhaliens</i>	309
Beare, Robert L., <i>The So-Called "Neukirch Sammlung": Some Speculations</i>	411
Schulz-Behrend, G., <i>On Editing Opitz</i>	435
Jantz, Harold, <i>Brockes' Poetic Apprenticeship</i>	439
Mitchell, P. M., <i>Two Letters from Wilhelm Grimm</i>	529
Weber, Robert J., <i>Galdó's inédita: Three Short Stories</i>	532
Alexander, Jean, <i>Poe's For Annie and Mallarmé's Nuit d'Idumée</i>	534

REVIEWS

George Fenwick Jones, <i>Honor in German Literature</i> [Thomas Perry Thornton]	106
Gunter Schulz, <i>Schillers Horen. Politik und Erziehung. Analyse einer deutschen Zeitschrift</i> [Karl J. R. Arndt].....	108
Theodor Fontane, <i>Schriften zur Literatur</i> , ed. Hans-Heinrich Reuter [Lieselotte E. Kurth, William H. McClain].....	109
James Doolittle, <i>Rameau's Nephew, a study of Diderot's "Second Satire"</i> [Jacques Ehrmann]	110
Eleanor S. O'Kane (Sister M. Katharine Elaine, C.S.C.), <i>Refranes y frases proverbiales españoles de la Edad Media</i> [Elias L. Rivers].....	192
D. W. McPheeters, <i>El humanista español Alonso de Proaza</i> [Elias L. Rivers]	193
Américo Castro, <i>De la edad conflictiva. I, El drama de la honra en España y en su literatura</i> [Manuel Durán].....	195
Pedro Calderón de la Barca, <i>La vida es sueño</i> , ed. Albert E. Sloman and La vida es sueño, ed. Everett W. Hesse [Bruce W. Wardropper].....	199
Karl-Ludwig Selig, <i>The Library of Vincencio Juan de Lastanosa Patron of Gracián</i> [Edward Sarmiento].....	202
Eduard J. Gramberg, <i>Fondo y forma del humorismo de Leopoldo Alas, "Clarín"</i> [Edward Sarmiento].....	202
Robert G. Mead, Jr., <i>Temas hispano-americanos</i> [Edward Sarmiento]....	203
Sergio Cigada, <i>L'opera poetica de Charles d'Orléans</i> [Robert J. Clements]	204
Odet de Turnèbe, <i>Les Contens</i> , ed. Norman B. Spector [Henry Hornik]	205
Pierre de Ronsard, <i>Œuvres complètes, XVII. Edition critique par Paul Laumonier, révisée et complétée par I. Silver et R. Lebègue</i> [Lobo L. O. Richter].....	207
Aram Vartanian, <i>La Mettrie's L'Homme machine. A Study in the Origins of an Idea</i> [Otis Fellows].....	212
Richard B. Grant, <i>Zola's Son Excellence Eugène Rougon, an Historical and Critical Study</i> [John C. Lapp].....	213
Fritz Ernst and Kurt Wais, <i>Forschungsprobleme der Vergleichenden Literaturgeschichte</i> [Henry H. H. Remak].....	215

Anton Lübbering, "Für Klopstock": Ein Gedichtband des Göttinger "Hains," 1773 [Detlev W. Schumann].....	219
Albert Bettex, Spiegelungen der Schweiz in der deutschen literature 1870- 1950 [Walter E. Glaetli]	223
Peter Currie, Corneille: Polyeucte [Robert J. Nelson].....	311
Stefan Sonderegger, Die Orts-und Flurnamen des Landes Appenzell: Gram- matische Darstellung [Judy Mendels].....	315
Ursula Daab, Die Althochdeutsche Benediktinerregel des Cod. Sang. 916 [Judy Mendels]	318
Charles Baudelaire, Les Fleurs du mal. Les Epaves. Bribes. Poèmes Divers. Aruenitates belgicæ, ed., Antoine Adam [René Girard].....	319
Montesquieu, Lettres persanes, texte établi, avec introduction, bibliographic et notes, par Paul Vernière [Lionel Gossman].....	322
Christian A. E. Jensen, L'Evolution du Romantisme: L'Année 1826 [Vic- tor Brombert]	326
Hélène Nais, Les animaux dans la poésie française de la Renaissance. Science. Symbolique. poésie [Marcel Françon].....	327
Arthur Rimbaud, Œuvres: Sommaire biographique, introduction, notices, relevé de variantes et notes par Suzanne Bernard [René Girard]... ..	328
George D. Painter, Proust: The Early Years [Richard A. Macksey].....	330
J. F. Marshall, Victor Jacquemont, Letters to Achille Chaper. Intimate Sketches of Life among Stendhal's Coterie [Jules C. Alciatore].....	333
W. G. Moore, Racine: Britannicus [Jules Brody].....	443
Viktor J. Johansson, Sur la Correspondance littéraire secrète et son éditeur [Jeanne R. Monty].....	444
Fredric Jameson, Sartre: The Origins of a Style [Robert Champigny]... ..	446
La Fontaine, Contes et Nouvelles; introduction, notes et relevé de vari- antes par Georges Couton [Philip A. Wadsworth].....	447
René Girard, Mensonge romantique et vérité romanesque [Raymond Giraud]	537
Paul Frankl, The Gothic. Literary Sources and Interpretations through Eight Centuries [Nathan Edelman, Phoebe Stanton]	541
Robert Champigny, Sur un Héros païen [Carl A. Viggiani].....	548
J.-J. Rousseau, Julie, ou La Nouvelle Héloïse; Introductions, notes et choix de variantes par René Pomeau [Lester G. Crocker].....	553
Margaret Guiton, La Fontaine, Poet and Counterpoet [Philip A. Wads- worth]	556
Thomas R. Hart, La Alegoria en el Libro De Buen Amor [Alexander A. Parker]	558
Luis Monguió, Sobre un escritor elogiado por Cervantes; los versos del perulero Enrique Garcés y sus amigos [Eliás L. Rivers].....	559

V
can
rea
ent
T
rev
lite
sub
F
be
of
Fre
arti
with
sub
issu

S
ML
wer
it se
not
Itali
of w

THE NEW *MLN*

With this special Italian issue *MLN* begins a new stage in its career of more than seventy-six years. The editors apologize to readers and subscribers for the delay which the changeover has entailed; we expect shortly to be back on schedule.

The journal will henceforth be devoted to articles, notes, and reviews dealing with the Romance and Germanic languages and literatures. No more contributions on English or American subjects will appear.

Five numbers will be published every year. Four of these will be *Annals*, each one given over to articles and notes on one of the major languages and its literature—Italian, Spanish, French, German respectively. The fifth issue will contain articles and notes in any of our fields which do not fall clearly within the scope of any of the *Annals*. Reviews of books on subjects related to any of the languages will appear in all five issues.

NOTE

Since all contributors to this first Italian issue of the new *MLN* are (or at the time they submitted these contributions were) members of the Johns Hopkins faculty or student body, it seems well to state that such an editorial program is of course not contemplated as a regular feature. Hereafter the annual Italian number will continue *MLN's* long-established policy of welcoming contributions from scholars everywhere.

JO

Qu
hal
cet
jux
pre
nor
nor

rea
mo
Ine
pas
pre
An
be
Joy
the
ing
the
pos
to
of
abs
scie

ZENO'S LAST CIGARETTE *

JOHN FRECCERO

Que si maintenant quelque romancier hardi, déchirant la toile habilement tissée de notre moi conventionnel, nous montre sous cette logique apparente une absurdité fondamentale, sous cette juxtaposition d'états simples une pénétration infinie de mille impressions diverses qui ont déjà cessé d'être au moment où on les nomme, nous le louons de nous avoir mieux connus que nous ne nous connaissons nous-mêmes.

—Henri Bergson, *Essai sur les données immédiates de la conscience*, p. 99.

"A written confession," Zeno remarks, "is always a lie." For this reason literature is most false precisely when it aspires to being most true: when it attempts to tell the story of the author's life. Inevitably, the attempt to abstract self from self and to make the past in each of its successive moments somehow consistent with the present, distorts the image which was the object of the search. Any "portrait of the artist," if it is to be an image at all, must be set off at a distance from the dynamic present—as a *young man*, Joyce insisted—as though there were an unbridgeable gap between then and now, and as though time were not a continuum connecting the present with both birth and death. Analysis presupposes the detachment of the writer from his subject, a perspective impossible to achieve when the subject is the self. Thus, for a writer to speak of his childhood or of his senility, the successive images of which his life seems to be composed, is to speak of empty abstractions which cannot be observed from the flow of his consciousness.

* *The Confessions of Zeno*

The titles of Italo Svevo's novels hint at this, his central pre-occupation: *Una Vita*, *Senilità*, *La coscienza di Zeno*, all seem to be meditations upon the attempt to capture the essence of his life in retrospect—meditations ending with the realization that to recapture the past is to falsify it, to invent it as though it had belonged to someone else. In Svevo's last novel, his whimsical *persona*, Zeno, begins his written attempt to recapture his childhood at the insistence of a somewhat obtuse psychiatrist, Dr. S., who does not believe that the problem has its roots in metaphysics rather than in psychology. Zeno's first words state his problem succinctly:

See my childhood? Now that I am separated from it by over fifty years, my presbyopic eyes might perhaps reach to it if the light were not obscured by so many obstacles. The years like impassable mountains rise between me and it, my past years and a few brief hours in my life. . . . The present surges up and dominates me, the past is blotted out.

In Zeno's purely spatial imagination, the present moment is conditioned by the one that went before, that one in turn conditioned by its predecessor, and so on, back into the past, toward the origin of the individual and of the species. In a sense, then, the past exists in the present, and moves with it into the future. This continuous chain is life itself, and consciousness is the present moment, the spearhead of the past thrust into the future. Because one cannot stop the trajectory, and because the present carries with it all that went before, one cannot speak of one's past without a vantage point from which retrospective abstractions can be made. Zeno attempts to construct for himself a place to stand in his effort to find the cause of his disease, chain-smoking, and his attempt results in the creation of a lie—literature:

And by dint of pursuing these memory-pictures, I at last really overtook them. I know now that I invented them. But invention is a creative act, not merely a lie. . . . I thought my dream-pictures really were an actual reproduction of the past. . . . I remembered them as one remembers an event one has been told by somebody who was not present at it.

Zeno's consciousness converts memory-pictures into dream-pictures, perception into creation, and thereby constructs of barren truth a rational lie. He chooses elements from his experience in order to

construct an essence, to "characterize" himself in a plot of his own choosing, omitting the myriad irreducible details that add nothing to the portrait, or indeed seek to obfuscate its general outlines. Like the novel it so closely resembles, Zeno's lie is a work of art.

In a sense, a novelist is at once a creature and a creator, for the story he tells is necessarily his own invention, yet it must be drawn from his own experience. He must be within it, in order for it to be "alive," yet in another sense he must be outside of it in order to understand. It is the use of a fictional plot that enables him to know the story's end before its beginning, and to stand to his own experience like the medieval God Who was *auctor naturae*, able to take in past and future with his synoptic view. This transcendent foreknowledge gives his characters a rationale and an inner consistency which makes them intelligible. At the same time, however, that foreknowledge foreordains the characters and deprives them of the liberty that real persons seem to possess. They are oppressed by their destiny, or by what Pirandello would call their "form," unable to assert themselves against the crushing exigencies of plot. The dialectic of the novel is then the struggle between the freedom of a God-like novelist to write the plot as he chooses, and the resistance of his experience, seeking to establish its own true, although chaotic, liberty. So it is with Zeno's confession: the truth of his story varies inversely with its degree of intelligibility. By the act of making his own experience (which he cannot understand) into a *story* (which he understands for having invented it), Zeno rationalizes away the history of his own freedom and with the miracle of the lie becomes his own God, seeking to justify, at least in the world of fiction, the flesh and blood reality from which he has abstracted himself.

The traditional novelist of the self turns from life to literature and in his fiction takes the place of the God *manqué* in his life. But just as the God of tradition has been reproached for the tyranny of predestination, so in recent times the existentialists, recapitulating the history of theology in their phenomenology of the novel, reproach the novelist for knowing what his characters are about. They revive (perhaps without knowing it) the medieval analogy between the author of a book and the Author of the Cosmos, and attempt to banish the former as the Enlightenment banished the latter. So anxious are they to preserve human freedom

even in the world of fiction that they suggest the abdication of the author from his own experience in favor of the liberty of his creatures. If it were possible for the novelist to be *manqué* in the same way that God is missing from the world, then the new novel would indeed hold up a mirror to life: a mass of senseless detail, signifying nothing. Its characterless characters would be doomed, just as Pirandello's six characters are doomed, to wait for an author, possessed of the absolute liberty of indeterminacy. Unlike the world, however, an authorless novel cannot come into existence: the *anti-roman* of Robbe-Grillet remains the written record of some other author's refusal to write a novel, as the play of Pirandello remains the successful dramatization of some other author's refusal to write a play.

Curiously enough, however, while the theorists of the novel have been seeking to make it resemble their image of life, ordinary men like Zeno have turned away from that life and behave as though they were searching in their lives for the logic and plot of the hack novel. The liberty of indeterminacy given by the author-*manqué* to his novelistic creatures is a *tour-de-force*; in everyday life, however, the same gift is a source of anguish. The underground man of our time attempts to withdraw from himself in order to superimpose a logical pattern upon the unrelated fragments culled from his imagination, and with an act of *mauvaise foi* which the psychologists call "rationalization," paints a reasonable portrait of himself with the gray pigments of his life. The objective is always the same: in Zeno's words, "an excuse for doing what I wanted or which would prevent my doing it." The unfortunate (and inescapable) secondary effect of the novelist's art, the negation of his characters' freedom, is for Zeno the primary objective. His intention is precisely the reverse of Svevo's.

Justification is the object of Zeno's literary rationalization, just as it is always the object of the stereotyped romantic "confession." It is achieved by retrospectively denying one's freedom and therefore one's responsibility. From the perspective which he invents for himself, Zeno sees all that has happened as something that *had* to happen, given his image of himself and his self-imposed novelistic destiny. The historic Zeno was a mere puppet, "understandable" and therefore blameless. Or so we might be led to believe were this a simple trial of the accused before the gullible jury of a literary audience—were this a nineteenth-century novel of con-

fession. We are able to see through Zeno's literary subterfuge, however, for we have a place to stand, outside of his life and his lie, from which the ironic gap between the two can be measured. Dr. S., the psychiatrist who is Svevo's naïve surrogate, introduces Zeno's story with a few remarks that succeed in casting into doubt all of that which is to follow: "He little knows what surprises lie in wait for him, if someone were to set about analyzing the mass of truths and falsehoods which he has collected here." The ironic introduction makes of the confession a novel-within-a-novel, precisely in order to reveal the mechanism of rationalization for what it is: the creative lie of defense. Svevo's technique is much like Dostoyevsky's biting satire: both *The Confessions of Zeno* and *Notes from the Underground* are directed against the vanity of those who, like Rousseau, would seek to prove their innocence by a process traditionally reserved for the admission of guilt. Specifically, it accuses the man who would paint the truth after his own image of himself.

Before he embarks upon his writing adventure, Dostoyevsky's man from the underground meditates upon his sincerity along the same lines (and with the same degree of sincerity) as Zeno:

In any case, I have not long since decided to recall to mind some of my former adventures; up until now, I had avoided them, not without a certain uneasiness. At this moment, however, while I am evoking them and even writing them down, I am trying an experiment: Is it possible to be frank and sincere, at least with oneself, and can one tell oneself the whole truth? I note in this regard that Heine assures us that there can be no such thing as an accurate autobiography and that a man always lies when he is talking about himself. Rousseau, according to him, surely deceived us, even deliberately, in his *Confessions*, out of sheer vanity. I am sure Heine is right . . . but [he] had in mind public confessions; I am writing only for myself, and I wish to make clear once and for all that if I seem to be addressing a reader it is merely for convenience.

His greatest lie is that his confession is not public. Since the whole point of confession, whether theological or novelistic, is justification, it becomes difficult to imagine how it can succeed without a judge from whose perspective the penitent can be absolved, or, more correctly, acquitted. In the ordinary literature of confession of the

nineteenth century, by the process of publication, we the readers are judges before whom the author attempts to exculpate himself. It is the genius of Dostoyevsky, however, and of Svevo after him, to put us at one remove from the trial scene, so that we may have some other testimony besides that of the accused, and may see each of his lies for what it is. In a profound sense it may be said that the novel-within-the-novel is the novelist's indictment of all public confession, particularly (and this explains the savagery of the attack) of his own. The novelist who *is*, confessing his guilt, accuses the novelist who *was*, seeking to proclaim his innocence. We must pause to discuss the gap that separates them.

The novel of justification, the false confession enclosed within the novels of both Dostoyevsky and Svevo, can never succeed because it can never end. Zeno abandons his attempt at writing his confessions when the war breaks out; and the man from the underground, we are told, would go on interminably were he not interrupted by Dostoyevsky. The audience may be taken in by the lie within the temporal and spatial confines of the novel; in real life, however, the neurotic must go on and on in order to convince himself. The moment he ceases to abstract he must once more take up the tedious task of living, and he then realizes that he has attempted to judge and to justify a life which he is still in the process of creating. Paradoxically, he knows that he can never fully be all that he is until he ceases to be; he can never know his own essence until he dies, when he will have ceased to know anything at all. Only death will provide the necessary gap between the man and an accurate self-portrait.

Death has many faces, however, one of which, we have come to learn from the existentialists, is purely epistemological. The act of reflecting upon one's own consciousness, is a type of death of the self which involves no physical decomposition: *je pense, donc je ne suis pas*. The great novelists extend the process of Sartre's *pour-soi* throughout a whole novelistic duration, and become all-knowing impersonal observers. What Sartre has not seen, however, is that death of the self, in order to be more than simply a striking metaphor, must be complete, and if complete, can permit of no return to "the old man." The gap that exists in the novel-within-a-novel between the lying *persona* and the novelist (Dr. S[vevo], Dostoyevsky) who accuses him is a kind of absolute separation between the experience of the novelist who *was* and the novelist

who *is*. If this were a merely temporary and purely epistemological separation, then the novel-within-a-novel would also be a lie, capable of being in turn inserted into another novel (and another and another) in an infinite regression of false journals in the manner of Gide, the sum total of which might approach but never reach the truth as a limit, and the purpose of which would always be to justify, because of the essential vital continuity of subject and object. On the contrary, however, the sincerity of a Dostoyevsky or of a Svevo points to the seriousness of their undertaking, and proclaims the absolute truth of their perspective. Thus the death of their former selves is total and complete, and their own works can be described only as a kind of resurrection. Such a process of spiritual death and resurrection has a traditional name—"conversion"—and the early history of the written record of such conversions is intimately linked to the history of the novel.

From the perspective of St. Augustine, the inventor of the genre, it was possible to believe that an autobiography could be the truth, that one could discover a principle of intelligibility in one's life and need not invent it. This is not to say that Augustine was unaware of the fundamental problem; he knew as well as any modern novelist how futile is the attempt to make a verbal abstraction from the flow of time, and his meditation was a lesson to all who would discover themselves in the present moment. "The present," he wrote, "occupies no space." The moment one attempts to transfix time, to set off the past and eternalize the self in the present moment, that moment has slipped by from proximate future to proximate past. The present progressive is an abstraction, a mere grammatical convention when applied to the self, for the self is perpetually changing. In order to capture its essence in retrospect, one must establish a gap between then and now; in order to take stock, all transactions must first be concluded; in order to have the static word correspond to the dynamic flesh it seeks to express, one must die and be born again. In effect, the Augustinian solution of the epistemological problem of confession was identical with the Pauline solution of the moral problem facing all Christians. All confession, literary or sacramental, is either a lie or the record of a conversion, a death and resurrection. Self-knowledge is necessarily death of the self, a descent into Hell, while self-expression in its profoundest sense is necessarily re-birth.

For the Middle Ages, in order to make one's confession (or to

write one's "confessions"), one needed a point of Being in the stream of becoming. Such a point could only be provided by grace, a sacramental place to stand outside of time from which the *ek-static* penitent might examine his conscience, from which the "novelist" might analyze his consciousness (the two processes are one for Augustine, as they are in the "*Coscienza* of Zeno"). The miracle could be brought about only by the God who had Himself died and been reborn, the Word made flesh, and its effect was so profound that it was said to mark the beginning of what St. Paul termed a "New Life." Similarly, the novelist of today seeks to reconcile a stable principle of intelligibility, his ontological "word," to the liberty and flow of life. This too can only be brought about with a kind of conversion, and in the greatest of novelists, with a kind of "incarnation romanesque," to use the expression of René Girard. But Zeno's hilarious attempt to stop smoking, which is presumably his search for a conversion to a "new life," is an act of bad faith, for his self-accusation, like Rousseau's and like that of the man from the underground, is in reality self-justification. Zeno's frustration is the ironic proof of the fact that in Svevo's eyes, such a conversion is impossible in human terms. St. Augustine, presented with a similar situation, might have quoted the Psalms: "In the sight of God shall no man living be justified." Zeno looks everywhere for his moment of truth, except within himself.

It must not be imagined that this is merely a fanciful application of moral theology to esthetic phenomenology; the fashionable literary theology of the existentialists is at least as old as Dante. The *Vita Nuova*, a spiritual biography which owes much to Augustine, records the poet's transition from old to new life, from inferior poet to great artist, through the grace of his lady, in the language of conversion that Zeno parodies in his first chapter. The scholarly arguments about the "reality" of Beatrice and the more recent refusals to see her as an analogue of Christ betray at once a modern misunderstanding of the Middle Ages and an old-fashioned misunderstanding of the profundities of literary creation. She is Dante's Word and flesh, his death and resurrection, his perspective on himself, necessary for the Christian and the artist.

So closely does Zeno's search for salvation parody the language of conversion in the *Vita Nuova* that we must pause to recall a few essential features of the latter story. Dante's book begins in a moment of calm recollection:

In that part of the book of my memory, before which there would be little to read, I find a rubric which says; "*Incipit Vita Nova*."—here begins the New Life. Beneath that rubric I find written the words which I intend to copy into this little book, and if not all of them, at least their substance.

The substance of a book of memory, it would seem, is the essence of a life, distilled in memory out of many seemingly unrelated fragments, and expressed with the serenity of artistic and psychological detachment. The poet believed that his new life had begun in a moment of Grace made sacred by the powers of the number three, when he first met Beatrice: "Nine times already since my birth had the heaven of light returned to the same point with respect to its own revolution, when the glorious lady of my mind first appeared to my eyes. . . ." The stars themselves seemed to mark the moment, as if heaven and earth, God Himself, had pre-ordained this meeting of two nine-year old children which began the poet's authentic life and one of the world's great love stories. Dante's tiresome insistence upon the numerically exact moment is explained by the conviction, formulated by the poet as he looks backward over his life, that his love for Beatrice made time stand still, and gave the new life its meaning.

But precisely because of that story's neatness, it would strike Zeno as a poetic lie. Dante glosses a book of memory which seems already a creation of the imagination; the real book of memory, to Zeno, is his dictionary, whose order is the arbitrary alphabet, a pure convention applied to an amorphous mass of detail heaped up by the passing of time.

I find the following entry on the front page of a dictionary, beautifully written and adorned with a good many flourishes: 2 February, 1886. *Today I finish my law studies and take up chemistry. Last cigarette!!*

With confidence in himself, a sense of victory, with "hope for strength and health in the future," he smoked his interminable last cigarettes, one very much like another, at each moment renewing his vow to begin a new life. Somehow he seemed out of touch with whatever cosmic force makes moments propitious and presents each of us with his salvation in the form of a last cigarette, last puerility or weakness:

I had a partiality for certain dates because their figures went well together. I remember one of the last century which seemed as if it must be the final monument to my vice: "Ninth day of the ninth month in the year 1899." Surely a most significant date! The new century furnished me with dates equally harmonious, though in a different way. "First day of the first month in the year 1901." Even today I feel that if only that date could repeat itself I should be able to begin a new life.

But he waits for a new life, a conversion in a propitious moment, which is no more likely to come than is the next year 1901. He passes from cigarette to resolution and back to cigarette again, searching for the key to his destiny from the mass of possible permutations: "Third day of the sixth month, in the year 1912, at 24 o'clock," or even a date which is striking because of its very inconsequence: "third day of the second month of the year 1905 at six o'clock!" But one date is very much like another, as one cigarette or one bead of time is much like another, and in a world where any number may serve as the mystic key, no number will do. Zeno the *persona* will not achieve the detachment of Svevo the author until death overtakes him.

But if there is no number, there is at least the dictionary—the alphabet—and for a man so desperate for order it suffices. Zeno finds his wife, not as Dante found his Beatrice, through an apparently chance encounter that had in reality been planned by God Himself, nor again by the merest accident, as one suspects that healthy men do, regardless of the rationalizations they construct in retrospect, but rather through a systematic, rational and therefore ludicrous search, in alphabetical order. Or so he would have us believe:

Their names, which I immediately committed to memory, were Ada, Augusta, Alberta and Anna. I was also told that they were all good-looking. That initial seemed to me more significant than it really was. I dreamt about those four girls linked together so closely by their names. I almost felt they were a bunch of flowers. But that initial meant something else too. My name is Zeno, and I felt as if I were about to choose a wife from a far country.

He proposes to the sisters in alphabetical order, skipping only the infant Anna: Ada, Alberta and then Augusta, who finally accepts: "I don't mind confessing that at that moment a feeling of immense

satisfaction pervaded me. I had no longer any decision to make. Everything was decided for me. At last I had obtained certainty." Later, when the adulterous Zeno must face the decision to leave his mistress, again his emblematic dictionary serves as a book of memory: "During those hours of torment I wrote the date of the day in my dictionary against the letter C (Carla) with the comment: 'Last Betrayal.'"

The dictionary is the intellect's parody of the book of memory, the result of the mind's attempt to transcend itself and to give order to chaos with its own static "word" in an imitation of the divine process. Ideally, it represents the sum total of all of reality bound up in a single volume, with a sequential order (and therefore an apparent continuity) and an apparent rationale. Only a mad-man would mistake it for the meaningful account of a life and thus be taken in by the obvious counterfeit; yet the lie that the dictionary represents is little worse than the lie of the completely contrived plot. It is dead because it is a spatial, discontinuous order, lacking the temporal flow of life just as the intellect is dead for analyzing atoms and for not being able to account for change. In the process of retrospective reconstruction the intellect attempts to capture life, but intellect and life, the fragmentary dictionary and the flow, are inalterably opposed because they pull in opposite directions, the first seeking the scientific certainty of dead determinism, the other seeking the future flow of liberty. This incompatibility is at the source of Zeno's paradoxical nature, for even the healthiest organism would appear pure mechanism under the scrutiny of the intellect's retrospective gaze.

Zeno's book of memory has no essence; the dictionary has many characters but no plot, for the course of life has had no rationale and no privileged moments which he can observe in retrospect: one cigarette is exactly like another. Together all those cigarettes go to make up his life, measured out in discontinuous parcels which disappear as they are lived, leaving behind an ash which mingles with all the ashes of history. We live in this world with our ashes, which each of us carries with him. In order to recall, Zeno must "invoke the aid of all those many cigarettes I have smoked, identical with the one I have in my hand now." But even this one is gradually disappearing and in a moment will belong to the past. Zeno cannot stand still in the course of life, and yet it is precisely this which he must do in order to remember. One cannot recall

the past while one is creating it; one cannot begin a new life while continuing to smoke. Zeno's homely, sensible wife unknowingly stumbles upon the truth when she remarks that "smoking is one way of living, and not such a bad one, either." One day Zeno will quit smoking: when the chain comes to an end and he finally succumbs (and thus is cured) of the disease that afflicts him—life itself—the only disease, he tells us, which is always fatal.

Authentic life, true health, is no more aware of itself than is perfect vision, perfect movement, or perfect breathing. Life is a rhythm into which one must enter; it is recapitulated "in the most rudimentary of sounds, that of a sea-wave, which from the moment it is born until it expires is in a state of continual change." Like music, its whole substance is rhythm—*tempo*—time itself, and not the string of beads that Zeno imagines. Guido, Zeno's rival in love, improvises upon Bach and produces beautiful music—"the rhythm of a healthy organism." "When I can play like that," Zeno remarks, "I shall be cured." In spite of his theoretical knowledge of music, however, or perhaps because of it, his violin will produce only cacophony. His intelligence is acute but mechanical, and like his eyes, it can never focus on the present—that which is at hand. A friend tells Zeno about the mechanics of walking:

He told me with amusement that when one is walking rapidly each step takes no more than half a second, and that in that half second no fewer than fifty-four muscles are set in motion. I listened in bewilderment. I at once directed my attention to my legs and tried to discover the infernal machine. I thought I had succeeded in finding it. I could not of course distinguish all its fifty-four parts, but I discovered something terrifically complicated which seemed to get out of order directly I began thinking about it.

I limped as I left the café. . . .

If Zeno is ridiculous, it is because in telling his story he would apply his cinematographic intelligence to the flow and change of life, hoping desperately to reproduce movement from separate and isolated states, like a machine imitating life. Unfortunately, the moving-picture camera of the mind cannot work quite fast enough, and even if it could, we would not be taken in by our own illusion: in this Bergsonian world, the myopic man of science and the far-sighted philosopher alike fall flat on their faces.

Zeno's wife, with her crossed eyes and her animal health, lives in

the present without a thought of birth or death, attached to those stationary objects—jewelry or furniture—which prevent men “from becoming sea-sick in a world perpetually turning.” For the far-sighted, chain-smoking Zeno, on the other hand, the present lies just beyond his last cigarette, a present into which his intelligence, or at least his imagination, plunges, leaving behind the will-less creature rooted to life by his past and by the weed that is burning in his hand.

I understood at last the meaning of perfect health in a human being, when I realized that for her [Augusta] the present was a tangible reality in which we could take shelter and be near together. I tried to be admitted to this sanctuary and to stay there, resolved not to laugh either at myself or her; for my skepticism would only be a symptom of disease, and I must at least beware of infecting someone who had given her life into my keeping. It was my desire to protect her that made me act for a while like a normal human being.

It is Zeno's intelligence which converts the rhythm of life into disease, by analyzing and dissecting, by searching for stability in the present and substituting self-consciousness for action, chain-smoking for life. It is his delusion that he can find himself, capture his ego, undergo a conversion, and thus elude the pressure of his past forcing him along a pre-destined track. His intelligence dupes him into believing that he can stand still, outside of himself, and begin anew from a clean slate, in the present moment. His cigarettes represent his discontinuous duration, his connection with the past and his direction in the future. To make one of them the last, while such a resolution might satisfy the mind's desire to fix reality in static images and thus render it intelligible, would nevertheless result in breaking the continuity, in fixing life only by ending it. To renew the resolution each moment, however, and *then* to break it, would be to satisfy the life instinct while throwing the intellect its necessary bone. But this double operation leaves time for nothing else, and brings with it only paralysis. Zeno's dilemma is that he would walk and know that *he* is walking, would live and know that *he* is living, endure and know that *he* is enduring. He would be the man defining his own ego, giving direction and purpose to his life, ignoring the dictionary dragging behind him that is his past (and the past of his father and of his

species), in order to begin a new life a moment from now, to be determined only by himself. It cannot be done, for to think is to kill reality by freezing it, to live is unconsciously to flow. The last cigarette is a desperate, compulsive attempt at a compromise between action and thought:

I was irritated by canon law, which seemed to me so remote from life, and I fled to science in the hope of finding life itself, though imprisoned in a retort. That last cigarette was emblem of my desire for activity (even manual) *and* for calm, clear, sober thought.

He is then two men: an intellect perceiving separate, disjointed states, powerless to control an organism whose liberty is gained only by following its trajectory. A "last" cigarette satisfies both the hope of the intellect, and the demand of the organism:

In order to make it seem a little less foolish I tried to give a philosophic content to the malady of the "last cigarette." You strike a noble attitude, and say: "Never again!" But what becomes of the attitude if you keep your word? You can only preserve it if you keep on renewing your resolution. And then Time, for me, is not that imaginable thing that never stops. For me, but only for me, it comes again.

The attitude, a pose struck for the moment, is a pause in the stream of life. In the next moment, a new pause, a new resolution. But because time, like nature, abhors a vacuum, something must fill the gap between these instants. Imagining a third moment will not do, for this only succeeds in halving the instant, as a fourth and fifth will only succeed in quartering it. No quantity of renewed resolutions will succeed in working the qualitative change from spatially fixed points, the time that "comes again," to the stream of authentic time. Zeno tells his formerly-fat friend why dieting is so much easier than curing the smoking habit:

I explained to him that giving up three meals a day seemed to me nothing compared with the task of making a fresh resolution every moment not to smoke another cigarette. If you use up all your time making resolutions you have no time for anything else, for it takes a Julius Caesar to be able to do two things at once.

The intellectual desire to know liberty leads to the paralysis of discontinuous time—disease, Zeno calls it—whereas the flow and

rhythm of animal health preclude the exercise of what is distinctively human—thought. The closest thing to freedom that he can reach is a compromise between the two—Zeno can play the violin only on condition that he beat out the rhythm with his foot. Perfect liberty would entail the reconciliation of separate points with a continuous line, making of discrete perceptions of the self the smooth trajectory of life.

The first chapter of Zeno's novel presents us with an old paradox in unique form: how can one reconcile the movement of life, animal health, with the transversal static cuts made by the intellect? How can one *be* and know that he is being? The paradox is a form of the ancient paradox of Zeno of Elea, transposed from the mysteries of space and motion to those of Augustinian duration and time. Svevo has called his character Zeno, surely a strange name for an Italian, precisely because his character is an embodiment of the spirit of the Eleatic, seeking to reconcile reality to reason. The effect of transposing the puzzle from space to human time, however, is to make of the conundrum the anguish of a soul.

The puzzle of Zeno of Elea may be stated in one of its forms in the following manner: If we imagine the trajectory of an arrow flying through space, it must be said that at any given moment it occupies a given space and is therefore momentarily motionless, requiring another moment before it can occupy the next successive position. Hence the trajectory is made up of an infinity of successive moments for the gradual transition from place to place. But these infinite moments cannot be said ever to reach the continuity that we perceive. Motion itself cannot be deduced. At each separate moment the arrow is motionless, all the time it is moving. Just as one can never place enough mathematical points side by side in order to make up a straight line, it is impossible to deduce the trajectory of the arrow from the logical stages, the transversal cuts, that go to make it up. It will never reach its target.

If we substitute for the arrow the present moment, the spearhead of consciousness moving from past to future, we have the paradox in Svevo's terms. Bergson himself transposed it to a temporal dimension. In *Creative Evolution* the philosopher wrote:

Nothing would be easier, now, than to extend Zeno's argument to qualitative becoming and to evolutionary becoming. We should find the same contradictions in these. That the child can become a

youth, ripen to maturity and decline to old age, we understand when we consider that vital evolution is here the reality itself. Infancy, adolescence, maturity, old age, are mere views of the mind, *possible stops* imagined by us, from without, along the continuity of a progress. On the contrary, let childhood, adolescence, maturity and old age be given as integral parts of the evolution, they become *real stops*, and we can no longer conceive how evolution is possible, for rests placed beside rests will never be equivalent to a movement. How, with what is made, can we reconstitute what is being made?

Svevo suggested the paradox in several different ways. One would have appealed to Zeno of Elea, had he known about it. Zeno has a kind of hallucination when he attempts to recall the past:

I dimly see certain strange images that seem to have no connection with my past; an engine puffing up a steep incline dragging endless coaches after it. Where can it all come from? Where is it going? How did it get there at all?

Its significance becomes clear at his father's deathbed:

I realize that the image that obsessed me at the first attempt to look into my past—the image of an engine drawing a string of coaches up a hill—came to me for the first time while I lay on the sofa listening to my father's breathing. That's just what engines do when drawing an enormous weight: they emit regular puffs, which then become faster and finally stop altogether; and that pause seems dangerous too, because as you listen you cannot help fearing that the engine and the train must go tumbling head over heels down into the valley.

Zeno's attempt to go back to his childhood is to retrace his steps, coach by coach from the present moment, "invoking the aid of all those cigarettes." With the mistake characteristic of the Eleatic intellect he asks, "Who can stop those memory pictures once they have taken flight through time, which never before seemed so much like space." He is his past, just as the engine is the train, and to stop puffing in order to look back over the past, to refuse to follow the cigarette track, is indeed to begin a new life:

Copler, with the death-rattle in his throat, was measuring out his last hours of breath. His noisy breathing consisted of two sounds; one hesitating, as if produced by the air he breathed in; one

hurried, when he expelled the air from his lungs. Was he in a hurry to die? A pause always followed these two sounds, and I thought that when the pause grew longer the new life would have begun.

The moralists tell us that a pause is necessary, that the beginning of knowledge is to know one's self. But how can one reconstitute the self if it does not as yet exist except as an end term? How can one justify the belief in one's identity? Bergson seems to have dismissed the problem: "all we have to do is to give up the cinematographical habits of our intellect." But these habits are all that the *persona* Zeno possesses, since he is himself the product of an intellectual exercise. Hence, he must struggle simply to survive:

I limped along, trying in vain to contend with my bodily distress. I sometimes have attacks like these; I can breathe perfectly well, but I count each breath I draw, because each requires a special effort of the will. I have the feeling if I were not careful I should die of suffocation.

Zeno is a rational construct, the justification of the historical Zeno, with *being* but without life. Small wonder if he must be on his guard against the spontaneity of the vital force. If he were to apply the mathematician's solution of Zeno's paradox to his own life, $S_{\infty} = A / (1 - r)$, he might conclude that he need only place himself at the end of the series to see that the transition from point to point has indeed been a continuous trajectory aimed at the "sum to infinity." If he were to use the maxim of Hegel and of Sartre after him, he would see that *Wesen ist was gewesen ist*: being is that which has been. Essence is then simply the *raison de la série*, the mean or average of all of the successive appearances. These solutions will do for the mathematicians and for the philosophers, who have merely to dismiss Zeno's paradox, close up shop and go home to their wives and children at the end of their day. Not so with Zeno, or, we may guess, with any man seeking to know himself. When we apply the scientific solutions to the existential problem, we see the enormity for what it is—for how can one take the sum to infinity, the *raison de la série*, unless the trajectory is finished and the series closed? When the sum means being and the series life, we are left with the inescapable conclusion that one cannot know one's self until one is dead. The process of finding one's identity,

essential to the process of justification, is necessarily spiritual suicide. And in the world of the neurotic Zeno, there can be no Augustinian resurrection.

To be delivered of his anguish, Zeno has one of three choices: he can stop living, stop thinking, or lie. If the reason and reality, thought and action, self-consciousness and health are contradictory, one must abandon either one camp or the other, the word or the flesh. Or one can create for one's self an essence, an autobiography, and present it to the reading public or the psychiatrist to make of it what they will. One can leave the rhythmic brooding of the armchair to approach the writing-table, as does Zeno when he first begins to write his memoirs, in order to create literature, itself a rationalization as closely related to the truth as are Zeno's interminable vows to quit smoking. Zeno's retrospective gaze will never capture his evolution, but rather invents a story written in Tuscan from a life lived in the dialect of Trieste, and presents us with a single character who can never change and never evolve, because he does not move.

In the successive chapters of the novel, to which we can only allude here, Zeno constructs mad rationalizations about his father, his marriage, his mistress and his business. Because of the perfect logic of all of his motivations, as he recounts them, we understand them for what they are: ludicrous attempts to justify himself. We learn to suspect all of his emotions and passions, precisely because he is a shadow of a man, without the flesh and blood of which real, illogical life is composed. He seems not to exist but to know, while those around him exist and are unaware of it. Similarly, he understands freedom, but for that very reason does not possess it, whereas those around him seem unconsciously free. Thus, all normal human relationships are impossible for him, for, lacking the principle of life, he cannot communicate with those around him any more than he can communicate with the stones or the stars. He cannot give himself to the vital forces of destiny, as do the rest of society in the seance, for instance, but instead remains outside seeking to manipulate those forces with a God-like omniscience. The result is that he becomes the unwitting victim of the very destiny he tries to elude, while those around him achieve their liberty because they are unconscious of their own limitations.

Zeno is nevertheless *in* society and so must enter into relationships of various kinds with the people around him. This would

be an insurmountable difficulty, were it not for a variation of the technique of the lie, his *modus operandi* throughout the novel. Since he is a shadow of a man, he can only resemble other men by imitating them, by counterfeiting their movements and their gestures. Forever an outsider to the bourgeois society around him, he can at least struggle to look like them, and his mechanical efforts to fit in, to conform to the patterns about him, are the principal source of much of the humor in the book. It is the humor of the intellect imitating life's dynamism with the mechanical movement of the Chaplinesque filmstrip, composed of successive frames which move a shade too slow to look like life. When he reads newspapers, Zeno is "metamorphosed into public opinion." With a friend in a restaurant, he absently orders the same soft drink, "even though I hate lemons." He goes so far that he even chooses a wife, not logically, as he would like to have us suppose, but simply out of fascination for her father, whose "quiet strength" he envies: "When I admire anyone I at once try to be like him. So I began to imitate Malfenti. I soon began to feel myself as astute as he was." At the same time, the people whom he imitates are also his judges before whom he must justify himself, as a perpetual performer imitating his audience, who receives howls of laughter for his clumsy efforts.

As his models, those around him stimulate his admiration and envy; as his judges, they inspire his hatred. So it was with his father, so it was with Malfenti, so too with Guido, his rival in love. Zeno's reaction to his father and all his successive father-surrogates is necessarily ambiguous, composed of love and hate, for his reaction to life itself is ambiguous. He turns to the women in his life for deliverance, just as the man from the underground in Dostoyevsky's novel turns to the prostitute for deliverance from his love-hate fascination for the officer. But the same ambiguity prevails here, for his perpetual analysis precludes love, and casts the shadow of disease over every relationship. Zeno's wife offers him shelter in the present moment, which for her really exists, and he can repay his cross-eyed Beatrice only with indifference, precisely because she is willing to accept him.

But Zeno's mad rationalizations and his love-hate relationships will end when life, or rather life's ultimate paradox, breaks in upon his "Oedipal" microcosm with the thunderclap of the macrocosm: war. Just as his father launched him into the world

with an act of violence which was at the same time his condemnation, the death-bed slap, nature's vengeance against the poison of reason, so his world (and ours) will end with the final slap that will shatter the cosmos and return us to our primal, if somewhat anti-septic, purity. The World War is at once the product of reason's conflict with life, and nature's vengeance for the schism.

The sudden shift in the novel from what has been the private world of Zeno to a universal dimension should not surprise us, for we are after all dealing with *confession*, and confession ends in apocalypse. For Zeno, "death was really the great organizing force of life," and when one approaches the great moment in one's own life, one approaches the "conversion" that will bring about an integration in society. It is then that one realizes that history too, if organized, if at all intelligible, is also directed toward death and suffers from the same malady that afflicts the individual. "For a long time now," Zeno says in his old age, "I have been smoking cigarettes and have given up calling them the last." One can no longer believe in facile constructions of the mind when one is confronted with personal death and universal holocaust:

The war has reached me at last! . . . I found myself right in the middle of it, and was surprised then to think I had not realized that I must sooner or later become involved. I had lived quite peacefully in a building of which the ground-floor had caught fire, and it had never occurred to me that sooner or later the whole building, with me in it, would go up in flames.

Descending from the tower of the solipsist, he realizes that self-justification is withdrawal from one's fellow-man in an act of vanity, while the admission of guilt is an act of love. At last Zeno can be successful in business, the commerce between men, when he forgets his schemes and trades the resin of medicine for the incense of adoration. In the reason there is little hope, when the reason is merely a tool for setting one's self off from the rest of mankind.

"Our life," says Zeno, using that pronoun for the first time, "is poisoned to the roots." The fact is that the world's reality is not the reality of the mind:

Today we have reached the middle of the month, and I am struck by the obstacles that our calendar places in the way of carrying out a straight-forward, well-ordered resolution. All the months are a different length . . . except for July and August, December and

January, there are no two successive months that have an equal number of days. Time is really very ill-ordered.

It is by manufacturing their own grace, by playing God to nature, that all of men have sinned against her. By applying to nature reason in the form of the machine, man first offended her. He abstracted himself, or attempted to, from the natural evolutionary progress which alone could guarantee health. Now man gets more and more cunning and more and more weak. His mind increases daily in its power over the elements, but his eyes begin to require thicker and thicker spectacles. The bespectacled eyes are directed in envy toward his neighbor, and his cunning directed toward theft and violence. The process in the macrocosm can end only as it does in the microcosm: universal war and death, the inevitable end of reason's struggle, of Zeno's story, and of the world itself:

Perhaps some incredible disaster produced by machines will lead us back to health. When all the poison gases are exhausted, a man, made like all other men of flesh and blood, will in the quiet of his room invent an explosive of such potency that all the explosives in existence will seem like harmless toys beside it. And another man, made in his image and in the image of all the rest, but a little weaker than they, will steal that explosive and crawl to the center of the earth with it, and place it just where he calculates it will have the maximum effect. There will be a tremendous explosion, but no one will hear it and the earth will return to its nebulous state and go wandering through the sky, free at last from parasites and disease.

The word of man, yoked with violence to the flesh it seeks to redeem, will justify itself with annihilation under the shadow of the God Who is no longer there.

The Johns Hopkins University

CESARE PAVESE AND THE AMERICAN NIGHTMARE

PETER M. NORTON

As has been too often pointed out, ours is a generation of hysteria, tension, anxiety and terror darkened and perhaps ennobled by the threat of apocalypse. I mention these frightening banalities only to assert that *The Moon and the Bonfires* may quite easily be read as a kind of doom-haunted parable of our times. The book's dualistic structure, extending from the thematic interplay even to the style is typical of our deranged culture in which black and white, hip and square, fascist and communist stalk each other across a no-man's-land of imagined stability. And the apocalypse of this novel, the philosophical integration of the heroine Santa at the instant of death and beatitude, may be taken as a valedictory myth for the "moment of ripeness" of our century.

I

Probably the most immediately arresting characteristic of this novel is the sensuous richness of its style, so different from the rigorously intellectual manner of Svevo or Pirandello. With these last two writers, the minute observations of the work lead back directly to the overall intellectual pattern; they are small and purposeful pieces of symbolic stone placed within a vast symbolic mosaic, all of which exists only on the level of intellectual abstraction.

Pavese, though, is not at all like this. His poetry, influenced by the synaesthetic propensities of the followers of Baudelaire, did not bequeath to his prose a penchant for trans-sensual imagery but did provide him with a technique at once symbolic and symbolistic. This means, in effect, that Pavese had two styles: one of neural and

emotional response to private psychic states (as in the American episodes) and another of highly intellectualized mythic form that ties together all of the thematic strands of the book (as in the Santa-Santina passage). These are, quite likely, the extremes of narrative technique; the rest of the book is an oscillation between them.

Most of the natural images observed by the nameless "I" of this novel are surcharged with his particular nostalgic anguish, an anguish whose essence—the feeling of rootlessness, of deracination—is described as being more psychological than intellectual in origin. In fact, while reading Pavese, one senses a certain deep anti-intellectualism, founded perhaps on a belief that the materials with which he had to deal as a novelist were altogether beyond intellect. At any rate, I think that this psychological anguish might fruitfully be compared with the Santina myth which is a reconciliation of the metaphysical issues abstracted from the protagonist's unease. As both Marxist and sacrificial victim to the earth, Santina fulfills a dual role with the same death: she consummates the Marxist linearity and also, since she is an offering to the earth's fertility, enters into the cyclic round of the seasons. The protagonist is apolitical and thus isolated from his friends in one way because he shares with them no common cause; and he is also a bastard, and thus does not share with them a feeling of being rooted in the Italian earth. So, in order to compare the hero's psychological anguish with the heroine's mythic salvation we shall also enter into a comparison of America and Italy insofar as these two personalities are the psychic emanations of their respective locales.

With this stylistic and thematic dualism in mind, it seems only natural that we should ask whether or not the Santina myth springs organically from the symbolistic substructure of the novel. This question is perfectly legitimate because in this novel we find a series of alarming dualities; one in particular, that between intellect and emotion (which can be seen as an extrapolation from the contrast between the two styles) would be impossible to find in a writer like Svevo for whom the psychological anguish seems to spring almost mechanically from the metaphysical quandary of Zeno. As Camus pointed out in his *Myth of Sisyphus*, there is both an idea and a feeling of the Absurd; and in this way we can see that while Svevo is an ideological proto-existentialist, Pavese, like

Alberto Giacometti, expresses the anguish of the existential position.

At the end of the novel Santa is dead, the protagonist (or perhaps one should say "agonist") is left in the toils of his paralysis and despair, and the reader wonders what connection there is between the two, other than on the level of sociologic abstraction. In fact, if the reader is jaded enough by modern academic criticism, he might feel so bemused with the ritual sacrifice of Santa at the hands of the Partisans as to enquire whether a novel whose structure, as I have shown, is schizoid to the rootless root is honest in having a mythic ending which, however tragic, preaches a kind of integration.

Of course one could argue that Pavese is identifiable with his hero and the author's suicide in 1950 is thus an acknowledgment both of the validity of Santa's death and her relation to the protagonist; but one would then not only be violating the author's explicit injunction against "no gossip" (Pavese's suicide note) but one would also be evading that most interesting problem to which I have already alluded: does the integration-in-death theme work within the limits of the protagonist's malaise as well as within the battle between linear Marxist dialectic and circular earth-worship in Santina? The rest of these pages will be devoted to finding an analogous myth growing organically from the perceptions of the narrator in the various American passages; and if I succeed in this enterprise, the validity of both the Santa myth and the novel itself will be, if not assured, at least somewhat bolstered.

II

In his rather perfunctory introduction to the American translation of this novel, Paolo Milano quotes Pavese as having said:

In those years of study, we discovered that America was not *another* country, a *new* beginning of history, but only a gigantic stage on which everybody's drama was played with greater frankness than elsewhere.

In this one sentence we have a remarkable digest of the implications of the American chapters which I shall discuss. For Pavese is saying here that America is not virgin territory, it is an old arena of the psyche where the human drama is played out in archetypal form with all passions aggrieved to their limits by the mechanical

sterility of the cities and the violence-engendering solitude of the West. Here we have the key to those two main American chapters (III and XI, XXI being subsidiary) which unfold on the level of symbolistic sensual awareness.

At the beginning of Chapter III, the narrator tells us that he had no intention of returning to Italy after he had once reached America; in fact, he says that he thought of himself as being at home. This statement is, of course, filled with implications; for the narrator, admittedly a rootless man consumed with the desire to find a true home, insists that in America he has found it. This leads us to the conclusion that the man without physical roots (he was a bastard who knew nothing of his parentage or origins in terms of place) had come to the country without psychic roots, a continent without a past or a tradition (he calls it a bastard country in an obvious personal parallel) and that country where the emptiness of the narrator is echoed in the desolation of the waste plains of the Far West. His insistence that he had found a "home" only further sharpens our awareness; we realize that he is stranded in the landscape of his own vacuity. It is here that the concept of deracination reaches its most poignant crescendo for, in true symbolistic fashion, a psychological correspondence amounting to identification between the narrator and America is established; and hereafter, when we notice Pavese's mention of physical phenomena, we should bear in mind that Pavese is utilizing that favorite device of Hemingway in which the state of mind of the hero is hinted at only through those fragments of life which his obsessions allow him to see insofar as they too seem touched by his malaise.

His girl, Nora, refuses to make love on the ground, and we realize that she too is an exile from the roots of the earth and a kind of symbol of America; for here, where the effect of the western landscape is one of a void, the cyclic pageant still continues—with the exception that here, unlike in Italy, the earth's uproar is denied by the inhabitants and takes its revenge in that perversion of natural tendencies, violence, which is so present in our novels, newspapers, and minds.

Nora not only insists upon making love in bed, away from the disturbing and insistent rhythms of the earth, but she is also quite adamant about getting drunk. The characterization of this girl is perhaps more than just another example of the fashionable misogyny of Western authors since Euripides; it is also most likely

a suggestion that in America love is both rootless and delirious, a kind of mindless compulsion in which the intoxication covers the earth noises and the presence of that abyss in the national psyche which is echoed in the private abyss of the narrator. We are reminded of Hemingway's characters fighting "nada" with sex and alcohol, and we realize that Pavese's hero carries his America with him but in a far different way from the *podestà* of *Fontamara* to whom America means wealth rather than anguish.

When the hero meets a friend of his from Italy, Nora is not at all pleased; being an American, it is natural that she would deny a man so anchored in the soil of Bubbio that the narrator could place his origin even before speaking to him:

He kept quiet, listening to the radio. Under the steady sound of the music I heard the voice of the frogs. Nora, annoyed, looked at his back contemptuously.

The music of Nuto (another friend of the narrator's, living in Italy), linked by its common bond with the earth to the frog's croaking, is thus contrasted, by inference, with the mechanical dance music of the radio, a music which is, as we all know, so cut off from its folk roots that it emerges sexless and bland, totally incapable of driving people into the rhythms of the earth, and so watered-down that the low rumblings of a frog are more immediately audible.

After leaving Nora that night, Pavese's narrator goes outside to smoke a cigarette and is visited by a kind of apocalyptic premonition that prepares the way for the more lurid vision in the second American chapter, which shall be discussed here. Sitting on the grass, under a star-filled but moonless sky (an important point), he realizes that even if Nora were to come with him on the grass this would not be enough:

The frogs wouldn't have stopped howling, nor the cars hurtling down the hill, gathering speed, nor would America have stopped with that street, with those lighted cities along the coast. In that darkness, in that scent of garden and pine-trees, I realized that these stars weren't mine, that, like Nora and the customers in the diner, they frightened me.

Although this passage (ending on the same note of fright at the last "moon" section) reminds one of Céline's apostrophe to 5th

Avenue or the equally terrifying vision of New York in *Tropic of Capricorn*, a new element is added here that is to be found neither in Céline nor in Miller but only in Lorca's hallucinated little volume, *Poeta en Nueva York*. The element is that of a terror which lies rooted in the strange contrast between the traditionless mechanical behavior of the people and the "gored, Dionysian cry" (Lorca's phrase) that rises from the most secret place of the landscape. This cry, denied by the official American "culture," takes its revenge in a perversion of natural instincts, as I have said, and produces that violence for which American literature is so prized and American television so berated. Here we have the contrast between Pavese's deracinated, anguished hero and his ceremonial heroine, Santa, executed by the Partisans as a ritual sacrifice to the earth. The bonfire in which she burned is emblematic, as we are told in *Luke*, of the refertilization of the barren earth, and her murder is orderly and exists almost perfectly within the limits of ritual. But in America no order is possible, and in a country where the subliminal cry of the frog is blotted from the mind by alcohol, the hysterical twittering of the cricket reigns (Nora's voice is compared to that of this insect at one point) and passion is revenged by allowing itself outlet only in the sado-masochistic bloodbath familiar to the readers of our fiction.

The protagonist then mentions the terrible isolation of the people, again mirroring the isolation of the plains. He reflects that a man might murder someone merely to be recognized, to reach another human being; and thus, with one quiet stroke, Pavese not only foreshadows Mailer's hip terrorism but also indicates the rage and self-hatred hiding behind the elegantly nostalgic anguish of his hero.

The chapter ends with the narrator reflecting that he had come to the last shore, the furthestmost point of the world; there was no place else to go, for America had become a voyage to the end of the moral night and all those values which existed in Italy were acted out here in a parodic dumbshow pregnant with violence.

Thus we can see the nucleus of an American myth rising from the sensual perceptions of the protagonist. America is seen as a kind of preconscious terror symbol, a landscape so deprived of cultural and moral roots that the answering echo to the soul of the stranger (for isn't this America the dark side of Meursault's Algerian sun?) is more terrifying than comforting, with all certainties driven to their

limits until they become inverted into nightmares. And there is no moon. The irrational deity, prevented in Italy from becoming a ravening Dionysus, has not risen here at all. The implication is, however, that when the moon does at last rise over America it will carry connotations that will drive the simple superstitions of the Italian peasants backward to their origins in the pre-homeric underworld of violence and madness.

III

In Chapter XI, we find those themes and image-patterns which formed a latent picture of the American nightmare now fully developed and realized with a new intensity. The narrator is stranded at night on the plains, somewhere near route 37 and beside a railroad track. Immediately we receive an impression of the paralysis of movement, of the attempt to reach others: the car is dead, route 37 can't be reached, and there is no train. But the details of the chapter alone can fully communicate its strangely disturbing impact upon the reader; and unless one resorts to extensive quotation, one is hard-pressed to explain the extraordinary effectiveness of these countless little *frissons* of sensibility.

Marooned there, "in the depths of America, in the middle of a desert, three hours' ride from the nearest gas station," the narrator hears wild dogs howling somewhere in the distance; and surely these high yelps of the bitches (perhaps in heat) are the frog-voices stepped up to the point of sexual hysteria, recalling Nora and the crickets, but refocusing the whole under the aspect of a growing terror. Pavese uses the atmospheric techniques of the *roman noir* to perfection; and if the American novel really is Gothic at its best, then this is another link between Pavese and our country.

In this scene the narrator is completely alone at last; his inner solitude receives its objectification and correspondence not only in his lack of comrades but also in the relation of the landscape to his private psychic states; this relation is not, of course, anything like the pathetic fallacy, but rather is more nearly the profound kinship with the land that is characteristic of the better Mexican poets—a kinship, however, not with the most beautiful part of the country but with the most barren and terrifying. The most interesting facet of this chapter, besides the final vision of the moon, is probably the mention of the itinerant Mexican workers. At one

point, after reflecting upon the Mexicans' kinship with the soil ("they perhaps even got along with the snakes"), the narrator asks himself if perhaps Mexico is not really the place for him to go. Why Mexico? And what is there about Mexico that appeals to him? I think that this can best be answered in terms of an article on the *Fiesta* by Mexico's most brilliant modern writer, Octavio Paz, in which he says that his country is a land of extremes, of alternating violence and solitude, but nevertheless a place in which ritual and custom play an immense part in knitting together the people who spend most of their time (according to Paz) in a kind of gloomy introspective silence heightened by the omnipresent Mexican cult of death. And we see that America is rather like this Mexico—with the important exception that here there are no rituals, no ancient customs that dignify and control existence. We are also a land of violence and solitude; the narrator of this novel, lost in one, never ceases to meditate upon the other. But our violence is not a *personal* relationship; we murder and then, as Paz points out, mutilate the body, turn it into an object. In Mexico, he insists, murder is a form of sacramental union because it is formalized, ritualized by a death-cult as old as the Toltecs. Mexico thus seems to be to America as a classical work of art is to its raw materials; it formalizes and controls, lending the semblance of order to a gratuitous chaos. And the hero of this novel, looking into the American landscape as into an interior mirror, perhaps recognizes this fact about Mexico and sees it as the only possible way to have both Italy and America at the same time.

The telegraph poles along the railroad tracks are more of those weird oneiric figures from a modern Gothic landscape that, like the figures on Easter Island, rule the territory with their shadows. One cannot really appreciate the excellence of the introduction of these telegraph poles as images until one sees them as reminiscent of the gaunt, spidery figures of Giacometti in which all loneliness seems gathered. Within them, the country's messages are passing, but the narrator can hear nothing except a faint murmur of sound.

Everything contributes to the atmosphere of phantasmagoria. The shadow of hallucination presides, and every physical sensation is sharpened to that pitch of terror in which the realities of man's solitude are revealed. When the train clatters by, the contrast between the lights inside and the darkness outside, the (perhaps) friendship within and the loneliness without, we realize the pre-

sence of that strange fact of being whereby a situation is fully revealed only by being coupled with its opposite.

In the first chapter of which I have spoken, neither moon nor bonfire appeared. But here, at the end of this chapter, a supernatural red moon rises over the desert "like a knife-wound filling the plains with blood." Beside the undoubtedly eerie effect which this scene gives rise to within the reader, the emblem, insofar as it is one of the two key symbols of the novel, has intellectual connotations which extend beyond the symbolistic rapport of signs.

If it is true that the moon represents an irrational deity presiding over Gaminella (the Italian "home" of the narrator), a deity whose intoxicating influence is countered only by the more sober smouldering of the bonfires, then here in America this moon, cut free from the bonfires, assumes its ultimate power and becomes that terrifying Id symbol which goes by the name of Hecate in the literature of the West. The concept of America as a land where all metaphysical possibilities are extended to their limits is further bolstered. The entire American landscape of this chapter, with its subtle contrasts between communication and solitude, silence and howling, is held together by a moon gone wild, carrying the continent on in its violence. The careful preparation for this apotheosis of Hecate is clearly seen in the numerous ways that we have been able to show that America is a land of total estrangement whose destiny is violence. For in a land lacking the ballast of tradition every action tends to veer to its extremes; and in this statement we can sense that hint of apocalypse which shall link America to Italy and the protagonist to Santina when we begin to explore the dialectical intricacies of the relationship between our hero and heroine.

But another point remains: Pavese's relation to the Gothic novel, a point to which I have alluded before. What is especially remarkable about these American chapters in terms of the Gothic is that they maintain a true Gothic atmosphere in a landscape which has more often appealed to our writers as a field for local color or sham patriotisms. Pavese has written neither of the South nor of our urban nightmares, and he has succeeded in doing something which our regionalists have never been able to do; he has communicated the full power of the American myth without resorting to any of the familiar fictional props: ruined mansions, blood-curses, or the proletariat of disorder in the cities. This is a remarkable achieve-

ment and, in its way, a real contribution to *American* fiction—this from a man who never once visited this country.

IV

I have spoken of an American myth rising from the symbolistic substructure of this novel; but I do not think that it is altogether apparent until the final moon sequence of Chapter XIII. It is here that the violence and solitude of America, brought out in every detail of the passage, are realized once and for all in a climactic image that is both symbolistic—it plays on the nerve-ends with the vibrato of a shuddering empathy—and symbolic as well, insofar as the image, though here metamorphosed into something rich and strange, is still one of the key signs of the book and lends an added meaning to the familiar moons of Gaminella or Bubbio. Therefore I think it is quite clear that a true myth of America—the land of extremes in which we wander like doomed Alices in Nightmareland—emerges from the mass of sensual detail and is married to that detail by the signet of what Lorca has called "Cancer's heavenly moon." And this unification of symbolic myth and symbolistic material occurs at the instant of terror, when the entirety of the landscape is brought together by the moon's red glare. I believe that my preliminary point in this attempt to link the protagonist to Santa through the intermediary of America is now clear: the dualities of the continent, violence and solitude taken out to their limits, are united at the instant of the apotheosis of terror as are the symbolistic and symbolic methods, all of this corresponding to the union of Marxism and earth-worship at the instant of the death of Santana. And what is terror if not a little death of the ego? But even more than this, perhaps, these passages form for the shadowy "I" of this novel an exactly inverted myth comparable to that of Santa in every way, thus linking the two together through that law in the mechanism of the dialectic which states that all opposites, at the furthestmost poles of their being, touch and are one. This particular law, though a major formula in both logical thought and anti-logical arcana, was not really "proved" until this century in which, to use an obvious example, we have seen opposite political philosophies producing at times of national stress rather similar practical results.

Let us then reiterate those points which have already been

touched on and which will show, as in a witch's mirror, the myth of Santa being parodied in a Black Mass in the American night, thus revealing the emotional underworld of the Italian national psyche. Over the final American chapter of which I have spoken hovers the atmosphere of hallucination, of subjective reverie; over the final pages dealing with Santa hovers an atmosphere of ritualized, objective myth in which a girl plays the role of the murdered Innocent and thus escapes from the self. The American scene takes place at night and its emblem might well be, at least for the opening part, black; the Italian scene takes place in the day. In America, the cycles of the earth are shuttled from thought and there are no rejuvenating bonfires; in Italy the earth-cycles are propitiated by the bonfires and there is no moon. In America, the scene takes place on a plain, a desert "in the very *depths* of America" (*italics mine*); in Italy, the scene evolves on a mountain among flowers and vegetation. The hero of the American passage is male, anti-political and rootless; the heroine of the Italian passage is female, "engaged," and rooted. Another point of great interest: in his notebooks Pavese has mentined that he does not think it proper for the narrator of the action of a story to be a participant in that action as well, for he thus enters into that situation which obsessed Svevo: if a man acts, he cannot think; if he thinks, he cannot act. Therefore, Santina can be seen as a surrogate figure for the narrator in terms of her actions. And, as a last pair of polarities, Santa's death is ritual fertilization of the land while the narrator's "death" is a revelation of the land's nightmarish aridity.

Where then do the two meet except in the mirror? First, with their names. The hero of the American passage remains unnamed throughout the novel, recalling Ishmael and Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*; the heroine of the Italian passage is given her ultimate name, Santa, just before death. Now the name "I" is completely private though, in the abstract, universal; the name Santa, not really a name but a title, is public and universal; but they are both essentially anonymous names and thus both public and private really; everyone is "I" to himself just as every saint is "Santa" to the mass, but by knowing these names we know nothing of the people. One person thus acts out the archetype of the absolutely subjective individual; the other, that of the absolutely public individual. I have pointed out before that these chapters are exactly opposed in this very contrast between myth and subjectivity, but

here we see how the opposites share more in common with each other than any other possible combination could. Another—and most important—way in which these opposites are linked together is in the matter of death. I have already mentioned that death and terror are closely allied, but I think that one can go further and say that they are essentially the same in so many ways as to be really one: terror is the revelation of the abyss in a situation and a total though only momentary surrender to that “black truth”; death is the total and final surrender of the body to the truth of the human condition; within both the same emptiness walks. Still another link in this oxymoric chain is in the matter of violence; the apocalypse of Santa is, of course, violent; and the forces released by the orgiastic moon are violent as well. I have mentioned earlier that the moon, cut from its moorings, catches up all the associations of violence that have gone before. Thus, even though the narrator is neither murdered nor murders, his function, having the entire continent as alter ego, enables him to stand on both sides of the mirror: he performs a non-unification at the instant of non-death even as violent numinous powers are released at the moment of the moral death of the continent. And the last link between the two is the most obvious and perhaps the most convincing because the simplest: the color red. For within the dialectical interplay of black and white, both moon and the final bonfire in which Santa is burnt have the same color; and though one stands for violence and blood and the other for ritual and rejuvenation, they are linked together by the primitive device which fathered both allegory and symbolism—physical similarity connoting psychic correspondence.

We see then that the myth of Santa is the fitting climax to the book and is united, in all its mythic simplicity, to the narrator, in all his subjective complexity, by the umbilical cord of polar identity. Those metaphysical values which are negated in the narrator (earth-cult and Marxism), those latencies which are nevertheless inherent in his personality, are objectified in Santina and sanctified with a bullet. Thus the narrator dies a spiritual death under the red moon. The book reaches a unification of style in a chapter where there is neither cyclic nor linear progress; and the book reaches its farthest pole away from stylistic integration when the metaphysical issues are patently settled. One chapter complements the other because it *is*, really, the other.

At this point it might be interesting to investigate the cogency of

the American myth which Pavese here evokes and shares in common with many other very fine writers; but since, in order to justify or condemn Pavese's vision of America in terms of its documentary value, one would either have to equate finance capitalism with the void or invoke the reactionary critics' shibboleth about art being mere personal expression and thus invalid as social criticism, I shall refrain from the polemic into which I feel myself tempted and shall conclude with an opinion rather than a diatribe. I think that this novel fulfills the classical conception of the great work of art: the good, the true, and the beautiful. Especially the true.

The Johns Hopkins University

MOVEMENT AND MEANING IN A POEM BY PANUCCIO DEL BAGNO

MARK MUSA

If Panuccio del Bagno¹ is usually distinguished from the rest of the little-read poets of the so-called "Guittonian School" it is only to be blamed for his "obscurity" and "artificiality."² In my opinion Panuccio has been underestimated, and in order to show this I shall analyze in some detail one of the most "artificial" and most "obscure" of his twenty-two poems:³

¹ Panuccio del Bagno of Pisa, who belonged to an old and noble family, was born between 1215 and 1230 and died before 1276. More is known about Panuccio's family than about the poet himself. See Guido Zaccagnini, "Notizie intorno ai rimatori pisani del secolo XIII," *Giornale storico della letteratura italiana*, LXIX (1917), 8-13.

² Guido Zaccagnini, *Rimatori siculo-toscani* (Bari, 1915), p. 253: "Guittoniano puro, Panuccio è, tra i rimatori pisani, il più oscuro e il più artificioso: la sua poesia è tutta infarcita di forme e di reminiscenze provenzali." Alberto del Monte, *Studi sulla poesia ermetica medievale* (Napoli, 1953), p. 191: "Panuccio è il più artificioso dei guittoniani, il più prolisso e oscuro." Giulio Bertoni, *Il Duecento* (Vallardi, Milano, 1954), p. 139; "L'artificiosissimo Panuccio è autore di alcuni componimenti amorosi modellati naturalmente sullo stampo di Guittone e tutti pieni di reminiscenze provenzali." Because of such generalizations as the above, as well as unsatisfactory critical editions, the poetry of Panuccio, and that of many of the poets of his time, has been neglected by scholars.

³ The only complete edition of Panuccio's poetry up until the present is that of Zaccagnini, (op. cit.). I shall, however, quote from an edition which I myself am preparing for publication. The example chosen for analysis is one of the very few didactic poems in Panuccio's *canzoniere*. Seventeen of the twenty-two poems are concerned with love. Of his lyric poems there are a few characterized by exceptional lyrical simplicity. For example,

Sovrapiagente mia gioia gioiosa
e nova vita, senza cui son morto,
passato ho 'l mar di mia vita angosciosa
e te eletta sola ho per mio porto
e ho fermato in te tutta mia posa,
et se' tutto diletto e mio diporto,

Se quei che regna e 'n signoria empera
 avesse vera 'n suo stato fermezza,
 serea già questo, al mio viso, mainera
 d' avere spera aver non mai altezza
 omo ch' è basso, ma d' aver misera, 5
 e serea fèra sua vita 'n gravezza.
 Ma noi veggiam che piú grandezz' altèra
 conven pur pèra e piú affondar s' apressa;

perché di rota ha 'l mondo simiglianza
 che non posanza ha mai [ma] va volgendo; 10
 saggio, temendo, vive alto, mutanza;
 però chi bass' è non stia in disperanza:
 faccia mostranza, fortuna salendo,
 sé contenendo, allegro in gran possanza.

Sed alcun folle se trova ne l' alto, 15
 senza defalto su' cred' esser fermo,
 poi vesi sper' mo: fa di sotto 'l salto:
 chi è 'n grande assalto, non cre' regni guer' mo.⁴

Eo partit' ho teco ogni mia cosa;
 senza 'l mi' cor, ch' hai tu, ch' i' già nol porto.

Quel che teco ho partito è la mia vita,
 che dato ho te di mio viver l' essenza
 e me tenuto solo aggio il parere;

unde tanto per me certo è gradita
 quanto gradisce a te e t' è piagenza,
 ch' io altro non ho piú che 'l tuo volere.

- ⁴ If those who reign and in lordship rule
 had true stability ("vera fermezza") in their position
 this would certainly ("già") be, to my way of thinking, a way
 of having hope to never reach a high place
 (for the) man who is low, but to have misery,
 and his life would be painful and severe.
 But we see that the most lofty greatness
 must nevertheless ("pur") perish and rush downward all the more;

because the world is like a wheel
 that never rests but turns continuously,
 the wise man lives on high ("vive alto") fearing change;
 therefore, whoever is low, let him not despair,
 let him get ready ("faccia mostranza") as fortune moves upward,
 restraining himself, happy in great wealth.

If some fool finds himself on high,
 he believes his situation ("su' esser") to be without a doubt permanent.
 then he will suddenly see himself as a wheel: turn upside down:
 whoever is in great affliction, I do not believe it will last long.

This poem, which treats the familiar theme of the ever-turning Wheel of Fortune, is, unlike most treatments, a poem of hope, since the movement of the wheel is mainly viewed from below: the poet addresses himself to whoever happens to be "in basso," assuring him that this state will not last forever. This idea will be made explicit in the last verse, toward which the whole poem has been moving: "chi è 'n grande assalto, non cre' regni guer' mo."

The poem can be divided in two ways. According to the rhyme scheme it falls into three stanzas: 1-8; 9-14; 15-18. According to the division by sentences, however, we must read: 1-6; 7-14; 15-18. In both cases we have to do with a tripartite construction. It is with the latter division that I shall begin.

The first sentence (1-6) opens with the word "Se": *If* things were static and never changed, then there would be no hope for the man who finds himself in unfavorable circumstances ("ch' è basso") to rise from his misery. The conditional sentence with which the poem opens is of the contrary-to-fact variety: what is here represented is that which is not true. Since the poet's aim is to encourage, he has obviously chosen to accept for the moment the gloomy picture haunting the mind of his discouraged reader, in order to suggest by the very construction of his sentence the falsity of what is predicated. And, of the two parts of this construction, the apodosis is twice as long as the protasis: the poet would dwell on the dire results of the (untrue) condition postulated. The construction of line 4, "*d' avere spera aver non mai altezza*," would seem to echo the hopelessness of such a condition. With the affirmative "*d' avere spera aver*" hope is first allowed to arise: "hope of having"; then, however, when it is almost within one's grasp, the "*altezza*" is snatched away and replaced by "never more" ("*. . . non mai altezza*"). But the momentum generated in "*d' avere spera aver . . .*" by the repetition of the infinitive, cannot stop: "*d' avere spera aver (spera aver d' avere spera aver . . .)*."⁵

In the first line of the apodosis, with "*al mio viso*," the poet introduces himself into the poem, into the situation of his reader, thereby indicating his desire to establish contact with him so that his effort to persuade will appear more sincere and carry more conviction. But this intrusion is effected parenthetically, politely:

⁵ Pope in his *Essay on Man* did it somewhat differently:

Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always To Be blest:

the poet's conviction is presented to his reader as only a personal opinion (as if to say, "I may be wrong but . . ."). To introduce such a phrase as "al mio viso" is obviously to limit, to temper the argument; introduced where it is ("serea già questo, *al mio viso*, mainera") our phrase serves the purpose of modulating the suasive rhythm: the incomplete "serea già questo . . ." is an outburst—immediately restrained by "al mio viso."

But only in line 5 (i. e., not until after the poet has sympathetically admitted the hopelessness that would result from the "false" hypothesis he has constructed) does the poet mention this man for whom the poem is intended: "omo ch' è basso." And by choosing to place the postponed "omo" at the beginning of line 5 (i. e., immediately following "altezza") the poet has not only achieved a juxtaposition of opposites, but has chosen, as cue to bring "omo" on stage, the word that represents his goal.

Glancing back toward the beginning of the sentence we have just analyzed, our "contrary to truth" sentence, we may now better appreciate the unusual word order of line 2: "avesse *vera* 'n suo stato *fermezza*," where the normally indissoluble unit adjective-and-noun has been split. The initial psychological effect produced on us by an adjective in isolation is that of simple shock. (Every adjective must have a noun to modify. Where is the noun?) Then we are forced to analyze the sentence word by word in order to locate the noun. When we find the missing half of "*vera fermezza*" we see why the poet has not allowed the phrase *vera . . . fermezza* to remain intact. That he has broken it suggests the act of negating the positive concept represented by the phrase itself. This is no "true stability." At the same time, however, the adjective "*vera*," in splendid isolation, almost assumes the status of a noun, "*verità*." And "truth" is a concept well worth stressing within this "contrary to truth" protasis.

When from sentence one with its verbs of unreality we pass to sentence two with its verbs in the present indicative, we are passing from truth implied to truth made explicit:

Ma noi veggiam che piú grandezz' altèra
conven pur pèra e piú affondar s' apressa;

With the causal "piú . . . piú" construction, height ("grandezza") itself, which might be a discouraging factor for "omo ch' è basso," is presented as reason for hope. The first two lines of sentence two

counterbalance the first two lines of sentence one: the truth contained in the former destroys utterly the artificially staged contrary-to-fact hypothesis contained in the latter. The opening word "Ma," in which the force of the refutation to come is already felt, is followed immediately by "*noi veggiam*" which enhances its persuasive quality. Having introduced himself into the poem with "al mio viso" in line 3 the poet now feels that it would be psychologically appropriate to become one with his reader. And in this way he can present the truth as something already "seen" by "omo ch' è basso."

Lines 9-10 (which introduce the topos of the wheel) express the same truth of lines 7-8, this time, however, in the form of an image, a causal image. These lines, introduced by the word "*perché*," offer the cause both for the two lines that precede and the one that immediately follows (hence my punctuation): "*because the world is a wheel / that never rests but continually turns,*" *therefore* the truth of verses 7-8:

Ma noi veggiam che piú grandezz' altèra
conven pur pèra e piú affondar s' apressa

and *therefore* (line 11):

saggio, temendo, vive alto, mutanza

With these lines we find ourselves moved into the second half of the poem. And at this point we must reconsider what was said above as to the doubly tripartite division of the poem: three sentences, three stanzas (I and II of each, incidentally, interlocking). Now we see that the division is triply tripartite. Surely our poem must also be divided according to quantitative symmetrical proportions: 1-8; 9-10, 11-18; for lines 9-10 represent exactly the minimum mid-section of the poem's physical structure, and the limits of this central section correspond exactly to those of the concept which has inspired the poem and governed its diction.

Now the third part or what might be called the second half of the poem begins, as we have seen, with the introduction of a new character, the "*saggio*" to whom only one line is devoted but whose figure overshadows the rest of the poem. After having simply stated a truth "we can see" (7-8) and presented the causal image of this truth (9-10), the poet now offers us a person, the "wise man" who knows and accepts this truth, which is thereby brought to the

effective human level of the reader. The "saggio," then, is to serve as an example for him to follow—hence the *però* ('so,' 'now,' 'therefore') of line 12 (no less effective and forceful than the "Ma" opening of the entire sentence, which has obliterated the "Se" opening of the whole poem) introducing the last three lines in which the reader is urged to emulate the wise man's stoical attitude.

But my reader may object that since the wise man is represented as on high, he can hardly serve as an example to the 'omo ch' è basso." The fact is "omo ch' è basso" has already started to rise before the sentence ends. Consolation to one in misery is offered only in line 12 ("non stia in disperanza") in which the man at the bottom is named as such (this is the second time the poet addresses his reader, this time as though he were actually calling out to him: "chi bass' è!"). The advice of the last two lines, which hinges on the causal phrase "fortuna salendo," is intended for a man already rising on the Wheel of Fortune—who, if he learns how to rise, will know how to emulate the attitude of the "saggio" when he reaches the top.

The period beginning with "però" ('therefore') has not only presented a logical conclusion; one feels that these lines with their resolution of truth and proper attitude serve as a fitting "conclusion" to the poem itself, which might have ended here at line 14. This sense of finality is also due perhaps to formal reasons: for the first time sentence and stanza end together,⁶ and one is led to feel the first two stanzas as a unit. And this unit would be a sonnet (note the rhyme scheme of these 14 lines: ABAB ABAB / CDCDCD).⁷

But instead of ending his poem at this point, with his reader

⁶ As concerns the failure to coincide of sentence I (1-6) and stanza I (1-8), this is perhaps connected with the poet's desire to encourage his reader: before stanza I is allowed to come to an end, sentence II with its message of hope has already begun.

⁷ It is true that the rhyme scheme of our sestet is neither CDECDE nor CDCDCD, which were the normal patterns for the sonnet in Panuccio's time. Exceptions to these are, however, not lacking: Da Lentino has (perhaps: see River's article in *Speculum*, XXXIII, 43) two examples of CCDCCD, and in the love sonnets of Guittone we find the pattern CDEDED (cf. 19, 22, 63, 117, 124, 128: ed. Egidi). Still greater variety was afforded by the repetition of one or both of the octave-rhymes; this device, found with the two poets just mentioned, is also used by Panuccio in one of his "14-line sonnets" (*Rapresentando a conoscenza vostra*): CDCDCD with C = A and D = B.

already indoctrinated and prepared for "fortuna salendo," the poet decided to add an appendix, in order to introduce a new character, one who has not learned the truth of the "sonnet's" message: the "fool." After having shown us the quiet, poised figure of the "saggio," he brings in the "folle" to have him take a somersault before our eyes ("fa di sotto 'l salto"). Like the wise man and in contrast to "omo ch' è basso," he is presented first as riding high on the wheel. But because he is a fool, because he believes the protasis of lines 1-2 to be true—indeed, he is convinced of the *vera fermezza* that our sonnet has denied: "senza defalto su' cred' esser fermo"—he must be punished. It happens suddenly: "poi vesi sper' mo: fa di sotto 'l salto." Because he did not believe in the wheel, he must see himself become a wheel: his metamorphosis is a veritable *contrappasso*.

It is not difficult to understand why the poet brings in the fool: the reader must be offered not only the example of the wise man to be followed, but also the example of the fool to be avoided. Why he chooses to present him in the "appendix" should also be not too difficult to understand: there is no room in this stately sonnet for the fool with his contumacious attitude and his ridiculous fate.

But while it was necessary for expository reasons to present this poem as a sonnet plus appendix—and surely this device was justified for both conceptual and formal reasons—it is obvious that what Panuccio has written is an eighteen-line poem. Thus, it must be shown that this appendix is, after all, an integral part of the whole poem.

The first two lines (15-16):

Sed alcun folle se trova ne l' alto,
senza defalto su' cred' esser fermo

reflect the first sentence of the poem, especially the opening two lines:

Se quei che regna e 'n signoria empera
avesse vera 'n suo stato fermezza,

With the "Sed" of line 15 echoing the "Se" of line 1 the poem seems to be starting all over again. And not only does sentence three, like sentence one, open with an "If": it also treats of those in high position, and again the theme of "fermezza" is raised (the

"senza defalto" of line 16 being parallel to the "vera" of line 2). Whereas this "fermezza" is presented as false in sentence one, by virtue of the contrary-to-fact construction, it is presented as something believed to be true in sentence three—but we are in the mind of a fool. Line 17:

poi vesi sper' mo: fa di sotto 'l salto:

recalls the second sentence and reflects its movement if only in that the dominating central image of the wheel reappears in the metamorphosis of the fool. In line 18, which concludes the poem:

chi è 'n grande assalto, non cre' regni guer' mo.

we find "omo ch' è basso" (represented now as "chi è 'n grande assalto") and poet side by side. The cautious "non cre' regni guer' mo," with which the poet expresses his personal opinion to bring the poem to an end, reflects the "I may be wrong but . . ." technique introduced in line 3 ("al mio viso") and perhaps not lacking in line 7 ("Ma noi veggiam").⁸ This line, as was suggested at the beginning, is the whole poem reduced to an aphorism.

Of the three types of tripartite division into which our poem was said to fall, the first (division by sentences) was chosen to guide us in analyzing the contents of the poem; and, in treating the relationship between the sentences, some consideration was also given to form. We have still to see what light can be shed on form by the two remaining schemes of division. The best way to exploit the second (division by stanzas) is to consider the principle that determines such division by stanzas: i. e., rhyme.

The scheme of the end-rhymes has already been given and sufficiently discussed for our purposes. But this poem is based also on inner-rhyme, and if Panuccio showed originality in his treatment of the end-rhymes he outdoes himself in his manipulation of inner (and outer) rhyme, as the reader can see from the following chart:

* Note how the litotes of the poet's opinion contrasts with the dogmatic assurance of the fool's opinion ("senza defalto"); and the parallelism of the two statements of belief is brought to our attention by means of rhyme ("fermo—guer' mo") and rhythm ("... su' cred' esser fermo—non cre' regni guer' mo"). It is as though the poet, by rhyming "guer' mo" of the last verse with "sper' mo," the central words of the preceding verse, were laughing—perhaps sarcastically—as he looks back at the fool in the previous line who "saw himself as a wheel."



After the relative simplicity of the first stanza, complications appear in the "sestet" and increase in the last four lines. In stanza one there is simple internal rhyme: the end-word of every odd line is echoed by an interior word (second or third) of every even line. This means, given the scheme ABABABAB, that the reverse will also be true: i. e., the interior word of every even line will be echoed by the end word of every following odd line.

In the "sestet" the new complication consists of the fact that we have not only the progression odd > even, but also the progression even > odd, as in lines 10-11 and 12-13. What is more, the original progression (odd > even) is here not always carried through: it is missing in lines 11-12—obviously in order to separate the tercets.

No new principles of variation appear in the last four lines; the increased complexity is due to exploiting the possibilities given by the additional line that the quatrain offers.

But this complexity which increases and which has been treated, statically, in terms of rhyme alone, must suggest also a complexity more dynamic: an intensification of movement. And it is the movement of this poem which we shall now consider, basing the discussion on the third principle of division: that determined by quantitative symmetrical proportions.

The movement of the poem is suggested by the central image, which constitutes the physical center of the poem:

perché di rota ha 'l mondo simiglianza
che non posanza ha mai [ma] va volgendo;

This image introduces the figure of the wise man on the wheel; he knows the truth implied by the image of the ever-turning wheel, accepts its movement, and turns with it:

saggio, temendo, vive alto, mutanza

In this line describing the wise man's attitude and his movement we find a most unusual example of word order in which a verb is separated from its object not by an adverb but by another verb.⁹ The dislocation involved brings about a slowing down of tempo: the line, as constructed by Panuccio, seems to push itself along. And as we read slowly we hear three natural pauses that indent the line into four parts; and of this line describing the movement of the wheel¹⁰ the four quarters surely correspond to the four-fold division of its rotary movement. That is, we would start at the bottom with "saggio" (the wise man would have been at the bottom as the movement of the line begins), begin our upward movement with "temendo," reach the top with "vive alto," start

⁹ Note that it is an independent predication ("vive alto") that is made somehow subordinate to a dependent predication ("temendo"). Another, but less striking example of the same type is found in line 20 of Panuccio's canzone *Dolorosa doglienza in dir m' adduce*: "l' uman lignaggio / d' aver fugga signor naturalmente."

¹⁰ The reader may object that this line describes not the movement of the wheel but the "living high, fearing change of the wise man." It is true that this is all that the line predicates, but in the preceding image of cosmic movement a momentum has been generated which must be allowed to continue for a while.

descending with "mutanza." Given "vive alto" as *point de repère*, this can be the only progression possible.

In other words, the wise man who has been at the low point of his fortunes ("omo ch' è basso . . .") will, as the wheel begins to bring him up, already be fearing ("temendo"), already be prepared to enjoy good fortune wisely. When he reaches the top, which is the moment predicated ("vive alto"), he has already accepted the "mutanza" that is necessary to complete the movement of the wheel.

How different the treatment of movement is in line 17:

poi vesi sper' mo: fa di sotto 'l salto:

Here is the movement of the fool who does not realize that "di rota ha 'l mondo simiglianza." The gradual, sophisticated moving towards "mutanza" on the part of the "saggio" gives way to the sudden ("poi"), unexpected ("vesi . . .") transformation (" . . . sper' mo"): "fa di sotto 'l salto" (a verbal somersault) of the fool. And between the circular movement of the wise man and that of the fool we have felt the movement initiated of "fortuna salendo," line 13, as "omo ch' è basso" enters into the cycle.¹¹

But this movement of the wheel explicitly predicated in lines 9-10 and allowed to reverberate in the succeeding lines had been already suggested in the two lines immediately preceding the central image (the two lines that make the important break in the poem); "Ma noi veggiam. . . ." Indeed, the acoustic effect itself has been anticipated with the correlative "più . . . più" construction mentioned earlier; the two members of this construction echo the two

¹¹ It is perhaps not impossible to imagine that lines 13-14, which describe the movement of "omo ch' è basso,"

faccia mostranza, fortuna salendo,
sé contenendo, allegro in gran possanza.

are not meant to suggest only the first phase of upward movement but that, with their four-fold division, they imitate the same four phases of the "saggio." The "faccia mostranza" would represent advice to the man still at the bottom, "fortuna salendo" obviously takes him up, "sé contenendo" is that attitude on guard against *hubris* necessary for a man at the top, while happiness ("allegro") will mark his downward movement, because his wealth ("posanza") in which the joys would represent spiritual possessions.

It is true that this possibility would involve an interpretation of both "faccia mostranza" and "sé contenendo" different from that suggested above where both injunctions were taken as referring to the upward stage of movement.

contrary phases (up: "più grandezza altèra" and down: "più affondar s' apressa)," of the movement of the Wheel of Fortune.

In this poem Panuccio has taken one of the most familiar of all topoi, one that invites to prolixity, and has treated it in a succinct, even epigrammatic, and original way. The "obscurity" and "extreme artificiality" for which he has been blamed are perhaps rather grounds for praise. For, if what I have attempted to show above is true, the poetry of this Pisan poet is "artificial" only in that it is very artistically contrived and "obscure" only until it has been examined with patience and care, only until the apparent obscurity of a first reading becomes transparent as the poem slowly unfolds its meaning, method and purpose and reveals the necessity of such momentary "obscurity" as that of

saggio, temendo, vive alto, mutanza.

Indiana University

INFERNO X: GUIDO'S DISDAIN *

CHARLES S. SINGLETON

Giovanni Boccaccio ends his gloss on the Canto with the terse (and, one feels, rather satisfied) judgment: "In questo canto non ci è allegoria alcuna,"¹ and some five centuries later Francesco D'Ovidio picks up Boccaccio's words with evident satisfaction on his own part, adding: "È inutile dire che il buon senso e il buon gusto stan dalla parte del Boccaccio, che in ciò precorse la buona critica moderna."²

Slowly we recover from a six-hundred-year-old aversion to allegory—that is, to Dante's kind of allegory—as we gradually recover a whole dimension of the poem. To be sure, our recovery of it is sometimes challenged and more than frowned upon as a relapse into obscurantism and I don't know what other dangerous loss of Enlightenment. But the front with Dante in this regard (I may report) is relatively quiet (here in this country, at least) as even the hottest protesters begin to concede that, in the matter of allegory, of medieval allegory, Dante may be a special case. They begin to admit that they do recognize that this poem, yes, *this* poem, is allegorical—and always when one hears the brave concession one some-

* A paper read before the Medieval Section of the MLA at its meeting in Philadelphia, December 29, 1960: (hence the "spoken" style, in which it seemed best to leave it, and the references to mimeographed texts handed to the audience—which texts are here "handed" to the reader for convenience of scrutiny).

¹ Boccaccio, *Il Comento alla Divina Commedia*, a cura di D. Guerri, Bari, 1918. Vol. III, p. 66.

² F. D'Ovidio, *Studi* (see bibliography below), p. 197. True, D'Ovidio then goes on to notice that Dante's allegory is intermittent through the poem, but he never seems to see, much less define, its true nature and conceptual basis, and his embarrassment over indulging in the matter, even to the extent he does, is evident in his concluding "prayer": "O Vate nostro, perdonaci le tante astruserie."

how hears Margaret Fuller's "I accept the universe," and Carlyle's rejoinder "Begad, she'd better."

One hears that, on other fronts, things are not going so smoothly: with pilgrimages to Canterbury, that is, or *Piers Plowman*; or the exploits of *el mio Cid* or the antics of an Arcipreste de Hita. Some of us, as we work away on these several fronts and pass each other in our comings and goings, are tempted to exchange the watchword: "Quid de nocte, custos, quid de nocte?" and more and more now, the answer could be, I think, that the night is indeed far advanced and the day may be at hand.

In Dante studies we have to recover not only from the long aversion and willful blindness to Dante's allegory that extends from Boccaccio through D'Ovidio into our own day, but also recover from a reasonable and understandable aversion to some pretty reckless and willful allegorizing that went on in D'Ovidio's time and before (we think at once of the names of Rossetti, Pascoli, Flamini, Pietrobono) and from the general discredit and ridicule into which, with their wild readings, they plunged studies of the *Comedy's* allegory. But, whether it be a matter of an aversion to allegory or a championing of it in the latter way, one has no difficulty in seeing where the source of the trouble lies. It was and is simply, on the one hand, an indifference and, on the other, an incredible laziness, vis-a-vis the theology and philosophy of Dante's day: and I mean the 13th century specifically and the revolution which took place in that century around another recovery: the recovery of Aristotle. It is as simple as that: no one bothered to discover what we are now coming to see so clearly, namely, that the allegory of Dante's great poem has a very precise conceptual pattern, and that this pattern is explicit in philosophy and theology in the 13th century.³

Take the matter of the three guides in this journey to God, and take Virgil in particular. That same tradition of indifference and laziness to which I refer still has it—in well-nigh every commentary of the poem—that Virgil is "Reason illumined by Faith," or sometimes it is "Reason subjected to Faith." In a way, it is really incredible! Here is Virgil, condemned to Limbo for the pagan he was; here is Virgil, time and again, bowing his head in sadness to meditate on the fact that he did not have faith and therefore will

³ Which is the central concern of my two volumes of *Dante Studies*, Harvard University Press, 1957, 1958.

never see God—but no!, Virgil in allegory must be “la ragione illuminata dalla fede!”

I am not concerned here to say *what* Virgil is in the allegory—not even when my subject is Guido's disdain. One cannot begin to say what Virgil is in the allegory of the Journey to God without also saying what Beatrice is, or Saint Bernard is—and two volumes⁴ have proved to be little enough space for *that*, let alone twenty minutes—which is just about what I have left after these general remarks. I am here more concerned with yet another charge which one has to meet in the matter of Dante's allegory, (especially on the Italian scene where the shade of Benedetto Croce walks at more than midnight hours), which is sometimes phrased something like this: “All these schemes of three guides, three lights, three conversions are not poetry at all, and surely the *Divina Commedia* is the greatest of poems. *Parliamo invece di poesia!*”

But even here there are a few encouraging signs, amounting to a new willingness to take a fresh look at what is indeed one of the greatest of all poems, and to see that we have simply been reading the work in willful disregard of a whole dimension of its structure, in what sometimes has seemed a kind of concerted critical conspiracy to say as little about *that* as possible. But now, as the allegorical dimension of the poem begins to emerge clearly to view in the manner of an exciting new revelation, the most important part of the whole thing is our growing awareness that *revelation* is precisely the *method* of Dante's allegory, the *how* of it—and that the excitement of the poem *qua* poem is there, in that fact. The poem *discloses* its allegory through its developing form, and in the most concrete and intimate way. I must be brief, and so will simply put it this way: the allegory of the *Divine Comedy* is there to be *experienced* as revelation through form, an unfolding form in which poetry is operating at poetry's highest power of strategy and presentation.

Small wonder, indeed, that Dante's allegory is given in the manner of a gradual revelation. We know what his great model in this respect was: nothing less than God's way of writing His book, and writing it for our salvation. There is always that certain more particular method about it, too, a method which Dante had already employed so impressively in the *Vita Nuova*: the method

⁴ *Dante Studies*, cit., both the first and second volumes, but especially the second, *Journey to Beatrice*, in the first chapters.

of retrospective illumination—but precisely such a method is itself part of the living tissue of Scriptural revelation. As the line of event unfolds, moving forward, we the reader look back and see *now* what could not be seen at the time.⁵

* * * * *

You have been handed the familiar text from Canto X containing one of the most famous *cruces* of this—or any—poem. It speaks of Guido Cavalcanti's disdain for Virgil—or is it for Virgil? A lot of the squabble has been over that point.

Now my little *explication de texte*—text in hand—is going to seem pretty much a mere classroom exercise, for I want to turn from these general remarks on allegory to examine what I take to be an excellent example of the way Dante's poem has of opening up to allegory. I am interested in observing how, for instance, we the reader can be moving along, perfectly content with the unfolding literal sense of the poem and completely under its powerful spell, when suddenly a rift opens in that literal sense and we see *through*—and what we see is *another* sense. Here in Canto X Inferno, then, I give you a tiny example of the *how* of the allegory, firmly imbedded as it is in the intimate and concrete texture of the poem. Our interest is not to be in the *whatness* of that double vision, is not to be in assigning names with capital initials to characters, but in the method of the thing. And I may add (as your text in hand clearly implies), there is no better way of getting at the *how* of it than to watch it happen in the original Italian. Translation begs all questions. And the best thing to do with a text is to read it:

- Allor surse alla vista scoperchiata
 un'ombra lungo questa infino al mento:
 54 credo che s'era in ginocchie levata.
 Dintorno mi guardò, come talento
 avesse di veder s'altri era meco;
 57 e poi che il sospettar fu tutto spento,
 piangendo disse: "Se per questo cieco
 carcere vai per altezza d'ingegno,
 60 mio figlio ov'è? perchè non è ei teco?"
 E io a lui: "Da me stesso non vegno:
 colui ch'attende là, per qui mi mena,

⁵ For the method in the *Vita Nuova*, see my *Essay on the Vita Nuova*, Harvard, 1949 (now reprinted, 1958), *passim*, but especially pp. 22-23.

- 63 forse cui Guido vostro ebbe a disdegno."
 Le sue parole e' l modo della pena
 m'avean di costui già letto il nome;
 66 però fu la risposta così piena.
 Di subito drizzato gridò: "Come
 dicesti 'elli ebbe'? non viv'elli ancora?
 69 non fiere li occhi suoi il dolce lome?"
 Quando s'accorse d'alcuna dimora
 ch'io facea dinanzi alla risposta,
 72 supin ricadde e più non parve fora.
 Ma quell'altro magnanimo a cui posta
 restato m'era, non mutò aspetto,
 75 nè mosse collo, nè piegò sua costa;
 e sè continuando al primo detto . . .

Such is the immediate and most familiar context of the verse *forse cui Guido vostro ebbe a disdegno*, and by this re-reading you are now reminded how the focus of attention is brought around to the use of that certain verb in that particular past tense. Dante says *ebbe*, and the soul of Guido's father takes that *ebbe* to mean that his son is dead. It ought to be a simple enough matter, which we might get at forthwith and explicate; and so we might plunge right in.

But my general point about revelation and retrospective illumination in the developing poem is well exemplified precisely here. We may not plunge right in, we do not *yet* understand, we have to wait. But not wait for long. The illumination I refer to is given in verses which come later in this same Canto (Dante and Farinata speaking):

- "Deh, se riposi mai vostra semenza"
 prega' io lui, "solvete mi quel nodo
 96 che qui ha inviluppata mia sentenza.
 El par che voi veggiate, se ben odo,
 dinanzi quel che' l tempo seco adduce,
 99 e nel presente tenete altro modo."
 "Noi veggiam, come quei c'ha mala luce,
 le cose" disse "che ne son lontano;
 102 cotanto ancor ne splende il sommo duce.
 Quando s'appressano o son, tutto è vano
 nostro intelletto; e s'altri non ci apporta,
 105 nulla sapem di vostro stato umano.
 Però comprender puoi che tutta morta

- 108 fia nostra conoscenza da quel punto
 che del futuro fia chiusa la porta."
 Allora, come di mia colpa compunto,
 dissi: "Or direte dunque a quel caduto
 111 che 'l suo nato è co' vivi ancor congiunto
 e s'i' fui, dianzi, alla risposta muto,
 fate i saper che 'l feci che pensava
 114 già nell'error che m'avete soluto" . . .

Notice that what we learn from these verses is something we did not know, and could not have known, when Dante spoke his *ebbe*; yet it is something that we must know if we are to read that verse with understanding. So here we are now, looking back and reading with new understanding (and, remember, we are watching the method of it). We have now learned two things: 1) souls in Hell cannot see what is happening, what *is*, in the world of the living; 2) Guido was still alive in the spring of 1300, i. e., at the time this dialogue in Hell takes place.*

Souls in Hell do not know "present" things. This we have to learn from these later verses, and only then are we in a position to understand the words and actions of the soul of Guido's father as it rises in the fiery tomb beside Farinata, to look over the edge and all about to see whether anyone comes with Dante. I am not now pointing to allegory, of course—not yet—but I am pointing to something that is repeatedly happening in this poem: the backward glance of understanding that we are invited to take, over and over again.

Taking that glance now, we understand: how old Cavalcante, having overheard Dante's exchange with Farinata, and having learned that Dante is indeed here in the flesh, journeying through Hell alive—understand, that is, *why* the father at once peers over the edge of the tomb to see if anyone is here with Dante. His son, his son, why is he not here? Can it be that his son is no longer among the living (something which he cannot *see*—and knowing this now, we re-read his phrase *questo cieco carcere* with better understanding too.) Then, even before he utters his anguished question, he has drawn the worst conclusion and, *weeping*, says what he does: "*piangendo disse*."

We understand, in fine, how old Cavalcante could take Dante's

* Guido died at the end of August, 1300.

use of *ebbe* to mean that son Guido is dead, for that verb, as we now see, has a whole context of anxiety in the father's mind, wherein the full force of the past *absolute* can resound so ominously, like a bell tolling for his beloved son.

Now all this is so obvious as to seem to require only the briefest gloss—which is what it gets from most of the glossators. But what of point number 2 above, namely, the fact we learned from the later verses, that Guido *is* alive at the time of this dialogue in Hell. If the verses we read first threw light on old Cavalcante's actions and words, these later verses must do the same with respect to Dante's. When Dante first speaks his *ebbe*, we are not privileged to know whether Guido is alive or not. Nor do we know why Dante hesitates and fails to answer the father's question before it is too late—too late, that is, to answer him directly, so that Farinata must be asked to explain to his tomb companion. But now, looking back from the vantage point of what we are given to understand by the later verses, now, and only now, do we understand Dante's moment of hesitation. He had thought that souls in Hell could see and know what was going on in the world of the living, and would therefore know who was alive in the world above, and who was no longer there. And now, as Farinata explains that such is not the case, Dante understands what brought the father to misconstrue his verb in the past absolute, his *ebbe*. But that is not the main point. The question is: do *we* the reader understand, are we enlightened now? For we too are invited to look back now, to take a second look at Dante's use of the verb in that tense, knowledgeable as we are now respecting its context in his own mind as he spoke it. Guido is alive. Dante had thought the father knew this. Now we know it too. What do we make of it? The point is, you see, the poem has found a way of putting a question to us by framing it in a definite context. How could Dante have used the past absolute in speaking of Guido Cavalcanti's disdain for . . . well, disdain for *cui* (to keep from begging the tormented question!).

Now, if you haven't searched the long, long bibliography of the books and essays and commentaries on *Inferno X*, you will find it hard to believe me if I report that the general difficulty and the endless wrangling that accounts for so vast a deal of writing on this Canto arises at just this point. Many commentators, indeed surprisingly many, avoid the question. Those who choose to face

it and attempt an answer, generally take Dante to have used the verb in that tense, not to mean what old Cavalcante takes it to mean, of course, but as a *passato remoto*, even so: whereupon the problem of Guido's disdain becomes a problem of understanding how once, at some time in a more or less *remote* past, Guido had had such feelings of disdain towards . . . well, towards *cui*. That disdain would have been some time ago, in his youth or his earlier days of friendship for Dante, when Guido would have felt disdain for Virgil, or Beatrice, or God—whoever the *cui* refers to. If for Virgil, then that was because Virgil was a poet and Guido a philosopher; or because Virgil wrote in Latin and Guido preferred the *volgare*; or because the *Aeneid* points to a providential pattern of history which Guido could not accept, and so on. Excuse me if I do not run over the list.⁷ My point is not the *why* of Guido's disdain (I had warned you I would not get into the *what* of the allegory) but the *time* of it. And I wish merely to note that the commentators, though in rather violent disagreement respecting the *why* of Guido's disdain, tend to agree all the while that, in speaking to old Cavalcante, Dante used the verb in some sort of *passato remoto* sense.

In all justice, some do see a particular reason for the verb's being in that tense: the fact that throughout the poem, as this living man moves through the world of the dead, the past absolute is used in dialogue and narrative to register the distance (both real and psychological: the *remotezza*) of the world of the living from the world of the dead. We may recall a most striking example of this, six cantos further along in *Inferno*, where souls speaking to Dante say how Dante will speak of his journey through Hell, once he has returned to the world of the living:

"Però se campi d'esti luoghi bui
e torni a riveder le belle stelle,
quando ti gioverà dicere 'I' fui,'"⁸

But if that certain distance between the living and the dead accounts for a lot of other such past absolutes in the poem, it will hardly explain Dante's use of it in the words addressed to Guido's

⁷ The latest attempt at a complete review of the many interpretations and the several embattled positions on the question was made by S. Chimenz in 1945: see bibliography below.

⁸ *Inf.* XVI, 82-84.

father. The father's agonized question is: "If you go through this blind prison by virtue of your high genius, then where is my son? *Why is he not with you?*" Dante's reply is a reply to that question. It says why Guido is not with him. And, even if the verb in the past absolute might be used to register the distance between the two worlds, as noted, that cannot be any necessary part of a direct answer to the father's question: "Why is my son not with you?"

Now it is a curious fact, but for all the scrutiny and discussion this matter has received, no commentator appears to pay any attention whatever to a certain telling little touch that could not be more plainly before the reader's eye in the passage in question—so much so that it is almost as if Dante had deliberately put it there for the lesson it could give respecting his use of the tense. I refer to the verse containing the words spoken by Cavalcante that first throw the *ebbe* into the focus of a question:

Di subito drizzato gridò: "Come dicesti 'elli ebbe'?"

There they are, side by side, in the same past tense: *dicesti* and *ebbe*. But if old Cavalcante can wonder how Dante can say *ebbe*, why have we the reader not wondered how he, Cavalcante, can say *dicesti*? Dante had just uttered the *ebbe*. The intervening *terzina* should not suggest that any time whatsoever elapses. Indeed the words *di subito* are there to stress the fact that no time does intervene. Yet old Cavalcante can say: "Come dicesti 'elli ebbe'?"

The poem is full of such a use of this tense, which in modern Italian grammar we have come to call *passato remoto*.⁹ I will not

⁹ The poem, that is, is full of past absolutes that are used, not in a *remoto*, but in a *prossimo*, or present perfect, sense; and this is a matter which deserves a closer study than it has so far received. Such a study would of course distinguish the occurrence of the tense in dialogue from its occurrence in the narrative; but, even on its use in this sense in the narrative, little of value has been done. One may consult A. Ronconi, "Aoristi e perfetti in Dante," in *Lingua Nostra*, 8, (1947), pp. 5-6, who is able to cite only a meager bibliography. But Ronconi does not concern himself particularly with the tense in dialogue as distinguished from its use in the narrative, and accordingly pays no attention to such a case as is at once encountered in the poem (*Inf.* I, 130-135):

E io a lui: "Poeta, io ti ricoggio
per quello Dio che tu non *conoscesti*,
acciò ch'io fugga questo male e peggio,
che tu mi meni là dov'or *dicesti*,
sì ch'io veggia la porta di san Pietro
e color cui tu fai cotanto mesti."

where we clearly have (and rhyming at that) a *conoscesti* which refers to a

go into the fact here, nor the obvious reasons why, with the advent of a new tense (new, with respect to Latin; i. e. the present perfect *hai detto* which is known as the *passato prossimo* in Italian grammar) the perfect (*dixisti*) tended, in certain areas of Romance, to lose a familiar aspect of the Latin; nor will I take time here to talk about the way certain dialects and southern Italian speech generally tend to retain the perfect. I will only point out what appears to be a simple fact: the commentators and expositors of the famous verse have disregarded the lesson of the *dicesti* right there beside the *ebbe*, though it was staring them in the face all the while. Consequently, no one seems to have tried to read the one verb, *ebbe*, in the same time sense in which the other, *dicesti*, has to be understood. And what this somewhat lengthy disquisition on the little verb *ebbe* boils down to is a suggestion: that we do try to read the *ebbe* that way, in the same time sense, that is, in which we *must* take the *dicesti*; i. e., (to remember our interest in the method of it), read the *ebbe* that way *when we come back to it* with the knowledge that it is being used to refer to a Guido Cavalcanti who is still alive.

* * * * *

passato that is quite *remoto*, i. e. Virgil's life on earth, and a *dicesti*, re-enforced as it is by an *or*, which could not be more *prossimo* in its reference to words spoken but a moment before by Virgil (an excellent parallel, therefore, to Cavalcante's *dicesti*, as below). Nor does Ronconi take into account such a typical case as *Inf. XV, 49-54*, Dante's reply to Brunetto's question as to how he came to make the journey and who it is that guides him:

"Là su di sopra, in la vita serena"
rispos 'io lui, "mi smarri' in una valle,
avanti che l'età mia fosse piena.
Pur ier mattina le volsi le spalle:
questi m'apparve, tornand'io in quella,
e reducemmi a ca per questo calle."

Ronconi, at the outset, sets up the following rule: "In Dante, infatti, io ritengo che il *passato prossimo* indichi sempre un'azione pensata nella sua relazione col presente, un'azione che in qualche modo ha un interesse attuale, sul quale si vuol porre l'accento di chi parla, come se ancora si prolungasse con i suoi effetti; mentre l'azione espressa al *passato remoto* è considerata in sé, nel momento e nelle circostanze in cui si volse." But do words spoken by Dante in the verses above not "indicare un'azione pensata nella sua relazione col presente"? The whole matter clearly calls for much closer study.

Incidentally, it is illuminating to look back from Dante's words to Brunetto in Canto XV, as cited above, to his words to Cavalcante in Canto X. In both instances he speaks of his journey, to Brunetto of its beginning *only yesterday morning* (and the past absolute is used); and, in both, Virgil is pointed to as guide, waiting to proceed on the journey.

Now I shall have to be brief, and simply say how I feel we must read the whole verse and how, when so read, it serves to open the poem to allegory—which is our present interest in it.

The journey through Hell had begun at sunset on Good Friday,¹⁰ and a time reference in Canto XI makes it clear that when Dante is speaking to Cavalcante in Canto X it is about 3 o'clock Saturday morning. Therefore, at the time of the exchange between the two, the journey through Hell has been under way about nine hours. Now Dante's phrase *ebbe a disdegno* refers to a choice Guido had, and a choice he made. This is one aspect of the *ebbe*, of course, as the narrative tense it is, in contrast with the meaning the imperfect *aveva* would have had. It is the obvious difference, shall we say, between *non voleva venire* and *non volle venire*. And I choose this particular example deliberately, in order to suggest that *non volle venire* is essentially the meaning of Dante's answer to the father's question. He is saying: "Guido non volle venire," and saying it of a living Guido who had the choice. Thus we learn to read *ebbe* (or my proposed *volle*) in the sense in which old Cavalcante uses his *dicesti*, that is, to mean 'just now,' which *just now* will mean just some nine hours ago.

In short I suggest that Guido's show of disdain was *but now*, a few hours before, when this journey got under way. Dante's *ebbe* points to a choice that had to be made back there, in the world of the living.

Dante's *ebbe* thus points back to the start of this journey. But points back for whom? Well, for Guido's father, first of all, since the words are addressed to him, and since Dante, the speaker, thinks the father knows his son is alive and so had such a choice. Dante's answer is "Your Guido did not choose to come," and such a reply is a direct answer to the father; but it would not be that answer for us, the reader, if we had not been deliberately and most pointedly led back to it in the manner I have observed.

Now let us glance quickly at the other elements of the famous verse. Every word of it is typically charged with meaning and cries out for a less hasty scrutiny than we can give it here. As a reply to Guido's father, the "Epicurean," there is a thrust, a dig, in it. Dante will later admit that he feels sorry for this, but "Guido vostro" (for all the respectful second person plural form

¹⁰ As we learn from a devil, and for the first time, *Inf.* XXI, 112-114.

of address) bears the passing touch of a suggestion that, like father like son, your Guido *would* be one to refuse to enter upon such a journey as this, a journey guided by the one who is waiting over there. But the thrust is there in the *forse* too, and we may remember how, further along, Belacqua makes use of a similar *forse* in what are called his *corte parole*¹¹—words which also refer to the journey.

And now let us consider the *cui*—which is surely coming to be the most tortured relative pronoun known to literary exegesis. Lately it is getting its arm twisted very badly, for all the latest commentators are holding that *cui* doesn't refer to Virgil at all, but is a dative pointing to Beatrice; so that, even if we allow that Dante points to Virgil in the words "colui ch'attende là," the *cui* doesn't mean Virgil but shifts the attention to the *goal* of the journey, i. e., to Beatrice as the immediate goal of the journey under Virgil's guidance, or to God.

Now in the matter of *Journeys to Beatrice* I yield to no one in point of interest; but the fact is, all the early commentators, without exception, read the *cui* as a relative pronoun in the accusative, therefore as referring to Virgil—indeed those modern exegetes who hold for the other reading (dative for Beatrice or God) seem to grant that the natural way would be to read the *cui* as referring to Virgil (if only they could make some sense of a disdain for Virgil!)¹²

Now I simply submit that the *cui*, like the *ebbe* beside it, requires to be read in accordance with common usage of the day, a usage (now gone from modern Italian) which construes *cui* as a relative pronoun, direct object of a verb, and with a touch of the interrogative *chi* about it.¹³ And this is most important as one element of

¹¹ *Purg.* IV, 98-99: "Forse / che di sedere in pria avrai distretta."

¹² Latest of these is Pagliaro (cit. below). See p. 358: "L'interpretazione tradizionale che vuole rivolto contro Virgilio il disdegno di Guido, è la più ovvia, perchè Virgilio è il soggetto della proposizione principale e il relativo *cui* lo riprende come oggetto dell'agire che si predica nella dipendente, secondo la struttura sintattica più normale. Ma il disprezzo di un poeta e uomo di cultura avanzatissima come Guido verso il maggiore poeta latino, al quale tutto il Medioevo guardò come a maestro di sapienza e di poesia, non può certo pretendere ad evidenza e a facile plausibilità. Da qui le molte ipotesi."

¹³ As all students of early Italian know, *cui* as a straight relative in the accusative case is fairly frequent, and the standard dictionaries, Crusca and Tommaseo-Bellini, are well aware of the fact. Many examples in the *Commedia* come at once to mind: *Inf.* XXVIII, 70-71: e disse: "O tu cui colpa non condanna / e cui io vidi in su terra latina". . . ; *Inf.* XXXI, 44-45: li orribili giganti, cui minaccia / Giove del cielo ancora quanto tona. Also, closer to the case in question, the instances of *cui* as part of the compound relative: *Inf.*

what I was calling the "thrust" that we can catch in Dante's reply to Cavalcante. Indeed, it cooperates in this with the *forse* which precedes it. The tone is (if I may be a bit free, in order to convey it better): "I do not come of myself. He who awaits me over there leads me through here, and it just could be (*forse*) that he is one whom (*cui*) your Guido disdained."

This aspect of the direct object relative *cui* (interrogative become relative in this construction) and this whole "thrust" aspect of the reply is all important, of course. Moreover it reads perfectly well on the literal level, something that is always important with Dante, since he cautioned us that the literal must come first and the other senses must arise out of that.¹⁴ But we have let it do that, have let it come first, and now we can observe how it opens up to the *other* sense, which indeed it has already done, if we but have eyes for it.

If the *forse* and the *cui* are inviting Cavalcante to consider *who* Virgil is, that his son should scorn him, and if the verb *ebbe* is pointing to a choice Guido could have made back there, on the stage of this world of the living, about nine hours before, the *forse* and the *cui* and the *ebbe* are also inviting us to consider *who* Virgil is, and just *how* Guido can be said to have had a choice

XIX, 31-33: "Chi è colui, maestro che si cruccia / guizzando più che li altri suoi consorti" / diss'io, "e cui più roggia fiamma succia?"

But, apart from this simple relative *cui* there is also to be noted an interrogative *cui*, modern *chi*. The *Vocabolario della Crusca*, 5th ed. *sub voce* *cui* registers this (no. xxii): "*cui* vale anche, ma non è oggi d'uso molto comune, *chi*; in proposizione o distributiva o interrogativa, o esprimente dubbio, incertezza, ignoranza, o simili. E ponesi come oggetto." With the example from the *Decameron*: Così la donna, non guardando cui motteggiasse, credendo vincere, fu vinta. Also two other examples: 1) Prudentemente è da guardare cui l'uomo riceve ad abitare seco. 2) E la gente ritenne, più di temendo, nè sappiendo cui. The *Crusca* also, under *chi* no. XVIII, has: "E pure in senso di *Qual persona*, riferito però al nome, alla condizione, alla qualità e simili . . . usati così in proposizione interrogativa, o avente forza d'interrogazione, come in proposizione affermativa, o esprimente dubbio, incertezza, ignoranza."

Examples are easily collected in Boccaccio (my edition of the *Decameron*, Bari, 1956, vol., page, line: II, 48, 22-23: che non pensa cui egli s'ha menata a casa; II, 217, 1-2: la donna, parendole avere udito il marito garrir ed uendo Adriano, incontanente conobbe là dove stata era e con cui; II, 224, 18-19: e cui abbiām noi governatori ed aiutatori se non gli uomini?

It is this *cui*, which raises the question of *identity*, that we have in the verse *Forse cui Guido vostro ebbe a disdegno*, and it is evident in what function a *forse* can introduce such a pronoun. Cf. the *qual* introduced by the *forse* of the verse cited below: *Purg.* VIII, 99: *Forse qual diede ad Eva il cibo amaro.*

¹⁴ *Convivio*, II, i, 8-9.

but now, nine hours ago, when this journey began. The words are thus turned also to us, not with a thrust, of course, but as an invitation to stand back from these things for a moment and take a second look at them. Indeed they are turned to us even before they are turned to Cavalcante. For please note this: if Dante had wanted Cavalcante to look at Virgil as *Virgil* he would have named him; but Virgil is only *colui ch'attende là*.

And now, what I have wanted to point to, the *how* of the allegory, is before us, in the example and sudden turn of a single verse. There it is, suddenly, and then is there no longer, at least is no longer to the fore. We were moving along with the journey in its literal sense—and were ever so much under its spell as such—when all at once the literal journey *there*, in the world of the dead, opens up to journey *here*, in the world of the living, and we see two journeys: we see double. We see allegorically, since Dante's kind of allegory is precisely a matter of seeing in double vision. We see, because if Guido might have had Virgil as guide, then you and I, *we* might also choose—or, like Guido, refuse, reject. Which is to say that Dante's journey, by becoming, *in possibility*, Guido's journey, becomes ours also in possibility. It is in that turn of the *forse*, which deals the thrust to old Cavalcante and at the same time pivots to double vision for us.

I must have done. I have wanted to witness, in concretest context, the *how* of the matter: how allegory happens down the line of this poem, and becomes part of its living texture, organically imbedded as it is in its literal sense. And please note a further important point: when allegory happens in this way, the allegorical sense does not claim the whole field of vision to the exclusion of the first and literal sense. The thrust of the *forse*, which is truly a thrust on the first literal level, is also directed to us, the reader, and opens up to double vision.¹⁵

Needless to say, old Cavalcante does not get that thrust, much less see the allegory which thus becomes visible to the reader. In fact, old Cavalcante doesn't even look at Virgil when Dante points to him standing off there, waiting to get on with the journey. And

¹⁵ I should like to point to two other instances of this in the poem, i.e., *forse* serving to evoke double vision (as will be evident to any reader who will consider the verses in their context):

Purg. VIII, 99: *Forse qual diede ad Eva il cibo amaro.*

Purg. XXVIII, 141: *Forse in Parnaso esto loco sognaro.*

so, in closing, I give you a toast: I give you old Cavalcante as the first anti-allegorist on record—which brings us back to Boccaccio and D'Ovidio and a certain blindness to allegory, to present-tense allegory, that is: which is where we began.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY *

Studies which pay particular attention to the problem of Guido's disdain are here cited for the reader who may wish to review the curious and involved history of the question over the course of the past century, periodic surveys of which were made by Del Lungo and D'Ovidio at the beginning and by Chimenz in 1945 (*see below*).

No such analytical evaluation of the various embattled positions will be attempted here. I would only add that, in my own survey of the many interpretations that are now a part of the published record, I have encountered one only that seemed to come to grips with the problem: M. Lucidi's review of Pagliaro's essay (*see below*). Lucidi (pp. 208 ff.) argues the necessity of seeing *both* from Cavalcante's and from character Dante's point of view, in the different moments in time (as I have indicated above), and sees in what sense the latter must be conceived to have uttered his *ebbe* (p. 209): "È questa la diversità di situazione psicologica fra i due interlocutori nella quale si realizza la rilevata ambiguità: per Dante, che sa che Guido è vivo e crede che altrettanto sappia Cavalcante, la forma non ha la funzione preteritale (realizzantesi com'è noto nell'opposizione col presente *ha*), che darebbe un senso assurdo, ma di necessità l'altra—pur essa fondamentale e derivante dall'opposizione con l'imperfetto aveva—di puntualizzare un'azione nel passato e quindi, nel nostro caso, all'inizio o meglio come precedente di quella predicata nella proposizione principale (*mena*)" Lucidi thus sees, in the *ebbe* as spoken by character Dante, a reference to the *inizio* of the journey—or so the reader of his review may think, until he proceeds to search for the occasion of Guido's disdain in a past which is rather *remoto*, as he concludes (p. 215): "E probabilmente la giustificazione psicologica di quel preterito *ebbe* è proprio nel ricordo del momento in cui il poeta sentì la

* The following abbreviations are used: *BSDI*, *Bullettino della Società Dantesca Italiana*; *GD*, *Giornale dantesco*; *GRM*, *Germanisch Romanische Monatsschrift*; *LD*, *Lectura Dantis*; *LDG*, *Lectura Dantis Genovese*; *NLD*, *Nuova lectura Dantis*; *SD*, *Studi danteschi*; *SDC*, *Studi sulla Divina Commedia*; *SLI*, *Studi di letteratura italiana*.

prima radice della nuova vocazione e intuì ad un tempo che l'orgoglioso amico non avrebbe mai potuto seguirlo.]"

AGLIANÒ, S. 1953. *Il canto di Farinata*. Lucca.

AGRESTI, A. 1890. "Sul collocamento degli eretici," *Alighieri*, 1, 225-31.

—. 1891. "Dante e i Patareni," *Alighieri*, 2, 282-89, 305-14.

AUERBACH, E. 1946. "Farinata and Cavalcante," in: *Mimesis*, tr. by W. Trask. Bern. (pp. 169-96).

BARBI, M. 1924. "Il canto di Farinata," *SD*, 8, 87-109.

—. 1952 "Il canto di Farinata," in: *Dante, Vita, opere e fortuna: con due saggi su Francesca e Farinata*. Florence. (pp. 207-70.)

BIANCHI, E. 1921. "Ancora del disdegno di Guido," *SD*, 3, 1, 131-32.

BORGHINI, V. 1855. *Studi sulla Divina Commedia di Galileo Galilei*, ed. by O. Gigli. Florence. (p. 320.)

BRAMBILLA, E. 1899. *Il diverso pellegrinaggio a S. Iacopo di Guido Cavalcanti e di Dante*. Teramo.

CAMILLI, A. 1942. "Il disdegno di Guido," *Leo*, 13, 160 ff.

CARLI, P. 1924. "Il canto di Farinata," *GD*, 27: 2, 128-40.

CASELLA, M. 1955. "Il canto X dell'Inferno," *SD*, 33: 2, 35-42.

CHIMENZ, S. A. 1945. "Il 'disdegno' di Guido e i suoi interpreti," *Orientamenti culturali*, 1, 179-88.

D'ANCONA, A. 1913. *Scritti danteschi*. Florence. (pp. 218 ff.)

DEL LUNGO, I. 1898. "Il disdegno di Guido," in: *Dal secolo e dal poema di Dante*. Bologna. (pp. 3-61.)

—. 1931. *LD* (Orsanmichele).

DE SANCTIS, F. 1872. *Nuovi saggi critici*. Naples. (p. 43.)

D'OVIDIO, F. 1870. "Nota sul verso del X Canto dell'Inferno 'Forse cui Guido vostro ebbe a disdegno,'" *Propugnatore*, 3: 2, 167 ff.

—. 1901. "Il disdegno di Guido," in: *SDC*. Milan. (pp. 150-201.)

FERRETTI, G. 1950. "Dante e Farinata di fronte," in: *Saggi danteschi*. Florence. (pp. 61-75.)

GALLI, G. 1927. "L'episodio di Farinata," *GD*, 30, 301-11.

GRAMSCI, A. 1950. *Letteratura e vita nazionale*. Turin. (pp. 34-35.)

KUEN, H. 1940. "Dante in Reimnot?" *GRM*, 28: 305-14.

LUCIDI, M. 1954. "Ancora sul 'disdegno' di Guido," *Cultura neolatina*, 14: 2/3, 203-16.

MASERA, G. 1926. "Il presunto disdegno di Guido Cavalcanti per Virgilio," *GD*, 29, 280-83.

- MATARRESE, F. 1957. "Tentativi di interpretazione unitaria del canto di Farinata," in: *Interpretazioni dantesche*. Bari. (ch. 1.)
- MAZZONI, G. 1941. "Il disdegno di Guido," in: *Almae luces, malae cruce: studii danteschi*. Bologna. (pp. 213-19.)
- MONTANO, R. 1957. "'Mio figlio ov' è? Perchè non è ei teco?" *Delta*, 2-3, n. s., 17-27.
- NARDI, B. 1940. "L'averroismo del 'primo amico' di Dante," *SD*, 25, 43-79.
- . 1942; second ediz. 1949. *Dante e la cultura medievale*. Bari. (pp. 79-80.)
- NATOLI, L. 1896. "Chiose dantesche: 'Forse cui Guido vostro ebbe a disdegno,'" *GD*, 3, 454-65.
- PAGLIARO, A. 1953. "Il disdegno di Guido," in: *Saggi di critica semantica*. (Biblioteca di cultura contemporanea, XL.) Messina, Florence. (pp. 355-79.)
- PARODI, E. G. 1898. *BSDI*, 6, 10 ff. [Review of I. Del Lungo (1898).]
- . 1915. "La miscredenza di Guido Cavalcanti e una fonte del Boccaccio," *BSDI*, 22, 37 ff.
- . 1920. "Farinata," in: *Poesia e storia nella Divina Commedia*. Naples. (pp. 533-66.)
- RASTELLI, R. 1948. "Restauri danteschi," *Saggi di umanesimo cristiano* (Pavia), 8 (Sept.).
- ROMANI, F. 1906. "Il canto X dell'Inferno," *GD*, 14, 34-47.
- SANSONE, M. 1955. "Il canto X dell'Inferno," *NLD*, (2d ed., Rome).
- SCHERILLO, M. 1904. *LDG*. Florence. vol. I, pp. 363-406.)
- SCOLARICI, E. 1922. "Il canto X dell'Inferno," in: *SLI*. Naples. (vol. XII, pp. 379 ff.)
- SPONGANO, R. 1949. *La prosa di Galileo ed altri scritti*. Messina, Florence.
- TROCCOLI, G. 1948. "Colui che la difese a viso aperto," in: *Saggi danteschi*. Florence. (pp. 87-112.)

THE "DETTO DEL GATTO LUPESCO" AGAIN

ANNA GRANVILLE HATCHER

The significance of the Old Italian poem about the *gatto lupesco* has been discussed in recent years by Guerrieri Crocetti (*Giorn. ital. di fil.* V, 19-32; *Filologia romanza* III, 113-121) and by Spitzer (I shall quote from the re-edition in *Romanische Literaturstudien*, 1959, p. 488-507); the former considered it a serious poem ("... un lavoro in cui tutto è serio e grave in ogni sua parte") with allegorical implications, a fore-runner, albeit a very modest one, of the Divine Comedy; to the latter it was a lively, amusing example of the virtuosity of the *giullare*; according to Spitzer, only one of the many themes treated is intended to be taken seriously, that describing the Crucifixion—this single serious note being simply further evidence of the versatility of the poet who, in his short composition, wished to try his hand at a miscellany of popular genres, including the religious tale. Of later critics, Folena (*Rassegna della lett. ital.*, Ser. 7, 267-8) appears to lean slightly more to the side of Spitzer than of Guerrieri Crocetti, while Contini (*Poeti del Duecento* II, 285-87) does not at all succeed in concealing his appreciation of the poem's parodistic humor, in spite of his elaborate attempts at judicious cautiousness.

In my opinion there is no doubt that Spitzer was right (simply, obviously, calmly right) in his appraisal of the comic intention of the poem in question: this little masterpiece of nonsense, which ends with the flippant "però finisco ke-ffa bello" and begins by introducing the protagonist as "trastullando"¹ is as unlikely a

¹I am interpreting *trastullando* in its usual lazy, frivolous sense. Contini, however (*op. cit.*, 288), speaks in terms of 'nobile diletto' (of an amorous

candidate for allegorical interpretation as could well be imagined. If I take up the problem once more it is because I believe that Spitzer did not go far enough in the direction he pointed out. Not only is the poem even more playful than he showed: it is also true that its structure reveals upon analysis an artistry more sophisticated than he suspected. So strong was Spitzer's spontaneous reaction to our poem, so easy was it for him to find, at any point on its surface, gay refutations to Guerrieri Crocetti's solemn thesis, that he felt no need to go below the surface; indeed, faced as he was with the necessity of refutation, he did not have the leisure even to undertake a step-by-step treatment of the poem's contents. Since his predecessor, with no such justification, offered a still less complete analysis of factual content, a more detailed study of our poem would seem to be called for. To this end I offer, here, a reproduction of the poem ²—which begins with a 7-line introduction, ends with a 7-line conclusion, and falls into three main episodes: I The encounter with Arthur's knights (8-40); II The visit to the Hermit (41-105); III The encounter with the animals (106-137):

Si com' altr' uomini vanno,
 ki per prode e chi per danno,
 per lo mondo tuttavia,
 così m'andava l'altra dia
 per un cammino trastullando
 e d'un mio amor gia pensando
 e andava a capo chino.
 Allora uscìo fuor del cammino
 ed intrai in uno sentieri

5

nature), and quotes four passages to show that Dante also (!) used the word in this sense: *Purg.* xiv, 93; xvi, 90; *Par.* xv, 123, "e specialmente" ix, 76.

His examples prove nothing whatsoever, if only because the first contains the noun *trastullo*, and the rest, the transitive verb *trastullare*: connotations may well differ widely between members of the same word-family. Moreover, of the three examples of the transitive verb *trastullare*, only the last (the "special mente") accommodates the concept of 'nobile diletto'; for *Par.* xv, 123 refers to the drowsy delight of an infant hearing lullabies, while *Purg.* xvi, 90 describes the easy, instinctive, undisciplined pleasure of *l'anima semplicetta*. (Curiously enough, Tommaseo-Bellini also offers this last example as illustrating the idea of a 'nobile diletto'.)

² The text is taken from Contini, 288-91.

I have italicized all the verbs referring to any one of the three semantic groups: (1) coming, going, staying (stopping, waiting); (2) saying, speaking, ceasing to speak; (3) looking, seeing, finding; showing. Later I shall discuss the frequency of these verbs and its significance.

ed *incontrai* duo cavalieri 10
 de la corte de lo re Artù,
 ke mi *dissero*: "Ki·sse' tu?"
 E io *rispuosi* in *salutare*:
 "Quello k'io sono, ben mi si pare.
 Io sono uno gatto lopesco, 15
 ke a catuno vo dando un esco,
 ki non mi *dice* veritate.
 Però saper vogl[i]o ove *andate*,
 e voglio sapere onde *sete*
 e di qual parte *venite*." 20
 Quelli mi *dissero* "Or intendete,
 e vi *diremo* ciò che volete,
 ove *gimo* e donde *siamo*;
 e vi *diremo* onde *vegnamo*.
 Cavalieri siamo di Bretagna, 25
 ke *vegnamo* de la montagna
 ke·ll'omo *apella* Mongibello.
 Assai vi *semo stati* ad ostello
 per apparare ed invenire
 la veritate di nostro sire 30
 lo re Artù, k'avemo perduto
 e non sapemo ke·ssia venuto.
 Or ne *torniamo* in nostra terra,
 ne lo reame d'Inghilterra.
 A Dio siate voi, ser gatto, 35
 voi con tutto'l vostro fatto."
 E io *rispuosi* allora insuno:
 "A Dio vi comando ciascheduno."
 Così da me *si dipartiro*
 li cavalieri quando ne *giro*. 40
 E io *andai* pur oltre addesso
 per lo sentiero ond' *iera* messo,
 e tutto'l giorno non *finai*
 infin a la sera, k'io *albergai*
 con un romito nel gran deserto, 45
 lungi ben trenta miglia certo;
 ed al mattino mi ne *partio*
 sì *acomandai* lo romito a Dio.
 Ed ançi k'io *mi* ne *partisise*,
 lo romito sì mi *disse* 50
 verso qual parte io *andasse*:
 veritate non li celasse.
 E io li *dissi*: "Ben mi piace;

non te ne serò fallace
 k'io non ti *dica* tutto'l dritto. 55
 Io me ne *vo* in terro d'Egitto,
 e voi' *cercare* Saracinia
 e tutta terra pagania,
 e Arabici e 'Braici e Tedeschi
 [e.....-eschi] 60
 e'l soldano e'l Saladino
 e'l Veglio e tutto suo dimino
 e terra Vinençium e Bellem
 e Montuliveto e Gersalem
 e l'amiraglio e'l Massamuto, 65
 e l'uomo per kui Cristo è *atenduto*
 dall'ora in qua ke fue pigliato
 e ne la croce inchiavellato
 da li Giudei ke'l giano frustando,
 com'a ladrone battendo e dando. 70
 Allor quell'uomo li *puose mente*
 e sì li *disse* pietosamente:
 "Va' tosto, ke non ti dean sì spesso";
 e Cristo si rivolse adesso,
 sì li *disse*: "Io *anderòe*, 75
 e tu m'*apetta*, k'io *torneròe*";
 e poi fue messo in su la croce
 a grido di popolo ed a boce.
 Allora tremò tutta la terra:
 così·cci guardi Dio di guerra." 80
 A questa *mi dipartio andando*
 e da lo romito acomiatando,
 a cui *dicea* lo mio viag[g]io.
 Ed *uscio* fuor dello rumitag[g]io
 per un sportello k'avea la porta,
 pensando *trovare* la via scorta
 ond'io *andasse* sicuramente.
 Allor *guardai* e *puosi mente*
 e non *vidi* via neuna. 90
 L'aria era molto scura,
 e'l tempo nero e tenebroso;
 e io com'uomo pãuroso
ritornai ver' lo romito,
 da cui m'iera già *partito*,
 e d'una boce l'*appellai*, 95
 sì li *diss'io*: "Per Dio, se·ttu sai
 lo cammino, or lo m'insegna,

k'io non soe dond'io mi tegna."
 Quelli allora mi *guardòe*,
 co la mano mi *mostròe* 100
 una croce nel deserto,
 [lungi] ben diece miglia certo,
 e *disse*: " Colà è lo cammino
 onde *va* catuno pelegrino
 ke *vada* o *vegna* d'oltremare." 105
 A questa *mi mossi ad andare*
 verso la croce bellamente,
 e quasi non *vedea* neente
 per lo tempo ch'iera oscuro,
 e'l deserto aspro e duro. 110
 E a *l'andare* k'io facea
 verso la croce tuttavia
 sì *vidi* bestie ragunate,
 ke tutte *stavaro* aparechiate
 per pigliare ke divorassero, 115
 se alcuna pastura *trovassero*.
 Ed io *ristetti per vedere*,
 per conoscere e per sapere
 ke bestie fosser tutte queste
 ke mi pareano molte alpestre; 120
 sì vi *vidi* un grande leofante
 ed un verre molto grande
 ed un orso molto superbio
 ed un leone ed un gran cerbio;
 e *vidivi* quattro leopardi 125
 e due dragoni cun rei sguardi;
 e sì vi *vidi* lo tiglio e'l tasso
 e una lonça e un tinasso;
 e sì vi *vidi* una bestia strana,
 ch'uomo *appella* baldivana; 130
 e sì vi *vidi* la pantera
 e la giraffa e la paupera
 e'l gatto padule e la lea
 e la gran bestia baradinera;
 ed altre bestie vi *vidi* assai, 135
 le quali ora non vi *dirai*,
 ké nonn-è tempo né stagione.
 Ma ssì vi *dico*, per san Simone,
 ke *mi partii* per maestria
 da le bestie ed *anda'* via, 140
 e *cercai* tutti li paesi

ke voi da me avete intesi,
e tornai a lo mi' ostello.
Però finisco ke·ffa bello.

The poem, from beginning to end, will offer the careful, cautious, logically-minded reader a succession of jolts, some tiny, some that really hurt; the first (gentle) shock comes in lines 4-5: the opening verses, with their moralizing generalization that suggests the beginning of a didactic composition of broad scope, hardly prepares us for the casual statement: "so, the other day, I was going along the road, just for fun." As we read the two lines that follow (and connect them with the preceding two: "the other day I was going along . . ."), we realize that what we have been shifted to is the opening of a *pastourelle*, with the familiar figure of the poet-lover in the characteristic pensive gesture of head bent low (*capo chino*), lost in amorous thoughts.³ But just as we have gotten our bearings

³ Cf. Helen Sandison, "The *Chanson d'aventure* in Middle English," 1913, pp. 5-7, 25-26, who gives numerous examples of the conventional opening lines of *pastourelles* (and *chansons d'aventure*) in Old French and Middle English.

It might be said that the frivolous (i.e. as I have interpreted it) *trastullando* jars slightly with the reference to amorous pensiveness; could Contini have been right in his more lofty interpretation of the word? I think not: the *trastullando* was deliberately intended to offer a jarring note; our poet has combined two different types of *pastourelle*-overture; cf. Sandison, 6-7:

He [the poet] appears along riding, or less often walking, by a wood or along a meadow side, "lons de gent"; he is "*pensis chief enclin*" or, somewhat less frequently, "*dedusant, juant*," and has come forth to seek distraction: "*jouer m'en aloie*." . . .

At least, however, Contini recognized the figure of the lover in lines 6-7 (and therefore sought to ennoble *trastullando*). To Guerrieri Crocetti, however, the protagonist is no lover but a representative of self-seeking, greedy, sinful mankind: the phrase *mio amor* (he reads *mio amor* instead of *un mio amor*, as do Monaci-Arese) is interpreted as meaning 'love of myself,' i.e. self-love, *amor sui* (can one imagine: 'I was going along the road, thinking of self-love?'; this is the kind of thing a linguist can never forgive), while the *capo chino* indicates that the sinful protagonist is prevented by his desire for earthly pleasure from turning his gaze heavenward; the lines 4-7 inspire him to quote *Purg.* xiv, 145-50 (with the line: . . . *e l'occhio vostro pure a terra mira* . . .).

If G.-C. must quote Dante in explaining this passage, he would have done better to connect the *capo chino* of line 7 with the *capo chino* of Sonnet IX of the *Vita Nuova* (where it is applied to the God of Love himself); note the conventional opening line:

Cavalcando l'altr'ier per un cammino,
Penoso de l'andar che mi sgradia,
Trovai Amore in mezzo de la via
In abito leggier di peregrino.
Ne la sembianza mi pareva meschino,

and are looking forward to his encounter with a girl—the girl he is bound to meet as he continues down the road—he suddenly branches off, and we find ourselves on a side-path (8-9): he has left the road of the *pastourelle*,⁴ and we will never hear about his love or see the girl (after all, this is the poet who will leave us suddenly, at the end, with the words: “Però finisco ke·ffa bello”).

Instead of a girl he meets *duo cavalieri* (10-12) whom, apparently, he recognizes immediately as Arthurian knights (but this, we can tell ourselves, should not be difficult for a *giullare* familiar with the *matière de Bretagne*, from which these two figures have strayed); the knights themselves, however, have no such advantage and must ask him to identify himself; and with their question: “Who are you?” we are made to realize suddenly that we, too, are ignorant of our protagonist’s identity. While we await his answer, the author prolongs our suspense by means of one line (“Who I am is obvious from my appearance”)⁵ which also makes us aware of our impotence: the knights can see his appearance, but we can not! Then we learn, to our surprise, that we have been reading about, and listening to, an animal, and an imaginary one at that; we easily understand the amazement that made the knights blurt out as they saw him: “Ki-sse’ tu?” (Note, incidentally, that they speak in unison: “. . . ke mi dissero . . .” [12].)

But the *gatto lupesco* not only identifies himself: he also offers a self-characterization (and one which will influence the development of the dialogue, which continues until line 38): he is a truth-

Come avesse perduta segnorìa;
E sospirando penoso venia,
Per non veder la gente, a capo chino. . . .

It may be said partly in G. C.’s defense that he was handicapped by the earlier faulty reading of line 1: *Dico mal uomini vanno . . .* (*così m’andava . . .*), which could mean that the protagonist was declaring himself to be one of the *mal uomini*. —Spitzer’s witty interpretation of this mis-read line (*Dico mal! uomini vanno . . .*) can, of course, no longer be accepted.

⁴To G.-C. the *sentieri* as opposed to the *cammino* represents the *via smarrita* of Dante as opposed to the *dritta via*. But does he not have his allegory in reverse? The *sentieri* led the Gatto to the Hermit who (according to G.-C.) pointed him to salvation, while the *cammino* from which he branched off should have been, again according to G.-C., the road of self-love and sinfulness.

⁵Contini finds the *mi* of *mi si pare* (14) superfluous; Spitzer offers two possible interpretations (only the second of which Contini mentions—to disregard): (1) ‘Mi pare bene (sono contento) di essere ciò que sono’ or (2) ‘che cosa sono, appare bene (dal mio esteriore),’ adding that the *giullare*, in reciting the poem, may have been dressed up as a *gatto lupesco*. —I prefer the latter explanation.

expert, one who is out to catch liars; and in the interests of determining the truth about them he sets the knights the task of answering three questions: (a) their place of origin (this detail, which he already guessed, may serve as a check on the rest); (b) where they have just come from; and (c) where they are going. The knights, accepting meekly his right to test their veracity—and again speaking in unison—promise to tell him what he wants to know—and we learn of their search for King Arthur at Mongibello (an obvious reference to the legend of Arthur's mysterious survival at Mount Aetna).⁶

What strikes us first in the knights' duet is the long and repetitious preamble, following which the details of their quest are quickly crammed into a few phrases and relative clauses. This preamble offers, obviously, a splendid build-up for the anticlimax that develops: not only has their quest led to nothing whatsoever but a return back home—all their time at Mongibello was apparently spent *ad ostello*! They have made the long and difficult journey from Britain to Sicily in search of Arthur, or of news about him, only to settle down comfortably in lodgings, until it was time to start back again. Nevertheless, the final lines of the duet: "Or ne torniamo in nostra terra, / ne lo reame d'Inghilterra" are chanted with all the spirited ring of a triumphant conclusion!

But the comic implications of the preamble go still further. To some extent determined by the questions that the Gatto set the knights, its proportions are expanded by the insistence of the knights themselves, who would outdo their inquisitor in meticulous pedantry: before answering his questions, they promise to answer them; and in their promise, as in their answer, they repeat, in order, the three items in question: (a), (b), (c); we must assume that the knights are as deeply concerned with veracity as is the Gatto.⁷ And this double insistence on Truth is made to serve as introduction to a perfect hoax: "knights of King Arthur searching at Mount

⁶ For *Mongibello* = Mount Aetna, cf. the *Otia Imperialia* (c. 1211) of Gervase of Tilbury (cited by E. K. Chambers, *Arthur of Britain*, p. 276): "In Sicilia est mons Aetna. . . . Hunc autem montem vulgares Mongibel appellant"; it is this work which contains the first reference to Arthur's translation to Aetna—instead of to Avalon, as in the earliest (Geoffrey of Monmouth) and more widespread versions.

⁷ Note also that when referring to their quest the knights stress their desire to discover the truth: "per apparare ed invenire / la veritade di nostro sire . . .": 29-30.

Aetna for King Arthur"—never was such a search recorded in Arthurian legend!⁸ Indeed, this search for Arthur by knights of Arthur represents not only an addition to the body of legends that we know: it is conceived in flagrant contradiction to them: theirs is a search that could not possibly have taken place. For, after the battle of Mount Badon in which Arthur received his mortal wound and his followers were destroyed,⁹ there were no knights of King Arthur left to go in search of him.^{10a}—It is quite in line with the spirit of our poem that the-knights-who-have-lied are allowed to pass the test of veracity set them by the-Gatto-who-has-lied (in pretend-

⁸ It is true that Chambers, *op. cit.*, mentions: ". . . a thirteenth-century poem which describes the advent of three Breton knights to Aetna to learn, if they might, the truth about Arthur [italics mine]. But it forms no part of the abundant folk-lore of the mountain, and may be taken to have been introduced by the Norman conquerors or their Breton followers. With it probably came the name of the Fata Morgana for the mirage at Messina."

How our Gatto has managed to fool the scholars! For this "thirteenth-century poem" is obviously the *Detto del gatto lupo* (in garbled version: 2 knights become 3; British knights of Arthur become Breton): one need only compare Chamber's phrase: ". . . to learn if they might the truth about Arthur" with lines 29-30 of our poem.

⁹ Actually, according to *Mort Artur* and *Layamon*, two of Arthur's retainers did survive him; but both embraced the religious life immediately after, and one of them died in a few weeks (cf. J. D. Bruce, "The Evolution of Arthurian Romance" I, 31); according to the *Tavola Ritonda* (CXLIV) only one (a *scudiere*) lived to see the translation of Arthur.

^{10a} Our *Detto* is quoted directly (lines 25-34) by Graf, *Miti, leggende e superstizioni del medio evo* II, 314, who treats it as an important, if fragmentary bit of evidence for the legend of "Artù nell'Etna": he has evidently failed to note that the knights seeking news of Arthur at Aetna were Arthurian knights; he speaks, in his brief discussion, only of "due cavalieri."

It seems to me highly likely that our author has simply combined two (irreconcilable) legends: on the one hand, the tradition of "Artù nell'Etna," on the other, the incident (found, so far as I know, only in Italian versions) of a search for Arthur that took place, in England, during his life-time. According to the *Tavola Ritonda* (LVII ff.) and the *Tristano Riccardiano* (CLII ff.), Arthur, while seeking adventure in the desert of "Darnantes" (not far from Camelot!) was taken captive by a maiden possessed of magical powers. Though all the knights of the Round Table went in search of him, it was Tristan, recently come from Cornwall with Ghedino, who found and rescued him. Tristan learned of the search for Arthur from a hermit (!) who, himself, learned it from two of Arthur's knights who happened to pass by the hermitage. It seems evident that our author has taken these "two knights of Arthur searching for (the live) Arthur in England" and transported them to another land and another time.

The reference to the two Italian versions I owe to Contini, who does not, however, make the connection I suggest. In fact, Contini mentions the incident found in these two works only on p. 875, in a description of the ms. of our poem—i.e. 586 pages after his discussion of the contents of the poem.

ing to "recognize" them).¹⁰ After an exchange of formulas of farewell (elaborately ironical on their part),¹¹ the knights depart.

Now we are ready for the second episode: the Gatto's visit to the Hermit, to whom he will confide his plans for future travel, listing the principal places and persons he hopes to see (it is in this recital that he will give his version of the Crucifixion). After travelling a good thirty miles from where he left the knights, he comes, in the evening, to a hermitage *nel gran deserto*¹² where he takes shelter; this is reported in lines 41-46:

E io andai pur oltre adesso
per lo sentiero ond' iera messo,
e tutto 'l giorno non finai
infìn a la sera, k'io albergai
con un romito nel gran deserto,
lungi ben trenta miglia certo;

and in the very next line (47) his departure is announced: *ed al mattino mi ne partio*.

This is rather sudden! Moreover, it is impossible: the Gatto has still to tell his story to the Hermit. The fact is that he did not really leave in line 47; with the statement . . . *mi ne partio* the poet is simply exploiting the device of *hysteron proteron*: in the next line after his departure is announced, the Gatto will start to

¹⁰ Needless to say, G.-C. (who has completely overlooked the absurd failure of the search for Arthur) swallows the cock-and-bull story chanted by the knights in unison, and speaks reverently of their transcendent mission—which helps set the spiritual tone of the poem!

¹¹ Spitzer called attention to the jesting tone of the knights' farewell, pointing out that, with *ser gatto*, they have reduced our protagonist to the status of a mere cat, while the disrespectful *voi con tutto 'l vostro fatto* takes the place of the *lupesco* he had claimed to be.

G.-C., however, insists that the absence of *lupesco* represents merely an abbreviation (the adjectival *lupesco* rather than the noun *gatto* being sacrificed), inspired by practical considerations: the knights, after their long stay in Sicily, are in a great hurry to get back to England; accordingly they can afford a *congedo* of only 2 *ottonari*—in which there is no room for such a long name.

But in this brief *congedo* there is room for *Ser-gatto-voi-con-tutto-'l-vostro-fatto!*

¹² The *gran deserto* is mentioned for the first time in line 45, after the Gatto has travelled 30 miles; evidently while he was following the *cammino*, and when he turned into the *sentieri* where he met the knights, we are not meant to visualize the background of a desert.

This, however, does not prevent G.-C. from interpreting the desert as "questo misero mondo."

take leave of the Hermit;¹³ in the next four lines, the Hermit will have asked him where he is on his way to. At this point the poet shifts levers and checks the movement-in-reverse; now that, after the jolt of the abrupt departure, we have been eased back to the pre-departure period, Time will be allowed to move forward again, and the Gatto will answer the Hermit's question. He will promise, as did Arthur's knights, to tell the truth: indeed, the whole truth (*tutto 'l dritto*) and nothing but the truth (*non te serò fallace*); and we listen as he unfolds before us the vast panorama of his projected travels: "Io me ne vo in terra d'Egitto. . ."

When did our protagonist decide on such an elaborate itinerary? We cannot believe, as Guerrieri Crocetti appears to do, that he was already on his way to Oltremare when we meet him at the beginning ". . . per un cammino trastullando." Was it the meeting with the knights that suggested the idea to him (they had made—or pretended to have made—the long trip from Britain to Sicily, he would undertake a still more ambitious journey)? Or was it simply due to the fact that, just as he was about to leave, the Hermit happened to ask him his destination? That is, much as the enquiry of the knights ("who are you?") immediately inspired him to imagine himself a *gatto lopesco* (instead of a lover), so the equally "wide-open" question of the Hermit ("where are you going?") encouraged him again to draw upon his imagination and give his host a really first-class answer?¹⁴ One feels the rhythm of improvisation in his reply,¹⁵ in which one item leads to another (and back again): one country leads to another country, places to peoples,

¹³ Actually the Gatto commends the Hermit to God; would not the reverse have been more natural? It is quite possible that he picked up the habit from the knights; see lines 35-8.

¹⁴ Instead of choosing between the two last-named possibilities, perhaps we may accept Spitzer's suggestion, in which they are fused: the meeting with the knights would have opened up vague horizons in the Gatto's mind (much as did the appearance of the five knights of Arthur's court to the young Perceval), but only with the Hermit's question would the specific itinerary have begun to take on form.

Incidentally, if questions addressed to the Gatto always elicit preposterous answers, it is also true that his own question to the knights had exactly the same effect. For our poet, a direct request for information amounts to a direct invitation to fabulate.

¹⁵ In the Itinerary, one also feels the rhythm of a patter-song; Spitzer had called attention to the lavish alliteration of these verses and guessed that they were intended to be recited "con una velocità stupefacente."

peoples to individuals (with a brief return to places), and finally, one individual ("l'uomo per kui Cristo è atenduto") to the legend about him.

Now that he has finished (line 80), we have caught up with that moment after which Time had started moving backwards (47: *ed al mattino mi ne partio*), and once again the departure of the Gatto is announced (again with a slight touch of *hysteron proteron*: *A questa mi ne partio andando / e da lo romito acomiatando*); he leaves in a manner befitting one of his species (i. e. the species to which he claimed to belong; could he have been, after all, telling the truth?): "Ed uscìo fuor dello rumitaggio / per un sportello¹⁶ k'avea la porta."

But the next moment he is back. He had hoped to find ". . . la via scorta / ond'io andasse sicuramente" (86-7), but it wasn't there; indeed, though he searched diligently, employing all his powers of concentration (*Allor guardai e puosi mente*: 108), he could not, because of the darkness, find a single way to go. Baffled and frightened, he is forced to return, to ask his way of the Hermit who, pointing to a cross in the distance, tells him: "Over there is the road that every pilgrim follows on his way to or from Oltremare" (the idea of a single road to the Orient is rather comical).¹⁷ The Gatto starts off in the direction indicated, and the stage is set for Episode III: the encounter with the animals.

¹⁶ Contini is surely right in interpreting *sportello* as 'gattaiolo.'

¹⁷ It is obvious that, for G.-C., this cross, used as a road-marker, must be interpreted in a spiritual sense: it is *la vera metà* of mankind. This in spite of the fact that the Hermit mentions, not the cross, but the road to (and from) Oltremare, and he speaks not of mankind but of those travelling on a specific mission (pilgrims). The quite clear-cut words of our poet have been taken by G.-C. to mean something like: "There is the cross, the point to which all men must come, from all over the world, from East as well as West."

Thus he is able to say that the Hermit has given our protagonist "consigli ed avvertimenti", and to see in him a parallel to the hermit in the Beroul *Thomas* (who hears the confessions of the lovers and urges them to repent) or to the one in the *Queste del Saint Graal* (who interprets allegorically the dreams of the protagonist); for some reason he overlooked the hermit in the *Perceval*. This omission he makes up for, however, in his answer to Spitzer, evidently reminded of this text by Spitzer's reference to the young Perceval's meeting with the knights.

Since G.-C. quotes so little of the text he is analyzing, and devotes more than half of his article to so-called parallels drawn from a vast medley of medieval texts, his readers will have a very confused idea indeed as to what the *Detto* is about; surely some will believe that our hermit interpreted the Gatto's dreams allegorically, while others will be convinced that he acted as confessor.

Just as the first two reports had been presented under the sign of "Truth," the account of the animals is introduced by an insistence on "accuracy" (*Ed io ristetti per vedere, / per conoscere e per sapere / ke bestie fosser . . .*: 117-19); thus we are not-at all surprised to find that our poet has included in his list of fauna a number of animals invented on the spot by him.¹⁸ And it is indeed a listing rather than a description that we are offered (on a par with the list of names comprising the Itinerary: in fact, each of the two lists contains 18 items):¹⁹ this fantastic menagerie turns out to be completely colorless. Not a single characteristic is accorded to the imaginary animals, and the qualities of the rest, if mentioned, are of the most obvious, minimal type: *grande* is the most frequent epithet; and of course the bear must be *superbio*; and whenever did a dragon have a pleasant expression on its face (*due dragoni con rei sguardi*: 126)? But not only are these creatures lacking in individuality, they are also strangely still: there is not a single sound (they do not grunt, squeal, howl, bellow, roar, growl, bray) nor a single movement: they do not wag their tails or prick up their ears or bare their fangs or unsheath their claws or toss their manes; nor do they move through space: no roaming, prowling, crawling, crouching, leaping, pouncing, bouncing, bounding. We need not tremble for the fate of our protagonist: these "fierce animals" (*... molte alpestre*) will not jump upon him and devour him (the *divorassero* of line 115²⁰ is a subjunctive, not an indicative); they

¹⁸ To G.-C., the menagerie concocted by our poet symbolizes the temptations and vices that beset mankind; he does not distinguish between the real and the imaginary, nor does he attempt to explain just which vices (temptations) are represented by which beasts; to Spitzer's many objections (which he hardly bothers to mention in detail) he answers, enigmatically and resoundingly: "ciò che deve contare è lo spettacolo d'insieme, cioè la rappresentazione animalesca, associata all'idea del peccato, del vizio, della violenza, dell'ignoranza, della tentazione secondo una tradizione che risale alla Bibbia."

¹⁹ Or to be more exact: the first list can be made to add up to 18 items, if we assume that the missing line 60 included 2 names; this possibility was pointed out by Spitzer.

One may also note that the description of the animals has the same number of lines (25) as the speech to the Hermit.

²⁰ The phrase *per pigliare ke divorassero* is amusing in that it immediately recalls the Biblical representation of the devil "seeking whom he might devour": what a difference between these mute animals that stand stock-still and that "roaring lion" that "walketh about, seeking whom he might devour" (*First Peter V*, 8).

Contini, noting the obvious parallel, has no scruples against making here a concession to G.-C.: "Non va taciuto che ciò può costituire un argomento in

just stand there, stock-still,²¹ huddled together in a hopeful attitude, waiting for a dole—with their faces apparently turned in the other direction, since they seem completely unaware of the presence of the *gatto lupo* (that other imaginary animal!), as he takes his time counting and cataloguing them.

But how can he see them so clearly if it is dark?²² Twice we were told of the darkness (90-91; 109), and twice we were told of his inability to see (89; 108); yet, we must believe that, as he makes his way blindly through the impenetrable darkness—he suddenly sees an elephant and a boar and a bear and a lion and a deer and 4 leopards and 2 dragons and a tiger and a beaver and a panther and a *tinasso* and a *baldivana* and a panther again and a giraffe and a *paupera* and a *gatto padule* and a *lea* and a *baradinera* etc.²³

Actually, we should ask: how can it be pitch-dark in the morning ("ed al mattino mi ne partio": 47)? Surely the author has invented this darkness;²⁴ he felt he could take the chance of doing so, since the reference to the morning-departure had occurred 34 lines before the protagonist actually left (thanks to the device of *hysteron proteron*): he hopes we will believe it is dark, he wants us to accept his double insistence on the impossibility of seeing, precisely in order that the *non vidi*, the *non vedea* could give way immediately and inexplicably to the rapid succession of *vidi*'s: *sì vidi . . . ; sì vi vidi . . . ; e vidivi . . . ; e sì vi vidi . . . ; e sì vi vidi . . . ; e sì vi vidi . . . ; ed . . . vi vidi . . .*

And to the rhythm of *e sì vi vidi* our poem moves rapidly toward

favore della tesi allegorica." Yet he had already classified our poem as "una sorta di *fatrasie* o di *frottola* . . . frettolosamente risarcita da un minimo filo di *affabulazione*."

²¹ G.-C., however, is under the definite impression that the animals leaped upon the Gatto: he praises him for not having hesitated "davanti agli agguati della tentazione e agli assalti del vizio."

²² The flippant reader may answer: "Because cats, even ordinary cats, can see in the dark; and didn't our Gatto see a cross that was a good 10 miles away?" I shall suggest another solution to the problem, for several reasons (one of them being that the Gatto's powers of vision seem to be intermittent). But since the first is a solution that must occur to anyone, it may have been, somehow, also present to the mind of the author.

²³ For a possible etymological explanation of the imaginary animal-names, see Spitzer, p. 492-3, who would enrich the collection of animals by one bird (an eagle: *lea*), two donkeys (*baldivana* and *baradinea*), an octopus (*paupera*), and, perhaps, a little devil (*tinasso*). He allows the *gatto padule* to remain a mystery; but, after all, we know at least that he was a cousin to our protagonist.

²⁴ G.-C. believes this to represent a symbolic darkness: "il buio dell'ignoranza."

its conclusion; somewhat as in the recital of the Itinerary, we can follow the flow of the stream of improvisations in this second patter-song: after the warming-up period marked by "*Ed io ristetti per vedere, / per conoscere e per sapere / ke bestie fosser . . .*," the speaker begins with an assortment of real animals; as he feels his memory failing him, he starts multiplying,²⁵ finally to proceed to invent his animals;²⁶ as his powers of imagination give out, he terminates with a reference to the many other animals, still unnamed, that he could tell us about, were it the proper time and season. It is, of course, not the proper time; now it is time to run away. And he runs off, away from the animals, away from us (and very probably, away from the cross),²⁷ to end up comfortably at home (*a lo mi' ostello*),²⁸ after assuring us '*e cercai tutti li paesi / ke voi da me avete intesi.*' Why does he not describe them to us, after having whetted our appetite? "*Però finisco, ke·ffa bello.*"²⁹

But we cannot finish here: we must first, in an overall consideration of the poem, discuss the problem mentioned in passing at the beginning of our study: the semantic range of the verbal material; secondly, we should return to a certain episode of our narrative,

²⁵ Spitzer has pointed out the comic effect of the sudden multiplication: 4 leopards and 2 dragons. I find particularly amusing the latter: when in literature has a hero had to face a *pair of dragons* (*con rei sguardi*)? There is only a dragon, *the* dragon; in pairs they tend to cancel each other out, as would two devils.

²⁶ Note the artful way in which our poet mixes a few real animals into his assortment of fictitious beasts, as if to suggest that e.g. the *tinasso* is as real as the *lonça* that sits on the same line with him. Or, is the correct interpretation the reverse: that the *lonça* (with all the rest) is as unreal as the *tinasso* (and as the *gatto lopesco* himself)?

²⁷ At least, the cross is never mentioned after line 112. Even if the Gatto did orientate himself by it to get onto the road, it was surely not his goal (his *vera mèta*, as G.-C. constantly calls it). This, however, does not prevent G.-C. from seeing the last 7 lines as a triumphant conclusion, with the Gatto "... riuscendo a compiere la sua missione e a proseguire il suo cammino *fino alla mèta*. . . ."

²⁸ Spitzer speaks, somewhat similarly, of the "bourgeois ending" and adds: "Un Cercamundo è divenuto Tornallostello." (One may remember also the *ostello* in which the knights were comfortably lodged when they should have been out searching for Arthur.)

To G.-C., however, line 143 recalls "il ritorno a casa per un altro pellegrino, che, qualche anno dopo il nostro Gatto Lapesco, compirà un più arduo viaggio (*e reducemì a ca' per questo calle*)."—But this solemn line, unlike our 143, is not immediately followed by *Però finisco ke·ffa bello*!

²⁹ Contini points out that the *però* of the last line is proleptic. Thus in *però finisco* . . . the poet would seem to be anticipating our amazed question: "Why do I finish so abruptly? *Però: ke·ffa bello.*"

whose analysis has been deliberately postponed: that of the Crucifixion, the only serious note (according to Spitzer) in this poem, which has so far been treated as purely comical.

As to the first point, attention has already been called to the fact that the majority of the verbs belong to the three semantic areas of (1) saying, speaking, ceasing to speak; (2) coming, going, staying (stopping, waiting); (3) seeing, looking, finding, showing. This distribution is not particularly surprising in itself, since the three types in question are among the most frequent verbs in Indoeuropean; what is surprising is that under certain circumstances, *only* these verbs may be found. If, for example, we limit ourselves to independent statements (and, obviously, to animate agents), we find that in the narrative portions of our poem *nothing whatsoever is predicated except with the verbs in question*. Of the dialogue, no such definitive statement can be made: indeed, the very first independent predication that occurs in dialogue offers an exception ("Io sono un gatto lopesco": 15), and still other exceptions may be found (*voglio sapere*: 18, 19; *comando*: 38; *serò*: 54; *si rivolse*: 74; *soe*: 98). It should be noted, however, that all occur in the conversation of the Gatto himself; if we eliminate the poet-protagonist, we again find the verbal material absolutely restricted to our three types. As a matter of fact, apart from the form *diremo* (22, 24), it is limited to the one type of coming-going-staying: the man who addresses Christ is given the single verb of going ("Va' tosto . . . !"), the Hermit, the two verbs of coming and going (" . . . lo cammino / onde *va* catuno pelegrino / ke *vada* o *vegna* d'oltremare": 103-05);³⁰ the words of Christ contain the triad (" . . . Io *anderò*, / e tu m'*aspetta*, k'io *tornerò*": 75-76), as does also the much longer speech of Arthur's knights.

In this last example of dialogue we see immediately the artistic use served by the verbal limitation in question: we had already noted that, because of the terms in which the Gatto had framed his questions to the knights (which they felt bound to observe scrupulously), their report began with a lengthy preamble devoted to their comings-and-goings; and that the real point of their story, postponed until the end, was tossed off in a few phrases and dependent clauses, since this information had not been requested by the Gatto.

³⁰ I am not being quite consistent in quoting the words of the Hermit, since all the verbs in question are in dependent clauses; I add this quotation simply to stretch the scanty conversational material of our poem.

But now we see a second reason for such disproportion: the word material of the latter part of the report excluded complete predication; and the Gatto must have asked the questions he did ("... *ove andate / ... onde sete e di qual parte venite*": 1820) precisely to elicit the only kind of complete predication allowed by the terms of Verbal Limitation.

But it is in the narrative portions that we find the most amusing uses of this device: consider, for example, the already discussed "premature departure" of the Gatto in line 47, followed by movement-in-reverse. If the line *ed al mattino mi ne partio* had been preceded by a description of the night spent with the Hermit, then the announcement of the false departure the next morning would, in itself, have caused no surprise. It is the abruptness of the departure (immediately after arrival, as it were) which startles us—and which makes the immediately following movement-in-reverse all the more effective. This abruptness is, of course, the result of Verbal Limitation: in the interval between his arrival at the hermitage, and his departure, the Gatto could not be allowed to *eat, drink, lie down, or wake up* again.

And by now it is surely apparent why the animals were so quiet: no sounds, no gestures, no characteristic movements. They could, it is true, *come* and *go*; they could even go up to the Gatto. But it would do them no good, for they couldn't EAT him UP. So they just stand there (*stavera aparechiate . . .*: 114).³¹

Now we are ready at last to consider our poet's treatment of an episode in the Passion of Christ, which has been postponed until the end precisely because of its importance. That it is important the poet himself has made manifest by placing this section of 14 lines in the exact centre of the poem (66-79), which falls into five parts (if we separate off the first and last 7 lines): 7-58-14-58-7.³² But

³¹ The reader will allow me to exaggerate my point in the interests of the effect surely intended by the poet; I say "exaggerate" since I have ignored the possibility of unlimited activity on the part of the animals—within the confines of dependent clauses ("a lion *that* was roaring" etc.).

The fact is that here the Verbal Limitation goes hand in hand with the desire to offer a long list of items succeeding each other with dizzying rapidity.

³² If one blends in the Introduction with the first episode, and the Conclusion with the last, the result would be the 3-fold division: 65:14:65. But from a perfectly mechanical point of view the 5-fold division is superior, since in 7:58:14:58:7, the two extremes add up to the middle; and I also think that the latter conforms better with the movement of the poem: within the first 7 lines the Gatto looms into view, along the road, *trastullando*; in the last 7, he is

how is it to be explained that the one theme to which Spitzer (casually) conceded seriousness has been placed in such high relief? why would the poet insert a sacred medallion in the heart of a poem full of playful nonsense? It is evident that this "sacred medallion" deserves a very careful scrutiny.

Our story-telling Gatto introduces his account by a reference to "l'uomo per cui Cristo è atenduto": the last of the famous individuals in his list of places and people he is on his way to visit. Already D'Ancona (*Romania* XII, 112) had recognized in "the man who is waiting for Christ" one of the avatars of the "Wandering Jew" (*Buttadeus* being the name most often found in the earlier versions), at the same time that he noted the complete metamorphosis that this character has undergone at the hands of our poet. For, in the traditional account,³³ the witness of Christ's ascent to Calvary who cries out to him: "Go faster!" is motivated by sadistic cruelty, so that Christ's answer: "I shall go, but you will wait for me until I return" must be understood as a rebuke and a punishment. In our poem, however, it is a man moved by great pity and a desire to mitigate Christ's suffering who suggests: "Va' tosto, ke non te dean sì spesso," as a result of which Christ's answer, too, is placed in a new light. The poet's originality cannot be overestimated: in none of the versions that have come down to us of the legend in question will we find a parallel to this benevolent interpretation of the familiar dialogue between Christ and the man who cries out: "Go faster!"; indeed, in none of them is Christ's promise of immortality induced by a friendly act of any sort.³⁴

running away from us, to disappear into his house, and shut the door on us with the words: "Però finisco ke-ffa bello."

³³ For a bibliography of the legend of the Wandering Jew, see Alice M. Killen, "L'évolution de la légende du juif Errant" in *Revue de litt. comparée* V (1925), 1-36; to this should be added the later study of Bataillon: "Pérégrinations espagnoles du Juif Errant," *Bulletin hispanique* XLIII (1941), 81-122.

³⁴ G.-C. actually believes that such an optimistic interpretation represents the original spirit of the legend; our poet has not transformed the legend we know but has revealed the primitive stage, uncorrupted! The total lack of evidence in his favor does not disturb him in the least; with perfect aplomb, and a touching faith in our poet, he points to the version of the *Gatto* itself as evidence of origin!

His "theory" (which has occurred to none of the scholars who have studied the matter carefully) is the result of having seen our legend as the outgrowth of the legend of John the Beloved Disciple (to whom, according to an old tradition, Christ had promised eternal life—obviously, as a reward, not as a punishment). But this is an inadmissible confusion; obviously the core of our

How is the poet's transformation of the legend to be explained? D'Ancona dismisses it simply as a garbled version, due to imperfect knowledge of the tradition, and in this he is followed by Renier (*Giorn. stor.* III, 231) and Killen, *op. cit.*, p. 14. Spitzer, however, believes the change to be deliberate (and surely this is the more likely); it would reflect, he thinks, the good-hearted instincts of

legend is the dramatic incident of the Passion, and this incident (however interpreted) could never have been inspired by (a misunderstanding of) the words of Christ to Peter, when speaking of John: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" (John XXI, 22). Bataillon himself, who believes that at a later date the figures of the Wandering Jew and the Wandering John came to fuse, says expressly of the origin of our legend: "La légende du Juif errant a été constituée pour l'essentiel le jour où l'on a raconté pour la première fois l'histoire d'un homme insultant le Christ sur le chemin de son supplice et condamné par celui-ci à errer sur terre jusqu'à la consommation des siècles, converti en témoin immortel de la Passion."

Now, G.-C. makes much of the fact that in our version we are told of a man who *waits* (is allowed to wait as a reward) instead of *wandering* (as a punishment); this, he insists, represents the primitive stage: the man endowed with eternal life awaits "in una fissa dimora (*e tu m'aspetta*) o nella profondità d'una caverna o alla luce del sole" the second coming of Christ.

It would be difficult to crowd more confusion into a few lines than G.-C. has done here. First, why does he not offer at least one (other) example of a man waiting in a fixed abode? Secondly, how can G.-C. deduce from the verb *aspettare* in our version (note that he quotes this verb) that wandering is excluded? In nearly all the versions (and in all the early ones) that show the "Jew" as wandering, we find the same formula ("you will wait") unchanged. Curiously enough, the impossibility of deducing immobility from the verb of "waiting" is taken for granted by G.-C. in his second article, when he self-righteously accuses Spitzer of such a false deduction (which, incidentally, Spitzer was not guilty of: he deduced immobility from the fact that the Gatto planned to *visit* the Wandering Jew!). And finally, what can G.-C. have in mind when he speaks of the "archaic detail" of "una fissa dimora . . . in una profonda caverna"—except the legend of Malc (imprisoned in a cavern as a punishment!) which does not appear before the 16th century!

That G.-C. actually believes that the 16th cent. Malc belongs to the earliest stages is shown in his brief discussion of the various names assigned to the man-who-waits-for-Christ in the first and second stages ("la fase pagana"; "la fase ebraica"): to the first, he tells us, belongs the name of Malc (and Cartaphilus); to the second, Buttadeus (and Ahasuerus). And he is as wrong about Buttadeus as he was about Malc: this is the earliest name on record (1223, according to D'Ancona; Cartaphilus comes 5 years later)!

It is interesting to note that Contini accepts unquestioningly the general thesis of G.-C., presenting it somewhat as a self-evident fact; in a note to the line *l'uomo per lui Cristo è atenduto*, he states: "*l'uomo . . . : l'Ebreo errante, in una versione (come nota il Guerrieri Crocetti) arcaica e ottimistica della leggenda. . . .*"

Thus a trick (as we shall see) played by our Gatto leads one scholar into egregious error, and the error is transmitted by another scholar as a fact to thousands of Italian university students.

our story-teller who, though mischievous, could on occasion be tender as well as serious. Here one may doubt; but at any rate, if we would understand the reason for the discrepancy between our version and the others, we must examine in greater detail than has been done before the changes that have been introduced.—These are five, of which two may be taken together:

- 1-2: the (originally abrupt and cruel) *va' tosto!* is preceded by the adverb *pietosamente*, and followed by the explicative clause: . . . *que no ti dean sì spesso*.³⁵
- 3: the words of Christ are slightly modified: from "I go, you wait until I return," to: "I go, you wait, I will return."
- 4: to the exchange of words between Christ and Buttadeus is added a description of the Crucifixion.
- 5: Christ is depicted as being flogged on his way to Calvary.

At first glance it might appear that only the first two changes were necessary for the "benevolent re-interpretation" of our legend; actually, however, the last one also was necessary: was made necessary by the second. For, since the poet chose to give, as solicitous motivation for the command, the specific purpose of avoiding blows, he was forced to introduce the detail of the flogging, absent from all the other versions (as it is from the Biblical account).³⁶ Surely this suggests that D'Ancona was wrong in assuming that the discrepancies of our version are due to ignorance: we have to do with a deliberate, a well-organized, transformation. But Spitzer, who saw in this (deliberate) change the evidence of a naive tenderness was also mistaken; indeed, not only is naiveté excluded by the careful planning of details: tenderness, too, is excluded by the very choice of the details: our "kind-hearted" poet who could not endure the idea of an insult addressed to Christ, has calmly invented the beating of Christ—and in wholesale fashion: ". . . li Giudei ke 'l giano *frustando*, / com' a ladrone *battendo e dando*." And the cruelty of the *va' tosto!* itself cannot be completely eradicated by the new details the poet has introduced (changes 1 and 2):

³⁵ It is also true that the poet omits the rough push that the original Buttadeus gave to Christ, and which earned him his name. This gesture, however, was so often omitted in the various versions that its absence here is not (necessarily!) significant.

³⁶ Though Christ is represented in the Gospels as having been scourged or smitten several times after his seizure, in none of them is there a reference to blows received by Christ on the way to Calvary.

can one easily imagine a tender-hearted person, with the best of intentions, uttering this abrupt command under circumstances so terrible; would he not have found some other way to express himself?⁸⁷ Moreover, we must remember that to the poet himself (who knew the legend and who made the other speak) the command *va' tosto!* came to his mind already fraught with connotations of brutality.

Indeed, I would go farther and deny to this central section, this "sacred medallion," not only naiveté and tenderness but any degree whatsoever of seriousness; for the advice here given to Christ, as solution of his difficulties, is the find of an idiot: we are asked to believe that if a person X walking at a given pace finds himself within the range of whips of persons Y walking behind him at the same pace, all he needs to do in order to put himself out of this range is to accelerate his movement: in this way he could continue forever (relatively) untouched! Unfortunately our idiot has overlooked one detail: that persons Y might also quicken their rate of

⁸⁷ It may have occurred to the reader that this human fact is another reason against G.-C.'s hypothesis that the command *Va' tosto!* could originally have been intended to express tenderness.

But the reader must learn to be on his guard against Guerrieri Crocetti's sudden shifts. Perhaps because he, too, felt the unalterable cruelty of *Va' tosto!*, the Italian scholar, when describing with deep feeling the "pious" act in our version, completely changes the facts of the narrative: as he tells it, Christ has asked to rest a little and is merely counseled, gently, not to stop lest he receive more blows:

Ma nel nostro componimento l'uomo per cui Christo è atenduto non ha schiaffeggiato, insultato e spinto oltraggiosamente Gesù, mentre—come narrano le varie tradizioni studiate dal D'Ancona, dal Paris, dal Morpurgo e dal Renier—avviandosi verso il Calvario, *estenuato dal peso della croce (!)*, ha chiesto un po' di riposo (!); ma lo ha pietosamente consigliato a non fermarsi (!), per evitare più violente battiture (p. 21).

But with this the human situation is radically changed: it is Christ himself who takes the initiative, whose action elicits the advice; and to urge someone not to stop is very different from commanding him to hurry up. By what right does G.-C. change the facts of the text he is analyzing? And why, when supposedly describing the incident in our particular text (which he himself has admitted to be unique in certain details), does he suddenly bring in the many other versions he has read in D'Ancona, Paris, Morpurgo and Renier? Could it be that, because he has found the theme: 'Christ-asking-to-rest' in other versions, he feels justified in altering our own text to measure? And what makes even worse this alteration of a supposedly primitive version is the fact that the incident of Christ stopping to rest (or speak) is given, by the authorities he quotes, as belonging to the 15th and 16th centuries!

Does the undisciplined tendency to discover an allegory in every stick and stone and bush along the way lead to utter incapacity to handle straight facts? Or is the development just the reverse?

movement and, in revenge for the victim's attempt at escape, flog him all the more cruelly. And of course the absurdity of the advice is enhanced by the suggestion that it was the result of reflection as well as of pity: ". . . li *puose mente* / e sì li disse pietosamente: . . ."

So far, the additional details invented by our poet have involved a radical distortion of tradition; much less revolutionary are those of 3 and 4, but the changes they represent are none the less interesting. As for 3, the poet has simply added, to the dialogue between Buttadeus and Jesus, certain details of the Crucifixion: he has offered two events instead of one; for good measure, he has thrown in the Crucifixion. This addition is particularly comical if we remember how this all came about: simply because of the casual question of the Hermit: "And where are you going?", to which the braggart Gatto answered: "I am going to Egypt etc. etc. etc. etc. etc."; we have noted before how, in his patter-song, one item leads to another; and the last item on the list is the Crucifixion! An unfinished Crucifixion, it is true: as the Gatto reaches the point where the earth trembles ("the *whole* earth"), he decides to stop (the mood of "però finisco *ke·ffa* bello")—to offer the unctuous conclusion, whose relevance is not too apparent: "Così·cci guardi Dio di guerra."²⁸

But it should also be noticed that the addition of the Crucifixion to the narrative of the Wandering Jew has given our poet a chance to indulge, a second time, in the device of *hysteron proteron*: first, Christ is seized and nailed on the cross (67-68); then with movement in reverse, he is flogged toward Calvary (69-70); now, as Time begins moving forward, comes the dialogue with Buttadeus,

²⁸Spitzer, himself, while granting to this episode an overall seriousness, still recognized the comic effect of the sudden break after the earthquake; within his "list" of the humorous features of our *Detto* he includes: "L'accoppiamento brusco della descrizione di un fenomeno che si palesò alla morte di Cristo . . . con un desiderio tutto personale e un po' incoerente del protagonista (*così·cci guardi Dio di guerra*, v. 80)."

When discussing the passage itself he interprets the *così* as correlative with unexpressed *come*, i. e., "'così (come Dio ci guardi dal terremoto che avvenne alla morte di Cristo) ci guardi anche da altre sciagure, come la guerra.'" I find this hard to accept; the *così* is much more easily interpreted as the formulaic particle introducing a prayer or imprecation (cf. *Così ti doni Dio mala ventura* of Guittone: Egidi, p. 181). Spitzer may, however, be right in conceiving the line, not as an "unctuous conclusion" but as inspired by fear: the Gatto would have frightened himself by his own dramatic story-telling and had to break off!

after which Christ can again be put on the Cross (to the cries of the people); here we are back where we started. With *Allora tremò tutta la terra* . . . we have gone one step beyond—whereupon the story breaks off. Again, we have the effective combination of abrupt transition with *hysteron proteron* (though, in this case, the abruptness comes at the end instead of at the beginning).

Slight, indeed, would seem to be the change represented by 3: a mere matter of formal syntax: “. . . until I come” replaced by “. . . for I will come”: the verb has been liberated from its dependent construction, which served an adverbial function, to be raised to the level of an independent predication—as a result of which all three verbs in the sentence in question have equal weight: “I’ll go, you wait, I’ll come back.” It is a slight change but an elegant one that our author has introduced; for now, with an appropriate three-beat measure, the sentence is perfect for his purposes, the most epigrammatic illustration imaginable (. . . *Io anderò / e tu m’aspetta, k’io tornerò*) of the triad of coming-going-staying. Since this is by far the most frequent of the groups of verbs to which the author has limited himself, it might be said to represent his “principle” of Verbal Limitation. And he found the source for the realization of this principle in the legendary words of Christ. Surely it was for this reason that he chose to tell the story of the Wandering Jew (rather than, for example, that of the Old Man of the Mountain),³⁰ and that he placed his version in the exact center of his poem.

The humorous, flippant, burlesque treatment of religious themes is a familiar feature of medieval popular literature (one thinks immediately of the mystery plays), and may even be taken as evidence of deep-rooted faith: the believer who laughs at sacred themes can take this liberty precisely because he has assimilated so thoroughly such ideas that he feels at home with them, at the same time that he knows well that they will survive his momentary disrespectful treatment. But to the humor displayed in the Gatto’s version of the Passion and Crucifixion (which is the same as that which informs the poem as a whole) I know no close parallel—and surely not in the mystery plays. First of all, the justification usually offered for humorous interludes in religious drama is the need of

³⁰ We may also think that it was out of courtesy, professional courtesy to the Hermit, that the Gatto chose the story about Jesus.

comic relief from tragic tension,⁴⁰ and this could not possibly apply to our poem where, just the reverse, we have a (pseudo-) serious interlude within a humorous composition. Secondly, the humor of the mystery plays is usually broad humor of the most obvious sort, intended to provoke a belly-laugh from the simple-minded spectators, whereas the comic spirit that inspires our poem throughout is purely intellectual, revealed in effects that have been elegantly, precisely coordinated; it is not a popular but a sophisticated humor; the author is playing with his reader, laying snares for his credulity, and enjoying his own superiority over anyone who would, even for one moment,⁴¹ take him seriously. And all this to no end whatsoever save that of playful juggling with the laws of things as they are, or with things as they are believed to be: legends both sacred and profane.

The Johns Hopkins University

⁴⁰ For a recent and very penetrating treatment of this problem, see Roman Jakobson's study of a certain Old Czech Mock Mystery ("Unguentarius") in *Studia philologica et litteraria in honorem L. Spitzer* (1958), p. 245-66.

⁴¹ To quote from one who did take our poet seriously, and at every moment: Guerrieri Crocetti ends his answer to Spitzer with the words:

Lo Spitzer è sorpreso che un critico italiano non abbia sentito la comicità di quell'opera. Ma come si poteva sentire ciò che proprio non c'è?

NOTES

Girolamo Preti's Aesthetic Allegory: A Marinistic Poem on Violence in Love and Art

As one reads through the forest of commonplaces constituting the *Poesie* of the Bolognese Marinist Girolamo Preti, a brief lyric emanates disturbing foreign overtones which, when pursued, reveal one of the few inherently significant poems from the vast corpus passed into oblivion by the *marinisti*.

Preti's historical position is that of an ardent and confessed imitator of Marino who yet turned the tropes and techniques of *concettismo* back upon older purposes, a Benivieni of the *seicento* who not only could follow the eyes of his beloved toward the beams of deity, but who could triumphantly refute atheism with the simple presence of that reflection of "l'eterna Mente," a beautiful woman: "Non è possente / Crear forma divina altri ch'un Dio."¹ Indeed, so earnestly did Preti regret the lascivious sensuality ingrained in Marinistic poetry as a whole that his objections eventually terminated a long friendship with Marino, who came to complain of "gli schiamazzi del Sig. Preti."² It is the dominance of such attitudes in Preti's poetry which makes it startling in the extreme to come upon a piece "Per una Donna, mentre vedeua il suo vago, che giocava a palla":

Ecco; ch'Amor nouello un'Arco stringe,
Onde scherza, ond'impiega ogn'alma errante,
Mentre l'orbe volubile, e volante
Con percosse iterate auuenta e spinge,
Hor s'inoltra, hor s'arretra, hor si ristringe;
Gira di quà, di là, la man, le piante:

¹ *Le Poesie di Girolamo Preti . . . Corrette, et Ampliate* (Venetia, 1670), p. 4. All citations are from this edition.

² Cf. Antonio Belloni, *Il Seicento* (2a ed., Milano, 1938), pp. 72-3 on Preti's relations with Marino and the school. Biographical and bibliographical detail is available in Giovanni Fantuzzi, *Notizie degli Scrittori Bolognesi* (Bologna, 1789), VII, 122-5.

E la chioma dorata, e'l bel sembiante
 S'imperla di sudor, d'ostro si tinge.
 Quell'Arco, arco è d'Amor la palla è il dardo.
 Sento ben'io la piaga aspra e pungente:
 E, se scherza la man fulmina il guardo.
 Colà ratto il mio cor vola souente,
 E de la mano ond'io mi struggo, ed ardo:
 Fatto palla animata, i colpi sente.³

Here we are confronted not by the ritualistic holy war, the bitter-sweet martyrdom which in so many of Preti's lyrics leads the lover through "La gloria d'Homicida" upwards "Trà i concerti, che fan gli Angieli in Dio,"⁴ but by a sportive play between the sexes on a terrestrial field of combat, by the love game. This ideational distinctiveness in the poem is made even more manifest by the very retention of that violence which, in other Preti lyrics, so often destroys the lover with arrows of fire only that he may be resurrected into divine beauty. The terms of the *calcio* contest become richly physical as both tenor and vehicle once the love analogy is drawn. Indeed, the rather unexpected choice and repetition of *stringere* to describe the almost personified, willful ball is visually much more at home in the sexual than in the *calcio* context.⁵ Once the physical analogy with "love" has been established, the sadistic tonality of *percosse* and *colpi* give added point to the later *pungente*, lifting it by visual renewal above the level of tired cliché which had become abstract through repetition in the tradition of Teresian-influenced concettist poetry. The convenient identification of the woman's heart with the "palla animata" which "de la mano . . . i colpi sente" focuses in a new context the indefatigable Petrarchan description of the beloved's breasts as orbs of love, and the ambivalent role of the woman as both victim and participant in this rough strife is epitomised in "Colà ratto il mio cor vola souente," where *ratto* must be read as both "rapidly" and "raped."

If the poem carries beneath the surface vehicle of the ball game a rather vivid and detailed description of sexual play, however, it also embodies a commentary upon the psychic reactions of the speaker, no less surprising in their cynicism than is the physical level in a poet of Preti's acknowledged attitudes. The forms of *volare* and the descriptive focus upon the ball itself bind the opening and closing lines, and this return of verbal texture reminds us that the qualities of "l'orbe volubile e volante" are also those of the heart, that "il mio cor" is as fickle as the flight of the ball. This initial doubt concerning the steadfastness of the woman is made explicit when "Quell'Arco" is identified as both the erratic flight

³ *Poesie*, p. 19. I have corrected l. 10 from "è pungente."

⁴ *Poesie*, p. 16, 18.

⁵ Preti being a Bolognese, it is perhaps worth recalling that *ristringere* has an intensive rather than a restrictive force in Tuscan.

of the ball and the bow drawn by "Amor"; that is, we discover that the cause of love in this speaker seems to be instability, fickleness itself—a point suggested quietly at the very outset by coexistence of spiritual and physical levels in the adjective descriptive of the soul affected by Cupid's weapon, "ond'impiağa ogn'alma errante." And this essentially mutable nature of love is epitomised in the parody upon the hermaphroditic Venus creatrix in which *la donna* and *il vago*, active and passive, sadistic and masochistic elements are summarized in a phallic paradox: "*la palla è il dardo.*"

We find, then, a *calcio* contest which is recognised by the *persona* of the poem as an analogue to the mythic archetype of the "Amor nouello" who brings the pangs of love when "un'Arco stringe." But this analogue itself is made vehicle for the acts of love which result from that wounding. This complexity of reference is enhanced yet once more when the imagery descriptive of the double game becomes vehicle for an analysis of mutability as the cause of love, returning us with this step to a retrospective explanation of that mysterious shaft which the little deity loosed at the mythic beginning of the lyric. It is a much more complex poem than most concettist or Elizabethan love lyrics; but one wholly aberrant in a poet of Preti's persuasion in the endless renaissance dialectic on love. Intentions are dangerous to infer, but some explanation seems demanded by such a work, and it is my view that the almost prurient descriptiveness, as well as the cynicism, of this little poem are rooted in yet another dimension for which all that has been recognised to this point is itself sheer vehicle, that not Marinistic attitudes but the Marinistic aesthetic is both cause and subject of the piece. In short, I would read the narrative as ultimately an allegorical enactment of the aesthetic ideals of *concettismo*, ideals later systematised in Tesauro's *Il Cannocchiale Aristotelico*.

The initial suggestion for such a reading emerges from a simple but striking peculiarity: the title employs the expected *giocare*, but this verb disappears from the text itself to be replaced by the repeated *scherzare*. The latter verb is not only unusual, but sets up a rip-tide against the forcefulness of the *calcio* action described by the speaker, connotatively reducing the driving energies to coltish playfulness. If, however, we remove our primary attention from the action being described to the act of describing it as a vehicle for attitudes toward love, from *il vago* to *la donna* and *il poeta*, we are recalled to the primary sense of *scherzare*: the verbal play through which one makes "witty" sayings; to the relations the verb bears to that quality which the *concettisti* knew as "*l'argutezza*."

As Tesauro explains, God is a Wit, and his *argutezza* is expressed in the hidden but real relations of things within the great poem of the world; it is thus that "*per miracolo di dei, le cose Mutole parlano.*"⁶ These

⁶ Emmanuele Tesauro, *Il Cannocchiale Aristotelico* (Torino. 1654), p. 22.

natural relations among superficially heterogeneous elements in the world are hidden, one recalls, because of the nature of the human mind: "essendo dell'human genio, amar ciò che ammira, & ammirar maggiormente la verità, vestita che ignuda."⁷ Further, Tesauro explains that the enjoyment of these unexpected analogies is enhanced by veiled, cryptic expression, so that the auditor as well as the speaker can share in the act of discovery:

. . . ne' Detti troppo chiari l'Argutia perde il suo lume; sicome le stelle nella oscurità lampeggiano, si smorzano con la luce. Et di quì nasce il doppio godimento di chi forma vn concetto arguto, & di chi l'ode. Perochè l'vn gode di dar vita nell'intelletto altrui, à vn nobil parto del suo: & l'altro si rallegra d'involar col proprio ingegno ciò che l'ingegno altrui furtiuamente nasconde. . . .⁸

What we have in Preti's lyric is precisely a poem which hides even while revealing relationships, a female *persona* discovering the real analogies between *calcio* and the love game, yet half-concealing the physical and fickle nature of that game beneath the activity of her metaphoric vehicle. Further, in her ambivalence toward her lover, she becomes herself both the active and passive intellect in the act of creation, enjoying "dar vita nell'intelletto altrui" even while "si rallegra d'involar . . . l'ingegno altrui." The poem enacts its own aesthetic: we watch the speaker self-consciously looking into the world around her for the materials from which to create a poem to the *concettismo* formula. Viewed in this light, the poem itself explains why Preti was driven to abandon his usual tone and to introduce the attitude that love is a game, an attitude dictated by the aesthetic demand for an emphasis upon playfulness which requests the forms and the implications of *scherzare*. And yet, the female speaker is only a *persona*, not the voice of the poet. When Tesauro passes on "*scherzi*" such as that

de' quali si serui un Rivale poco favorito dalla sua Idolessa chiamata CELIA SANTA; scriuendole questo brieue motto in vn gran foglio:

66, perche mi vccidi?⁹

we recollect the comfortable union between holy and profane love language which *Marinismo* inherited and debased from *Petrarchismo*. And with such a recollection one wonders whether the neoplatonic poet does not stand hidden behind his speaker, whether the *Eros* of Platonic poetry does not join implicitly with *Anteros* in that sphere of perfection, "la palla animata," whether the hand of the profane lover does not shadow the hand of God . . . who also plays frets upon the flaming heart.

Such a final implication would seem not wholly unlikely, given the

⁷ *Il Cannocchiale*, p. 41.

⁸ *Ibid.*

⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 48.

concettist ideal of mysteries masked by play, and reinforced by the clearly negative judgment of the poet upon the *persona* in the crucial adjective *errante*. But leaving intention aside, the text remains, and remains to provide us with what is perhaps the most successful mimetic expression of that aesthetic ideal which Tesauro so elaborately codified, and which Doctor Johnson so simply condemned "as a kind of *discordia concors*. . . . The most heterogeneous ideas . . . yoked by violence together."

The Johns Hopkins University

JACKSON I. COPE

Another Look at Dante's Frog and Mouse

The twenty-third canto of the *Inferno* opens with a calmness quite in contrast to the raucous scenes and wild confusion just witnessed in the bolgia of the barrators. In this peaceful atmosphere, Dante, pacing silently behind Virgil, has an opportunity to reflect on what he has seen in the fifth bolgia and he presents his impressions thus:

Volt' era in su la favola d'Isopo
 lo mio pensier per la presente rissa,
 dov' el parlò de la rana e del topo:
 chè più non si pareggia *mo e issa*
 che l'un con l'altro fà, se ben s'accoppia
 principio e fine con la mente fissa. (Inf. XXIII, 4-9)

The fable alluded to was a common one, familiar to the thirteenth century in both Latin and Italian, not to mention French. Its variations and analogues have been studied,¹ although there is no way of determining the specific form in which the tale reached Dante. The differences among the versions are minor, however, and a representative account, drawn from the well-known *Romulus* collection of fables, is as follows:

Mus dum transire vellet flumen, a rana petiit auxilium. Illa grossum petiit linum, murem sibi ad pedem ligavit, et natare coepit. In medio vero flumine rana se in deorsum mersit ut miserrimo vitam eriperet. Ille validus dum teneret vires, milvus e contra volans murem cum unguibus rapuit, simul et ranam pedentem sustulit. Sic enim et illis contingit qui de salute alterius adversa cogitant.²

¹ Kenneth McKenzie, "Dante's References to Aesop," *Seventeenth Annual Report of the Dante Society* (Boston, 1900), pp. 1-14.

Enzo Mandruzzato, "L'apologia 'della rana e del topo' e Dante," *Studi Danteschi* XXXIII fasc. 2, 147-165.

² *Phaedri Fabularum Aesopiarum Libri Quinque . . . Accedunt Romuli*

Even without the concluding sentence, the moral is clear enough. Yet what particularly interested the medieval conscience, and at the same time revolted it, was the gratuitousness of the frog's attempt to drown the mouse:

Questa malizia della rana che non si spiega, non si giustifica e non si descrive . . . diviene il simbolo astratto e immobile della malizia pura, una scena emblematica dove leggere sempre le situazioni diverse e perpetue o le categorie della malizia punita. . . ³

This fable, therefore, emblematic as it is of malice and its punishment is a fitting subject of meditation in the *Inferno*; commentators differ widely, though, on its application to Canto XXII. m/

The most common view, that of Benvenuto, Buti, the Ottimo, and Jacopo della Lana among the ancient commentators and one that appears in the modern commentaries of Sapegno, Gmelin and Grandgent, to name only three, holds that the fable applies to the fight between Alichino and Calcabrina.

Recall the scene: Ciampolo, one of the barrators, has tarried too long near the surface of the pitch and has been hooked out by the troop of demons escorting Dante and Virgil through the bolgia. Threatened with a mangling at the hands of the demons, Ciampolo devises a plan of escape: in reply to Dante's question about the presence of other Italians under the pitch, Ciampolo offers to call some out, but insists that the devils conceal themselves behind the bank so as not to frighten the sinners from emerging. As the fiends withdraw, somewhat reluctantly, Ciampolo breaks out of the grasp of Barbariccia, the "*decurio*" who has been holding him, dashes toward the pitch and dives in. Alichino, enraged at Ciampolo's escape, since it was at his urging that the sinner's plan had been adopted, swoops down in a vain effort to capture him, with Calcabrina close behind.

Irato Calcabrina de la buffa,
volando dietro li tenne, invaghito
che quei campasse, per aver la zuffa.
E come 'l barattier fu disparito,
così volse li artigli al suo compagno,
e fu con lui sovra il fosso ghermito.
Ma l'altro fu bene spavvier grifagno
ad artigliar ben lui, ed amendue
cadder nel mezzo del bogliente stagno. (*Inf.* XXII, 133-41)

Alichino, in the view of the commentators cited above, is the mouse, the innocent party injured by the malice of the frog, in this case, Calcabrina.

Fabularum Libri Quatuor, eds. J. G. S. Schwabe & J. B. Gail (Paris, 1926), vol. II, p. 418.

³ Mandruzzato, p. 152.

As in the beginning . . . the frog deceitfully proposes to aid the mouse, so Calcabrina pretends to aid Alichino, but in reality wishes a quarrel. . . . As at the end of the fable the frog as well as the mouse, the deceiver and the deceived, come to grief through the kite, so both the demons fall into the pitch.⁴

Even the most eloquent supporters of this theory, however, have some misgivings about Dante's use of the fable, if not their interpretation of it. Thus, Benvenuto calls *Inf.* XXIII, 4-9 a "passus fortis" and McKenzie comments, in presenting the above explanation, "I conclude, then, that whether it be close or not, the comparison was understood by the old commentators as it was intended by Dante."⁵

Indeed, this solution to the problem does seem to present some difficulties. The mouse had sought the aid of the frog, yet Alichino had not asked Calcabrina for help; one might rather infer that he would have been loath to receive it. Nor is Alichino himself entirely innocent (*versus* the mouse) for he had urged the demons to follow Ciampolo's plan and a large part of the responsibility for the sinner's escape must be laid to him. In light of this, Calcabrina's attack on him was not unmotivated (as was the frog's dive) since it would seem to be contingent upon the sinner's escape ("E come 'l barattier fu disparito . . ."). But Ciampolo did escape and Calcabrina, eager for a fight, vented his anger on the cause of the escape, Alichino.

Another interpretation has been suggested, most notably by the Anonimo Fiorentino,⁶ identifying Ciampolo with the frog and (supposedly) the devils with the mouse. Upon examination, this view does not seem completely tenable either. It is true that Ciampolo, as the frog, was the deceiver, but the point of the fable is that cunning entraps itself, and it is quite the contrary with the Navarese barrator, who succeeds in escaping the fate which the demons had in store for him. The question of motivation is also pertinent here, for if we consider Ciampolo the frog, the reason for his deceit is obvious.

There is yet a third view, held among the earlier commentators by Castelvetro⁷—who, although he makes the identification cannot see the fable's application—and put forth in a more positive fashion by Mandruzato.⁸ This theory casts Ciampolo in the role of the mouse and the demons as the frog. If we allow this, however, the fable is reversed. Ciampolo as the mouse would be the innocent party, yet it is he who defrauds the devils of their revenge by his cunning: he is rather the deceiver. Similarly,

⁴ McKenzie, pp. 12-13.

⁵ *Ibid.*, 13.

⁶ *La Divina Commedia*, ed. Guido Biagi (Torino, 1924) I, 552.

⁷ *Ibid.*, I, 553.

⁸ *Op. cit.*, pp. 159-160.

to see the demons as the frog does them too much credit, for although they are by nature crafty, in this instance they find themselves duped.

Unfortunately, none of the theories which have been advanced to elucidate the application of the *favola d'Isopo* is unassailable or completely satisfying. Yet re-reading the opening lines of *Inferno* XXIII, it appears that Dante has gone to some lengths to make himself understood; seldom does he underline a comparison so emphatically or assure us so of its exact congruity:

Chè più non si pareggia 'mo' e 'issa'
che l'un con l'altro fà, se ben s'accoppia
principo e fine con la mente fissa. (*Inf.* XXIII, 7-9)

The verses which follow yield yet another clue, for Dante states that his meditation on the fable becomes a source of anxiety for him:

E come l'un pensier de l'altro scoppia,
così nacque di quello un altro poi,
che la prima paura mi fè doppia.
Io pensava così: 'Questi per noi
sono scherniti con danno e con beffa
sì fatta ch'assai credo che lor noi.
Se l'ira sovra 'l mal voler fà gueffa,
ei ne verranno dietro più crudeli
che 'l cane a quella lievre ch'elli acceffa.' (*Inf.* XXIII, 10-18)

The opening lines of the above citation explicitly link the *paura* which Dante now feels with the *favola d'Isopo* about which he has been thinking. But if the fable is completely explained by the demons in the pitch or by a combination of demons and sinner, regardless of their respective roles, why should Dante be more frightened after thinking about it than before? Were not he and Virgil innocent and detached witnesses to the re-enacting of the fable? Apparently not; at least not in the opinion of Dante. The verses which follow confirm his involvement, "'Questi per noi / Sono scherniti con danno e con beffa. . .'" The *noi* can be none other than Dante and Virgil; the only ones who have been *scherniti* are the demons since their prey, Ciampolo, has escaped and to add injury to insult, two of their number have fallen into the pitch, hence the escape was accomplished "con danno e con beffa." All of this is clear, but how is it related to the fable?

The answer will be more apparent if the fable is reduced to its simplest terms. The tale has four essential stages: 1) the mouse comes to a barrier,⁹

⁹ There is a group of medieval versions of this fable in which the frog, having enjoyed the mouse's hospitality, invites the mouse to dine with him. The rest of the fable is identical with the other accounts. It has been pointed out by Mandruzzato (op. cit.) that an important element in the background of any version of the fable, and one which makes the frog's crime all the more repre-

2) the mouse seeks the aid of the frog, 3) the aid is granted but with betrayal in mind, 4) the frog comes to grief through his own craftiness and because of the mouse. Stated in these terms, it is evident that Dante's fear springs from his review of the final stage of the fable: the demons (frog) come to grief through their own craftiness and because of Dante and Virgil (the mouse). Once this identification has been made, not only is the link between the fable and Dante's fear apparent, but the events in the fifth bolgia now reveal an exact congruity with the successive parts of the fable: just as the mouse had come to the stream, so Dante and Virgil arrived at the fifth bolgia which they could not traverse without the aid of the demons who controlled it. They request assistance; so, too, did the mouse. The frog appeared to aid the mouse but was in reality plotting its destruction. The devils likewise grant assistance to the pilgrims, but when these two later learn of Barbariccia's cunning lie about the condition of the bridges (v. *Inf.* XXIII, 133 ff.), it is evident that behind this apparent co-operation lay the desire to entrap the pair, thus confirming the fears which Dante had from the beginning.¹⁰ Finally, just as the frog's own malice was the cause of its disaster, so that same malicious nature which sought to ensnare Dante and Virgil brought the demons to grips above the pitch. Dante becomes terrified after viewing the events of *Inferno* XXII in light of the fable, because as the mouse was the innocent accessory to the frog's misfortune, so Dante and Virgil were the unwitting springboard of Ciampolo's escape, for their questioning of him triggered the chain of events which culminated in the sinner's flight and the fall of Alichino and Calcabrina into the pitch.¹¹

Dante's assurance of the fable's pertinence was not misleading; by identifying Dante and Virgil as the mouse and the demons as the frog, all of the fable's essential stages on the literal level are accounted for. Moreover, the fable's spirit, embodied in its moral significance, is retained: fraud and treachery which seeks to entrap the innocent succeeds only in bringing disaster on itself. The important point here is the complete

hensible, is the violation of guest friendship. In examining Dante's use of the fable, it is pertinent to recall that he and Virgil were "guests" in the bolgia.

¹⁰ 'Ohme! maestro, che è quel che i' veggio?'
diss'io: 'deh! senza scorta andianci soli,
se tu sa' ir, i' per me mon la chaggio.
Se tu se' sì accorto come suoli,
non vedi tu ch'e' digrignan li denti,
e con le ciglia ne minaccian duoli?' (*Inf.* XXI, 127-32)

¹¹ A variation of the fable which originated with Marie de France and of which there are contemporary Italian translations relates that the frog was devoured by the kite, but that the innocent mouse managed to escape. Since he and Virgil similarly eluded the demons, this may well be the version which Dante had in mind. Paget Toynbee considered this account to be the poet's source; v. his *Dictionary*, art. "Esop."

innocence of the intended victim. All versions of the fable retain this element, and with good reason: there must be no hint of revenge or of just retribution behind the frog's actions; the gratuitousness of the treachery must be complete. This, after all is what gives the fable its unique character and sets it apart from countless other tales of evil being punished by evil. The early commentators in any of the three theories which originated with them rightly connected the fable with the *presente rissa*—does not Dante tell us that this spectacle has led his thoughts to the fable? Yet they did not recognize that the scene acted out at the edge of the pitch and above its surface represents but the final stage of the fable. In attempting to limit its application to this situation, not only is it impossible to account for all the essential literal elements but the moral significance of the whole episode suffers considerable alteration or is lost entirely.

It must be pointed out, however, that the equivalence, (Dante & Virgil) : mouse :: (Demons) : frog, is not exact, for sets of characters must be substituted for individual personages. The fable, therefore, bears the same relation to its application in *Inferno* XXII as *mo* does to *issa*: alike in significance but different in form. Finally, were this additional clue not sufficient to direct the reader toward the proper interpretation of the passage, Dante has provided yet another, for the phrase, "se ben s'accoppia / Principio e fine con la mente fissa" is not a curious and belabored medieval way of pointing out a similitude; it possesses, as we have come to expect from Dante, a precise meaning. The fable begins with the approach to a barrier and concludes with a moral. The *principio* indicates its applications, for if we read the fable from its beginning and not merely the middle, it is evidently applicable uniquely to Dante and Virgil. The *fine* has a different but equally important role, for it unveils the fable's true *sententia*, which is, after all, the essential point for the reader to grasp and a touchstone for the fable's application.

The Johns Hopkins University

NEIL M. LARKIN

Petrarch's Limping: The Foot Unqual to the Eye

With the opening words of Petrarch's *Secretum*, we are plunged into a shadowy world of dreams and visions, a world familiar to the poet through his readings in classical and medieval writers, in which the reality

of a supernatural personage is unquestioned and the efficacy of her powers undoubted:¹

As I was meditating, as I often do, on the manner in which I entered this life and how I might leave it, it happened not long ago that, instead of sleep overwhelming me as it does weak spirits, I, troubled and wide awake, suddenly seemed to see a woman (I cannot guess how she came to visit me) of indefinable age and brightness and of that beauty which men do not sufficiently appreciate.²

Like Dante's *Sapienza* and Boethius' *Philosophia*, Petrarch's otherworldly visitor, Truth, personifies both a goal and the dreamer's will to attain it; that is, her constant presence during the three-day dialogue between Francesco and Augustine acts as a reminder and a warning to the writer that he must be sincere in analyzing his weaknesses. Truth presents Francesco to Augustine as being gravely "tentus" by a malady which is all the more serious for the patient's ignorance of its existence. Augustine, as "passionum expertarum curator optime," is summoned to diagnose this admittedly spiritual sickness and to prescribe a cure, if one is to be found.³ In this study we shall briefly examine the significance of a metaphoric diagnosis of that illness: the revelation that Petrarch limps.

In the prologue scene of the *Secretum*, Petrarch rapidly establishes the *locus* of the action. It is not only "a hallucinated world . . . of waking dreams,"⁴ but also a more intimate, "more secret" (*secretiorem loci partem*), moral landscape. Truth tells Francesco that his eyes are clouded, having been too long fixed on the earth (*terra caligantibus oculis aspexisti*), and that he must learn to raise them to eternal things.⁵ This use of a familiar Platonic image: "the eye of the soul, buried in barbaric mud,"⁶ coupled with constant references to Francesco's near-fatal sickness and his ignorance of it,⁷ clearly is intended to inform the reader that he is in the *selva oscura* of moral weakness and confusion, where the solitary traveler has neither knowledge of his location and the way out, nor the ability, the virtue, to act on such knowledge. That knowledge, if not virtue, will be gained during the course of the *Secretum*, is implied in Francesco's initial glance up at Truth, who is compared to the sun

¹ Ernst Robert Curtius, *European Literature and the Latin Middle Ages*, trans. Trask (New York, 1953) pp. 101-103 and Pierre de Nolhac, *Pétrarque et l'humanisme*, 2nd ed. (Paris, 1904) ch. 1.

² All quotations from the *Secretum* are taken from Francesco Petrarca, *Prose*, Storia e Testi, Vol. 7 (Milano, 1952). The translations are mine.

³ P. 26.

⁴ Curtius, p. 101.

⁵ P. 22.

⁶ Curtius, p. 136.

⁷ For other texts indicating that Petrarch's illness would be recognized by a contemporary as being spiritual see John Freccero, "Dante's Firm Foot and the Journey without a Guide," *Harvard Theological Review* (Sept. 1959) p. 268 f.

(*oculorum suorum sol*) in a deliberate recall of that vision which is the final goal of the *Itinerarium ad Deum*. The dreamer must learn to look steadily into the light of her face before he can hope to achieve self-knowledge or salvation.

By the end of the third day of the dialogue, Francesco and Augustine have explored some of the many bypaths of the patient's complex nature. The poet has made a significant, although limited, conversion: he now rightly sees his moral confusion, having "cleared away the thick mist of error" from his eyes.⁸ He now knows that he has lost his way in the labyrinth of this life, ignorance of his real nature and desires having blinded him to "salute": health, or salvation; and that, without superhuman aid, he cannot hope to find the right way.⁹ As a remedy for Francesco's still perilous condition, Augustine insists that he give up the pursuit of earthly glory, that is, that he stop writing, in order to devote himself fully to the restoration of his spiritual health. The poet's indecision asserts itself immediately as he protests and then offers a compromise: he will hurry to finish his present work, *Africa*, "tantum . . . ac tam sumptuosum opus," after which he will gladly devote all his attention to spiritual matters. Augustine, losing patience at this flagrant example of bad faith, exclaims: "Quo pede claudices agnosco. Te ipsum derelinguere mavis, quam libellos tuos."

Although this sudden reference to a physical impediment may at first seem either insignificant or irrelevant, comparison with an analogous occurrence of limping in the course of a spiritual journey shows that this impediment had, for a medieval reader, a precise and not at all tangential meaning.¹⁰ One need only recall the plight of Dante's pilgrim in the

⁸ P. 212.

⁹ Pp. 212-214.

¹⁰ Poi ch'èi posato un poco il corpo lasso,
Ripresi via per la spiaggia deserta,
Sì che 'l piè fermo sempre era 'l più basso.

(Inferno I, 28-30)

Mr. Freccero's study identifies Dante's "firm foot" as an original adaptation of Platonic and patristic notions of the movements of the soul to God. Since in the *Secretum* it is Augustine who refers to the wounded foot, it is not surprising to find that the Bishop of Hippo is perhaps the first writer to associate the "feet of the soul" with the journey to God (pp. 249, 258, 260). To Dante, following an Aristotelian tradition, the "piè fermo" could only be the left foot (254). Furthermore, each foot has a precise significance based on the parallelism of bodily and spiritual movements. Just as the body advances by means of its limbs, so the soul moves through the interaction of its twin powers, intellect (right foot) and appetite (left foot), whose motion in the act of choice may be aptly represented by the figure of a man walking (264). When the powers of the soul are in perfect harmony, the man walks *recte*; if either the intellect or appetite (will) is weak, the man limps, and should both powers be uncontrolled, the man is in the moral situation of Dante's pilgrim in the *selva oscura* before

prologue of the *Commedia*: his backward glance at "lo passo che non lasciò già mai persona viva," his confusion and—his limp. The foot that limbs can only be the left, symbol of the will. Throughout the *Secretum*, the dichotomy of will and intellect is essential: we have seen that Francesco knows what is good for his salvation, that is, to reject the world in order to prepare for a purely spiritual life, but he admits that he cannot will to give up the pleasures of literary creation and the attendant hope of earthly glory. His original contention that many men are unhappy "nolentes"¹¹ has been refuted by Augustine, who has shown that unhappiness lies in a lack of will to perfection.¹² The saint has proposed a new path which, if followed step by step, will lead to true happiness: Francesco must look higher, away from the earth. The first step is to meditate on death and human frailty. The second must be a "desiderium vehemens studiumque" to rise above mortal things. Once these steps are accomplished, the ascent will be relatively easy, the saint has promised.¹³ But the patient will not attempt the final cure and Francesco can only say, like Paul, that he now knows what to do, but cannot do it.

No sooner has Augustine pointed out that his disciple limps (perhaps incurably), than all dialogue ceases between the man and the saint. Like a *grand malade*, Petrarch the author has explored the variety of his symptoms, catalogued the most sensitive areas and finally allowed lassitude to reconquer his will to be cured. The bittersweet satisfaction of greater self-knowledge remains imprisoned in the completed case book, but if the eyes have grown clearer, the heart has found no rest.

* * * * *

Having examined the implications of our image in a context consonant with its traditional medieval interpretation, we can now more readily illuminate another, otherwise obscure, use of the same figure in a radically different setting: a business letter from the Prior and Gonfaloniere of the City of Florence which was sent to Petrarch in 1351, inviting the poet laureate to return to his "native" city, there to establish his residence and to assume the leadership of liberal studies.¹⁴

he raises his eyes to the sun, thereby converting mind, if not will, to the right goal (267, 269).

¹¹ P. 32.

¹² Pp. 34; 214, "voluntatem impotentiam vocas."

¹³ Pp. 214.

¹⁴ The text quoted appears in A. Meneghelli, *Opere dell'Abate Antonio Meneghelli* (Padova, 1830-31) IV, 148-151. An Italian translation of the text is found in F. Petrarca, *Lettere delle cose familiari*, ed. Fracassetti (Florence 1863-65) III, 41-43 (Bk. XI. 5). The Latin text also appears in G. Boccaccio, *Le lettere edite e inedite di Messer Giovanni Boccaccio*, ed. Corazzini (Firenze, 1877) and in A. Gherardi, *Statuti dell'università e studio fiorentino dell'anno 1387* (Firenze, 1881). A French translation is included in J. F. P. Aldance de Sade, *Mémoires pour la vie*

The letter opens with a general statement of welcome to the poet, then goes on to praise poets, poetry and, finally, Petrarch himself as the most eminent scholar of his time: "unam [sobolem] non Urbi suae tantum, sed potius orbi unicum qualem non prisca a saeculis videt aetas, nec sibi surgentem aliam promittit futura posteritas." Petrarch is unique in his century, the writer states; he has revived poetry, which had been in a state of decadence because of the universally recognized difficulty of the art, "quam jam mortalium incuria sopitam, tu solus vigili studio, ac ardentissimi ingenii viribus relevasti. Amplius autem, clarissime Civis, quam nuper Civitatem nostram, *veluti dextero pede claudicantem*, liberis carere studiis videremus, maturo iudicio provisum est, apud nos, secundo sidere ingeniorum, facundissimas doceri artes, et cujusque professionis vigere studia. . . ." Poetry had fallen into neglect because of "mortalium incuria"; that is, the art had been "put to sleep" through lack of cultivation. We need only think of Petrarch's own lament for the loss of precious Latin manuscripts as the result of "soporem ac torporem" of others¹⁵ in order to realize that this view of the Trecento is not unusual, although such a judgment is most often found in a more optimistic context, like that of our letter, in which the existence of one great poet is declared sufficient to revive the sleeping arts. As Professor Ullman notes in the introduction to his *Studies in the Italian Renaissance*, one does not speak of the arts as sleeping unless there exists a consciousness of a new age which somehow resembles an "earlier period of wakefulness."¹⁶

That we are definitely in the atmosphere of the early Renaissance is attested to both by this consciousness of a new epoch, in which Petrarch has revived the art of poetry, and by the aspiration of Florence to dominate Italy by means of its culture, "like Rome its mother." The very evocation of the grandeur of Rome, the symbol *par excellence* of ancient Latin culture, marks the writer as sharing that nostalgic enthusiasm for the times of Virgil and Cicero which is already so intense in Petrarch's writings. Abate Meneghelli, who could only see a "politica calcolatrice" motivating this letter,¹⁷ argued that in this context the reference to Rome is above all political, i. e., that Florence hoped to dominate the Italian peninsula

de François Pétrarque (Amsterdam, 1764-67) III, 125-129. Both Corazzini (*Lettere*, p. 391) and Hauvette, *Boccaccio: Étude biographique et littéraire* (Paris, 1914) 202-1203 feel that Boccaccio is most probably the author of this letter. In addition to the purely historical considerations of these writers, we might suggest a stylistic indication of this authorship: Boccaccio, recalling the limping image from the *Commedia*, could have adapted it to this letter, although his gloss of the "piè fermo" line offers no indication that he was aware of the tradition informing the figure.

¹⁵ *Rerum memorandarum libri I*, 19 in Nohac, *Pétrarque*, pp. 68-69.

¹⁶ (Roma, 1955) p. 14.

¹⁷ "Osservazioni sopra una lettera dei fiorentini al Petrarca" in *Opere IV*, p. 134.

by means of an economic and cultural revival and that the latter is stressed here only for the purpose of appealing to Petrarch's humanistic ideals. Undoubtedly, however, it is primarily the Rome of Latin letters, and not of political empire, that the writer evokes.

Whatever may have ultimately been Florence's motives, we cannot neglect the importance that this reference to Rome would have had for Petrarch, who had chosen to receive his poetic crown in that city. As he declared in the Coronation Oration, "The honor of the Republic stirs my heart when I recall that in this very city of Rome—the capital of the world, as Cicero calls it—in this very Roman Capitol where we are now gathered, so many and such great poets, having attained to the highest and most illustrious mastery of their art, have received the laurel crown they deserved. . . . I am moved by the hope that, if God wills, I may renew in the now aged Republic a beauteous custom of its flourishing youth."¹⁸ What opportunity could have been more welcome to Petrarch than that of officially leading liberal studies into a new period of vitality?

Having very briefly indicated the cultural ambiance of our letter, we may now turn to the simile of limping. After evoking the solitary figure of the poet tirelessly exercising his art, the writer moves rapidly to the climax of his exposition, "*Amplius autem. : .*" Within the structure of the letter, the simile provides a logical transition to the exhortation and conclusion, from the statement of Florence's cultural poverty to the appeal for Petrarch's return.

We have seen that, for the Church Fathers and for Dante, the physical condition of limping represents an imbalance of will and intellect in the soul. In the context of this letter, the concern of the writer is quite evidently with the intellect: its divine character in the poet (*divinis ingeniis clarum nomen Poetae*), its power to revive the arts (*ardentissimi ingenii viribus*) and its importance as the basis of Florence's glory (*res nostra publica faulta consilio*). Intellect and fresh enthusiasm for liberal studies are what Florence hopes to gain in the person of Petrarch (*tua sacra tempora Patria requirit*), who is to provide an example and guide for its youth "*ingenio clari*." "*Ingenium*," "*consilium*" and "*tempora*" are the key words of the letter. By referring to Florence as limping on the right foot, the writer has altered, or rather, generalized the original meaning to fit a primarily Renaissance *forma mentis*, but his intent is clear. The simile is a concise statement of what the rest of the passage tells us: that the city is suffering from a crippled intellectual life.

The occurrence of this simile, lifted from its original scientific and philosophical context¹⁹ and placed in a eulogy of the "first modern man

¹⁸ Ernest H. Wilkins, *The Making of the Canzoniere and Other Petrarchan Studies* (Roma, 1951) p. 304.

¹⁹ See above note 11.

of letters," admirably exemplifies the cultural flux which was in progress when the letter was written. As Gilson describes it, "le XIVE siècle ne fut pas seulement une époque féconde en entreprises philosophiques de grand style, il a encore rappelé les Belles-Lettres d'un exil qui durait depuis la fin du XIIe siècle, restaurant ainsi la tradition médiévale de la culture patristique, et préparant la réforme intellectuelle qui devait remplir les deux siècles suivants."²⁰ That our simile should occur at all attests to the persistence of the patristic tradition for the writer, although his free transference of the figure to a distinctly Renaissance context seems to indicate some ignorance of, or an attitude of nonchalance toward, its full significance.²¹ Although the writer surely had a certain knowledge of Aristotle and of patristic writings, his evident enthusiasm for the "culte des Lettres . . . inséparablement lié à la personne et à l'oeuvre de Pétrarque"²² so dominates his thought that even a fundamentally medieval figure of speech limps to the aid of the "réforme culturelle."

The Johns Hopkins University

NANCY H. ROSENBERG

²⁰ Etienne Gilson, *La philosophie au Moyen Age*, 2nd ed. (Paris, 1944) p. 720.

²¹ We should note that the meaning of this figure, although a commonplace in its time, was apparently entirely lost to later readers of Dante and Petrarch. It is perhaps for this reason that Abbé de Sade chose to omit the simile in his translation of this letter.

²² Gilson, p. 725.

REVIEWS

George Fenwick Jones, *Honor in German Literature* (Chapel Hill: The Univ. of North Carolina Press, 1959. 208 pp. \$4.50. University of North Carolina Studies in the Germanic Languages and Literatures, 25). MANY generations of students have wrestled with the problem of why Brutus was "an honorable man." The semantic change responsible for this wrestling is paralleled closely in the development of the German word *Ehre*, and the painstaking pursuit of this development forms the subject matter of Jones' fine book. The study demonstrates a degree of research and breadth of reading which border on the frightening. This reviewer has also devoted considerable attention to the development of the MHG word *êre*, and would be hard put to find a significant citation which Jones has not covered and interpreted well. This thoroughness is not bought at the price of readability and interest, however, for the material is concisely and lucidly presented. The book actually goes far beyond its title—it is virtually a history of German literature and culture from a selective point of view. The preponderance of attention is naturally devoted to the medieval period, for it was at that time that the concept of *êre* was so important, and although the general meaning of *êre* has been fairly well established for some time, there has been a definite need for a study "in depth." Jones's work has more than filled this need, and the book may well be taken as a guide for others who would investigate the many other MHG terms in need of similar elucidation. Perhaps only *minne* has received comparable coverage.

The important aspects of the honor problem have been generally well covered. The point is well made that honor or dishonor in the Middle Ages was only possible in a social setting (p. 82). Jones also recognizes that the word *êre* was frequently almost meaningless—vivid testimony to its role as one of the most used and basic concepts of the age. Perhaps the weakest coverage is in the fields of theology and jurisprudence. Although legal aspects are not neglected, the rich material in, say, Grimm's *Deutsche*

Rechtsalterhümer would have been a useful source. It is not noted in the excellent bibliography. Also, a judicious use of Trier's word-field concept would have been beneficial, notably in dealing with the complicated related Latin vocabulary (Ch. III). One particularly significant Latin usage has been overlooked; the use of *honor* in the meaning of "fief," a usage also found in Old French. Although I have never found an unequivocal usage in this sense in German, there are many instances of *êre* which can be read this way, particularly in the monotonous formula *got unde êre*. For instance, it is strange that Walther (8, 14 ff.) lists *êre*, *varnde got* and *gotes hulde* as his goals. We know from the rest of his poetry that attainment of a fief was his fondest desire. It may well be that this is what he meant by *êre* (else, why was it necessary to specify *varnde got*?) Possession of a fief or allod was at least an implied prerequisite for *êre*, for, as Jones shows, the homeless man was without honor (p. 79). It seems probable that in many cases we are entitled to read MHG *êre* with the connotation of "fief."

The only instances in which I have direct criticisms are occasional lapses because of overzealousness on the author's part when he is overproving his basic point on the externality of honor in the medieval period. For instance, being *arm* was not necessarily a disgraceful condition stemming from poverty—*der arme Heinrich* was far from bankruptcy. Conversely, there is no anomaly in referring to Dietrich of Bern as *rich* (p. 63). In MHG, *rich* meant powerful, noble, and only secondarily wealthy, as a glance at Lexer shows. (There is no doubt, of course, that being wealthy was an important aspect of power or nobility.) Similarly out of perspective is the discussion illustrating the point that, since virtues were external, good deeds were done with the object of gaining praise or reward from God, never for their own sake. The author cites *Der Gute Gerhard* in support of this point (pp. 82-3). I can readily grant that Rudolf von Ems is not Lessing, but, given the medieval belief in an immanent God, it would have been blasphemous to do a good deed solely for its own sake, with no thought of God, as envisioned in the *Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts*.

These, however, are minor criticisms of a work which rises well above them. The brief chapters devoted to more recent usages of *Ehre* are adequate to the material available. The treatment of the baroque, when honor was (surprisingly) decried, and the use of Sudermann to typify modern usage, provide particularly good insights. It is also interesting to note that Gottfried Keller depicts the old concepts lingering on in remote Swiss valleys, much like grammatical anachronisms. Professor Jones has presented us with a book which is to be warmly welcomed. It is a distinguished example of American research scholarship. We should be grateful not only for it, but also for the series which provides a vehicle for work of this calibre in the German field.

Günter Schulz, *Schillers Horen. Politik und Erziehung. Analyse einer deutschen Zeitschrift* (Heidelberg: Quelle & Meyer, 1960. 231 pp.). THIS is the second volume of a series of studies of the German language press published by the Institut für Deutsche Presseforschung in Bremen. The moving spirit behind this extensive undertaking is Professor Lutz Mackensen, assisted by Hans Jessen and Hans Wegener. This study consists of three parts: I. The history of the *Horen*, II. The collaborators and their contributions, III. An appendix giving Schiller's invitation to collaborate, his two announcements of the coming publication, and the contract drawn up with Cotta. This is followed by notes, bibliography, and index.

The study begins with Schiller's impressive sentence: "Der Mensch ist noch sehr wenig, wenn er warm wohnt und sich satt gegessen hat, aber er muss warm wohnen und satt zu essen haben, wenn sich die bessere Natur in ihm regen soll." From this point of departure the author develops Schiller's disbelief in political regeneration and his conviction that contributions to the journal should avoid everything pertaining to the state of religion and the political constitution. As the author concludes, Schiller abstained from all politics in order to assure "die Freiheit und Würde der Menschen." Next, the first part continues with a description of the public and the effect of the publication itself. He analyses the age groups of the collaborators, Goethe's assistance in the project, and the preparations with Cotta. After examining the announcement of the publication and its distribution, he shows how subject matter was extended and then devotes separate chapters to the subjects: the art of writing and reading, praise and criticism in the letters of readers, the critical reviews, public feuds of authors. He concludes with a chapter on the decline and end of the journal.

The second part presents a more detailed picture because it gets down to the individual collaborators and examines their various contributions. Quite logically the author divides this part of his study into three parts, considering first the contributions of the co-editors Fichte, Wilhelm von Humboldt, and Karl Ludwig Woltmann. This is followed by an analysis of the contributions of the fourteen collaborators listed in the original announcement of the journal. Finally, Schulz analyzes the contributions of the thirty-one collaborators whose interest was won later.

As a whole the study gives an excellent and often intimate insight into the inner sanctum of an idealistic and hard-working editor. It shows the difficulties that existed even in the golden age of German Literature to obtain on time suitable, high-class material which would not be so Olympian as to appeal only to the gods but would also be read and understood by the demi-gods (or less), upon whose purchasing power even a Schiller had to depend. Because the study appears in a series bearing a title which might seem detrimental to its circulation in those scholarly realms which should be most interested in it, we should like to state that

the study might very well have set out on its own power in a time when printing costs were lower. It would be unfortunate if this study were overlooked by Germanists "striker Observanz," and for that reason I end these remarks with a quotation from Körner, who was suggesting suitable subjects to a hard-pressed Schiller for publication in *Die Horen*: "Deutsche möchte ich gern, auch lieber Staatsmänner als Gelehrte, da der letzteren Schicksale selten interessant sind."

Clark University

KARL J. R. ARNDT

Theodor Fontane, *Schriften zur Literatur*, ed. Hans-Heinrich Reuter (Berlin: Aufbau Verlag, 1960. lxx + 592 pp.)

BECAUSE Theodor Fontane was one of the foremost literary realists his critical writings, which discuss the work of many European and American writers and which touch on most of the problems facing writers in his day, deserve the close attention of all who are interested in the development of literary realism in western Europe. Since these pieces appeared in a number of different publications, however, in order to gain an impression of Fontane's work as a critic it has been necessary to consult several sources, some of which are difficult of access. We must, accordingly, be grateful to Hans-Heinrich Reuter for having assembled in this one handy volume not only some of Fontane's more significant articles and reviews, but also excerpts from letters in which he comments on his own and others' work.

In his long and informative introduction, in which he justifiably divides Fontane's life into three periods, considering him first as poet, then as journalist, and finally as a writer of fiction, Reuter sketches briefly the main phases in Fontane's development as writer and critic and also offers his own interpretation of some of the critical writings. One familiar with Fontane will agree with many of Reuter's observations, but with some he will also take issue.

Reuter groups the writings of Fontane under four main headings: *Aufsätze und Skizzen*, *Theaterkritiken*, *Erinnerungen und Gedichte*, and *Aus Briefen und Tagebüchern*. Opening the first part is the essay "Der Realismus unserer Zeit," which has become one of the classic pieces on the subject. This is followed by essays on Goethe, Schiller, Storm, Keller and others. The most significant of these writings, many of which express quite unorthodox views, are those in which Fontane states his ideas on the contemporary novel. Part two, *Theaterkritiken*, contains forty-nine of the reviews of theatrical performances which Fontane wrote for the *Vossische Zeitung* in Berlin. For years Fontane attended performances at the *Königliches Schauspielhaus* and reported, often rather subjectively, on them, as some of the essays reveal. The essays also make clear, however, the important fact that Fontane most often judged plays not

only as theatrical productions, but also as artistic achievements. Particularly enlightening are his reviews of the productions staged by the *Freie Bühne*. These include his famous account of Hauptmann's *Vor Sonnenaufgang*. It should be pointed out here that for the text of the reviews, which cover the work of many different dramatists and also of many actors and regisseurs of the day, Reuter used Fontane's original manuscripts, not the edited reviews which appeared in the *Vossische Zeitung*.

Of main interest in *Erinnerungen und Gedichte* are the insights which one can gain here into the relationship between Fontane and Theodor Storm. For the reader's convenience Reuter has also reproduced several Storm letters. The excerpts from Fontane's private correspondence provide valuable insights into Fontane's attitude toward his own work and also throw light on his sources, the plans he formulated, his methods, and his progress on his various works. To demonstrate more clearly Fontane's shifting attitudes over the years Reuter has grouped the letter-excerpts according to their thematic content rather than printing them in chronological order.

The section entitled *Quellen, Nachbemerkungen und Personen- und Werkregister*, which comprises 200 pages, at first seems disproportionately long, for the book as a whole has only 663 pages. Yet the wealth of information and the many cross references and additional explanations which we find in this section fully justify its length.

The book as a whole has gaps, and Reuter himself is aware of them. He does not claim completeness. Those most striking to students of comparative literature are Fontane's lectures and writings on Fielding, Sterne, Smollett, Tennyson, and others. One misses, too, his lecture on American poets and writers. Doubtless this gap will be filled in the near future, however, for the *Fontane Archiv* has announced plans for publishing many of these papers. Meanwhile we have in Reuter's book not only a most useful collection, but a most informative work, not least among whose assets is that it provides a number of references to which we may turn for additional information concerning the poet and his work.

The Johns Hopkins University

LIESELOTTE E. KURTH
WILLIAM H. McCLAIN

James Doolittle, *Rameau's Nephew, a study of Diderot's "Second Satire"* (Genève: Droz and Paris: Minard, 1960. 136 pp.). LES commentateurs du *Neveu de Rameau* abondent. Peu d'œuvres semblent défier la critique autant que celle-là. Venant après les nombreuses et contradictoires interprétations de ce livre, l'étude en question a le mérite de ne pas se vouloir d'abord comme une "interprétation." L'auteur s'est livré à une vaste explication de texte aux dimensions du livre entier. Il ne s'est pas con-

tenté de puiser ici et là les citations qui auraient pu servir sa *thèse*, laissant dans l'ombre tout ce qui aurait pu l'embarrasser ou le desservir.

Ainsi, ce livre se présente avant tout comme une série de mises au point attentives, méthodiques du texte. Mises au point convaincantes sur la structure du *Neveu*, le développement et l'enchaînement des sujets de conversation; sur la langue, les différences dans l'expression et le vocabulaire des deux interlocuteurs. Mise au point aussi sur les problèmes du temps et de la pantomime: le temps réel ou chronologique et le temps fictif, temps de l'art, temps "poétique." Ici on pourrait reprocher à l'auteur de n'avoir pas assez nettement fait ressortir le lien qui unit ces deux thèmes (temps et pantomime). Une étude plus poussée de la fonction et de la structure de l'imaginaire dans le *Neveu*—l'imaginaire pouvant servir à la fois comme mesure du temps et comme dimension du spectacle mimé par Rameau—aurait, en la révélant, rendu évidente l'unité organique de ces thèmes en apparence si différents et dont la juxtaposition pourrait, à première vue, paraître arbitraire.

Chacune de ces mises au point participe, plus ou moins étroitement, de l'explication de Lui et de Moi. Explication qui constitue, à mon sens, la partie la plus solide de cette étude, grâce à un recours scrupuleux et constant au texte. Moi est radicalement dissocié de Diderot. Les traits de son caractère qui ressortent avec le plus de netteté (et pour avoir découvert cela, Doolittle craint de passer pour un hérétique) sont sa passivité, sa raideur et son intransigeance morales. On assiste malgré tout à un assouplissement, à un changement graduel de Moi au cours du dialogue: ce "philosophe" qui se choque si facilement, qui se cantonne dans une vertu froide et abstraite est peu à peu amené à s'humaniser, à accepter que "the man of many masks is nonetheless a man."

Si Doolittle fait le procès de Moi, il réhabilite Lui. Bien que contaminé, dégradé par la maison de Bertin—le zoo, le lieu de la mécanique de la mastication, comme l'appelle l'auteur—Lui reste un homme qui, à sa façon, conserve le sens de sa dignité, d'une certaine forme de dignité. Les masques qu'il porte, les rôles qu'il joue n'ont pas la simplicité qu'on leur accorde généralement. Ils révèlent, dévoilent autant qu'ils cachent.

Reste la dernière partie de cette étude, la seule qui me cause quelque embarras. Je me demande pourquoi, après avoir annoncé son intention de s'en tenir au texte et l'avoir expliqué avec soin, Doolittle finit par succomber à la tentation de "l'interprétation," alors que c'était précisément ce qu'il semblait reprocher aux "théoriciens" du *Neveu*, et nous propose la sienne dans un chapitre intitulé: "Speculation: intentions of the dialogue"? Il est vrai qu'il l'annonce comme une "spéculation." Mais il est difficile de le suivre sans hésitation lorsqu'il écrit: "I think, however, that the nephew's most important characteristics for Diderot were his name and his relationship to the composer." Bien qu'absent de la scène, ce serait l'oncle Rameau qui serait le personnage principal, et c'est

lui que viserait Diderot, vers lui que serait dirigée toute la satire des prétendus "philosophes," à savoir, d'artistes qui, non contents d'exceller dans leur domaine, voudraient se hisser au niveau de la philosophie par des théories spécieuses.

Pour soutenir cette thèse Doolittle retrace la carrière du compositeur, philosophe amateur, obstiné dans ses théories jusqu'à l'obsession, et qui n'arrive jamais à être pris tout à fait au sérieux par les philosophes de métier. L'argumentation est ingénieuse mais ne laisse pas entièrement convaincu. On sent d'autant plus qu'il s'agit là de "spéculations" que l'auteur est obligé de recourir à des "in all likelihood," "Diderot could well have been captivated by this situation," "might well have been disturbed," qui font que sa démonstration repose plus sur des indices que sur des preuves. Doolittle le dit lui-même, la personnalité de Jean-Philippe Rameau, ses prétentions à la philosophie, n'apparaissent qu'indirectement: "Looking beneath the surface, however, it is possible to see in the curious figure and the ironic career of the historical Rameau some illustrations of the very important traits in the characters of Lui and Moi." Ce portrait psychologique *par reflet* n'aurait-il pas risqué d'affaiblir considérablement les intentions de Diderot (à supposer qu'elles fussent telles) en faisant de son livre une satire au deuxième degré?

Mais, pour conclure, il est juste de dire que cette interprétation, aussi "spéculative" qu'elle puisse paraître, n'a qu'une place relativement secondaire par rapport à l'ensemble de l'ouvrage et ne saurait en invalider le reste dont j'ai dit les mérites.

Yale University

JACQUES EH RMANN

ON THE SIGNIFICANCE OF *DON QUIJOTE* *

LEO SPITZER

... The task before us this evening is to explain the historical and international significance of the Spanish novel, "El ingenioso hidalgo Don Quijote de la Mancha." Let us start with the most modest aspect which this great book offers us.

The average European meets the ingenious *hidalgo* Don Quijote for the first time as a child. This is not so of the average American; in America the *Don Quijote*, along with other things Spanish, became a victim of the philosophy of the Enlightenment; but in Europe the *Don Quijote* is first of all a children's book—a significant fact which must not be forgotten in our learned disquisitions. Several great books of world literature, not purposely written for children, have reached this consecration as books able to form the sensitivity of man in the making: *Don Quijote*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Moby Dick*, *Gil Blas*, and *Tartarin* (that French pocket-edition of the *Quijote*). The reason must be that these works contain certain elements which adults and children have in common, in other words, which appeal to human wisdom at the child stage: these elements are perhaps: (1) the demonstration of a just world-order in which the future existence of the child will find its place; (2) in contrast to this, the element of the world

* This study on the *Quijote* was composed some twenty years ago by Leo Spitzer as a lecture to be delivered to the members and students of the Spanish Department of Smith College; in the years that followed the lecture was repeated at a number of other colleges and universities in this country.

Though it was never published in its entirety during Professor Spitzer's lifetime, five pages toward the end were quoted, somewhat modified, in *Linguistics and Literary History*, pp. 68-73, as a conclusion to the chapter "Perspectivism in *Don Quijote*."

of faery which tends to build up a second world on top of the real one in which the child moves; (3) the display of the power of man to master adverse situations, whether by skill or critical powers — which makes the child look forward hopefully to his own struggle with the life which is to come; (4) the element of humor which tends to cushion, or to relativize, the hardships of life and to give the child the satisfaction of at least a certain mental superiority. While the fairy tale satisfies the sense of impersonal justice, which will finally bring about the triumph of Cinderella through the intervention of benign supernatural forces, the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver, and Don Quijote abound particularly in the last two elements (power of man and the humorous display of superiority) which exalt the personal gifts of man. It is the Spanish novel which is the most sophisticated, since the child does not fully identify himself with the hero but, while sympathizing with Don Quijote's character and his will power, takes his stand on the side of that reality which Don Quijote so contemptuously neglects; and the child is offered the privilege of feeling superior, intellectually if not morally, to Don Quijote. It is, indeed, with a certain regret that he sees, without entirely adopting Sancho Panza's earthiness, the protagonist mistake windmills for giants, a barber's basin for a helmet, and a rustic lass for a princess. The child wishes to dominate reality as it is; on the other hand, he will not easily accept its drabness and limitations, and he sympathizes with Quijote's endeavors to substitute in its place a fanciful reality of the stuff that dreams are made on; in the challenge which Quijote offers continually to the laws of physics and elementary psychology, there is enough of the atmosphere of the fairy tale to achieve a transfiguration of the real world. Here Don Quijote stands, with his pitiful armor, but with every nerve tense, facing with cold bravery the lion in the open cage—just before the majestic beast will express its contempt of Quixotism by showing the valorous knight its hind parts. The child will be by the side of Quijote at the moment the latter gives his challenge to reality—only to take a stand against him immediately afterwards, when the hero's will power is thwarted by triumphant reality. All of Quijote's adventures would show the pattern of the heroic fight of man against the established world-order, with the subsequent inevitable, heroi-comical, shattering defeat—as when the pathetic Quijote must endure the ordeal of the cheese as it melts and drips

down over his eyes and beard, all because his rustic squire Sancho, heedless of knightly propriety, has stowed away the cheese in his master's helmet; and to crown his punishment, Don Quijote is made to feel that his brain, already dried out by much reading, is also melting . . . Such violent scenes reveal the workings of an inexorable world-order which adds contempt to punishment; but the momentary indulgence in cruelty will quickly give way to compassion, as by a catharsis. If the child follows well the lesson he has learned in this book, he will, in later life, adapt his own will power to criticism, and be able to understand reality, without despising too much the imaginative type of man who is a failure in dealing with life, and without sympathizing too readily with the so-called 'successful realist' who knows only the laws of mechanics and of behaviorism. He will, perhaps, remember the words of Don Quijote after the adventure of the lion: that valor is a virtue halfway between cowardice and temerity, and that it is easier for temerity, than for cowardice, to convert itself into valor. He will realize that the Knight of the Green Cloak is right when he says that the *words* of Don Quijote are all good and wise, and all his *deeds* senseless and silly. Obviously, life asks for a harmony between words and deeds.

Now, lifting our eyes above the horizon of the child, what is still to be seen in this book that is essential to mankind? In order to inform ourselves, let us consult the author. This is a good method for the literary critic since, as Joseph Bédier, the French scholar in medieval epic poetry, has said, the most awkward narrator understands still more of his tale than even the most intelligent critic: a rule often wrongly disregarded by critics over-reliant on their own wits. In the preface to the First Part, Cervantes begins by describing his own attitude toward his book, upon completing it: he felt that his sterile and uncultivated mind could engender only a meagre, fantastical thing, dry as a hazelnut, full of weird imagination: an offspring engendered in a prison, as it were, and toward which, though seemingly the parent, he feels rather like a step-father, in no wise bound to conceal its faults from the reader—for the reader will be in possession of his own soul and in command of his free will, and is not to be asked to refrain from voicing his own opinion. Cervantes goes on to say that it was his original intention to offer the reader his child, naked as it was born, without the usual adornment of a preface, of learned mar-

ginal notes, of laudatory sonnets and epigrams; while he was trying to make up his mind to act against the established tradition, he tells us that he was joined by a friend, who dispelled all lingering doubts by telling him that his book needed no further recommendation or decoration, and by pointing out to him its real purpose: *derribar la máquina mal fundada de los libros de caballerías*, to produce the downfall and destruction of that mischievous mass of absurdities in the romances of chivalry which, though despised by some, were admired by many—"and if successful, believe me, you will have performed a service of no mean importance." Cervantes, convinced by his friend, immediately converts this discussion into his preface.

Thus it would seem that Cervantes wrote his novel solely for literary purposes, in order to destroy a literary genre; it would be a caricature of a man whose brain has been infected with the virus caught from reading such romances as Lancelot, Tristan, Palmerín, Belianís etc.,—of which an *autodafé* is arranged in chapter VI.

Now it has been the general trend among critics (including that poet-critic Unamuno) to brush aside, as of no central significance for our novel, the critical program proclaimed by the author of the *Quijote*: *derribar la máquina* of the romances of escapism. After all, they argue, the centuries-old fashion of these romances had reached its height a century before *Don Quijote*, and was already in its decline by 1560; how then should Cervantes have been impelled to attack its influence in 1605? Or, even if this was his initial purpose, it was soon lost sight of, as the novel gradually developed beyond its original didactic scope, growing in breadth, and vision and humanity.

But I beg to disagree: too much has Cervantes, in the preface written at the completion of the First Part, and on the last page of the whole book, insisted on his literary program. And if the critics have been so eager to disregard his expressly-stated purpose, in favor of one supposedly more closely allied to human nature and life, it has been, perhaps, because they have failed to grasp the magnitude of this purpose, and the human problem implied therein. For what Cervantes did was to POSIT THE PROBLEM OF THE BOOK, and of its influence on life—a problem that has developed in the course of the last centuries, a problem as challenging today as it was to Cervantes. He was the first to grasp the proportions of this problem; seventy years earlier Rabelais had

written a novel of human cognizance, celebrating within the framework of a popular story, the giant forces of man who seeks for knowledge—and for knowledge in books. Rabelais is still a Utopian humanist of the sixteenth century; his Spanish successor, though much more classicistic in his aesthetics than Rabelais, has thoroughly experienced the disillusionment of the Baroque Age (the *desengaño*, as the Spaniards call it)—and disillusionment, too, at the Humanistic insistence on books.

From the moment when, through the invention of printing, reading became a privilege granted to the masses, a privilege which was not in general existence in the Middle Ages; from the moment when cultural values came to be disseminated, not through the ear, the musical, religious and communal sense (*fides ex auditu*, says St. Paul), but through the eye, the rational, analytic and individualistic sense, there was born the peril of wrong application of literature in life by individuals reading alone, severed from society—the more so since mankind is no longer, as was the case in the Middle Ages, in quest of the eternal verities beyond discussion, but is resolved to progress, in its own strength, by application of reason and analysis, and the dead weight of tradition looms heavily over our individual outlook on life—which implies the ever-necessary sifting of values of an outworn tradition. After Cervantes, many writers, Molière, Rousseau, Goethe, Chateaubriand, Nietzsche, and the Flaubert of *Madame Bovary* and of *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, will exercise the right of the 'literary politician' to sift traditional literature and to pronounce a verdict on that part of literature which they believe has, in the process of time, become detrimental to the community. The problem posited by Cervantes can never die in a civilization which is predicated on progress, and on "book-learning," and which consequently is constantly threatened by the continued reading of obsolete books—or, also, by the failure to read certain books: the two bourgeois Bouvard and Pécuchet have read too much undigested "progressive" science and, actually, one night, in the Père Lachaise cemetery, they come to dig a grave for poetry. Since our children are born into a bookish and progressive civilization, the problem of the "danger of the book" is a permanent one. (Also today there is sometimes more to be feared from the books of science in which Bouvard and Pécuchet delighted, than from poetry).

It was the deed of a genius to visualize, as Cervantes did, the

danger inherent in what is one of the basic tools of our civilization: reading. In fact, he must have sensed this danger in his own case: he tells us, for example, that he used to pick up on the street any printed scrap of paper: obviously not with the worship which Saint Francis had for anything written because it could contain one of the holy truths, but because of his desire to steep himself in a fictitious world (like his own *Quijote*). This victim of the book-virus is of course only one specimen in the gallery of fools which the Baroque Age was wont to pillory; by that time it had become the usual tendency to portray not only Renaissance-like figures of an ideal balance, but equally classic representatives of the bizarre; Montaigne had already shown an interest in the transient, the odd, the whimsical in man, this being *ondoyant et divers*; in Rome an academy of the *Umoristi* had been established, which entertained its members with portrayals of the humor originating in the various extravagant humors; Ben Jonson had created his comedy "Everyman in his Humor." One humor in particular, the melancholic, was considered to be not altogether bad, but generative as well of scholarship and wisdom as of madness and whimsicality: the Spanish physician Dr. Huarte had shown, shortly before the *Don Quijote* appeared, that melancholy and its "capricious" derivatives, are helpful to the talent, to the *ingenio*, of the scholar. The knight of La Mancha is an *ingenioso* and a capricious man, a bizarre melancholic—the version of a frustrated humanistic scholar, who is cured only on his deathbed (after a purging fever) of his acquired "dryness" of temper: i.e. of his book-conditioned melancholy. The combination of melancholy, eccentricity and bookishness which leads to abortive action is Cervantes' own idea, just as it was Shakespeare's to have his Hamlet's melancholy, eccentricity and meditative scholarship result in inaction; and both the inaction of the melancholy Hamlet and the hasty action of the melancholy Don Quijote show the life-destroying effects of an in itself noble scholarly temperament when overdeveloped without mental discipline.

Thus the *Don Quijote* is a novel written against a certain type of novel deemed detrimental to the community because it may warp the minds of its noblest members: a critique of a literary genre condemned by the author, written in the form of a parodistic novel which, in a sort of parasitic manner, had to adopt all the situations and devices of the type of novel ridiculed. Thus

Cervantes, this extravagant inventor of plots as garnered in his pastoral novel *La Galatea* and in his numerous plays, deliberately imprisoned himself in the *Quijote*, in a seeming subservience to a stale pattern of adventures, situations, themes—even words. The novel-of-chivalry-to-end-all-novels-of-chivalry must adopt a particular technique: it must allow the story to unfold as if for the enjoyment of the credulous reader, at the same time suggesting slyly the reaction of the critic-author, which will often consist only of an ironical underscoring, whereby he achieves an original creation composed of ingredients borrowed from the works criticized: a re-creation of the old subject matter. There will be on the stage a wild, exuberant, fantastic pageant of ineptitudes ostensibly endorsed by an ironical prompter. There will be the cage of the lion, and the doughty knight to do battle with the beast—who, however, better informed by Cervantes, will refuse, for all the prodgings of the jailors, to take up the challenge of the self-styled gladiator, opposing the majestic contempt of Nature to Quixotic extravaganza; the lion will refuse to be a lion of romance and will force Quijote back into reality.

And the genre created by Cervantes to lead humanity back to reality, the type of the counter-novel, the anti-novel, this could not die with its creator: perhaps the novel, as a genre, is always likely to produce toxins which must be counteracted by antitoxins. The genre of the novel in itself is a hybrid, somewhat anarchic genre which was unknown to classical aesthetics and to the literary canons of the ancients: a hybrid genre which came to life in the late period of Greek literature, again in the later Middle Ages and, once more, in modern times, where it seems to have come to stay: that is, at periods weary of pure poetry. For that hybrid genre of the novel is born of poetry and of something else, of an extrapoetic factor, of a tendency to encroach upon life, along with an inborn striving toward pure art, a nostalgic yearning back to epic beauty. The older form of narrative art is everywhere epic poetry, epic poetry that maintains itself in the spheres of pure art, of a stylization of life, without any direct imitation or caricature of life—as its versified form testifies: epic poetry presents us with the great legendary or mythical past in its beauty as past (in the tense, so to speak, of the French *passé défini*, not the *passé indéfini* which draws inferences for the present).

But the novel can offer a vicarious life to sap our actual life,

and produce an illusion in which the things narrated appear as present, and the lines between romance and reality are blurred. The prosaic form contributes to this illusion, making romance appear as authentic, unaltered reality. The Arthurian novel of *Galeotto* was the reason that Dante's Paolo and Francesca "read no more that day" but kissed in sin (*quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante*). Because, while they were reading, their lives had become penetrated by the novelistic substance, they had dreamed themselves into the parts of the loving protagonists: they were Quijotes *avant-la-lettre*, indulging in the *pestilencia amorosa* (as our virtuous knight would call it), obviously because they did not know where to distinguish between dreams and reality. And the novel was a *Galeotto*, a pander (as Dante says: *Galeotto fu il libro*), which, in making the past appear as present, induced Paolo and Francesca into sin. (If an average American [less sinful than Paolo and Francesca, but no less romantic] should take along a copy of "Gone With the Wind" or "Anthony Adverse" to while away a train trip to California, he would do this with the intention of replacing his "travelling" present by a narrated past, of inhabiting this book instead of the railroad coach: the purpose would not be that of enjoying a piece of art *qua art*.) It is told that Balzac, to a friend who called upon him while he was working at his novel *Eugénie Grandet*, exclaimed, with the eye of one looking upon an hallucination, "*elle est morte!*"; the hallucination of reality in the novel may be so complete that it takes hold of the author himself. We may imagine that Homer or the author of the Song of Roland was soberer!

To the illusionistic element of the Spanish romance of chivalry, to the element of day-dreaming in the French *roman romantique*, Cervantes and Flaubert oppose their disillusioning technique. In their counter-novels there is present, to the same degree as in their models, an extra-poetic element, this time, that of criticism. If the idealistic models tend to lure us into artificial and vicarious paradises, the derivative sceptical anti-novel would make us realize the dangerous pitfalls of credulity. Both genres place us on the plane of action: our interest is not 'disinterested,' as Kant asks enjoyment of art to be, and as it is when we are faced with purely narrative, epic art. We must accept the birth of the novel as a fact of modernity, and the existence of its two sister-variants (the earlier born out of the craving for an escape into a vicarious life—the

chivalric, pastoral, adventure novel; the latter intended to dispell the illusionment afforded by the former) as a necessary polarity in post-epic narrative art.

Cervantes, in that one Spanish book which, as Montesquieu has said, caused all the previous Spanish books to be forgotten, has created the second variety of the novel: the critical novel. This Cervantine variety has been expanded in the nineteenth century to criticism not only of the pernicious effect of literature on life, as in *Madame Bovary*, but criticism of certain ways of life itself, of whole civilizations. This we find in Balzac, Maupassant, Thackeray, Tolstoy, Proust, Thomas Mann, Faulkner; and more and more the two elements, the illusioning and the disillusioning, tend to be fused: the novelist's imitation of present reality is so excellent that we could easily be lured into the snares of illusion, were it not for his warning finger which we see lifted above the pages. The nostalgia for epic beauty manifests itself in illusionary devices even when the end is disillusion—as when Flaubert adopts the extreme measure of creating poetic beauty out of the ugly and the foolish. Today we prefer in the novel a clear-cut, rigorous, critical exactitude, but nevertheless, out of the criticism of a civilization, there may emerge, as it often happens in novels of Steinbeck, Hemingway and Faulkner, the beauty of a positive counterpart: pure eternal epic beauty.

What we have just said would seem to encourage the belief that Cervantes, in his counter-novel, or critical novel, wished only to destroy: is there, in the *Quijote*, nothing of that striving back toward poetic beauty, implied in our definition of the hybrid genre of the novel? The very opposite is true. First of all, in the narrative of Cervantes, in his art of periodizing, in the interspersed poetry and, particularly, in the speeches of the protagonist, there is poetic beauty; since (as we have said) Don Quijote is always right in what he says, less so in what he does, he is given an opportunity to say beautifully what is denied to him to do with equal grace: to couch in a noble (and not always self-parodistic) style the noblest emotions of his author's times, and to treat of the themes which predominated with the Renaissance thinkers. What Américo Castro has taught us about *el pensamiento de Cervantes* is mainly drawn from Don Quijote's orations: as he delivers his speech on the Golden Age, against the background of the placid beauty of night and stars, in the company of primitive shepherds,

frugally dining on acorns and wine, Don Quijote will gaze at the acorns meditatively, like Hamlet at poor Yorick's skull, and see in them the symbols of a lost age of simplicity and natural goodness: instead of Hamlet's baroque split vision of the world (here death, here life!), we witness in this scene a noble Christian melancholy, a classical restraint, a harmonious fusion of protagonist and environment, of thought and feelings. It has been the artistic achievement of Cervantes to transform the raw material of Renaissance philosophical themes into poetry, turning ideas into poetry, making the 'intellect' sing (*faire chanter les idées*, as Valéry says), just as Rabelais had done in an earthy, and Dante in a transcendent manner. And finally there is, at least in the first part of the *Don Quijote*, the elusive poetic beauty of the interpolated short-stories, those tales which, far from imitating the genre of the main plot, precipitate us into an atmosphere of romantic nowhere, where the laws of realism have ceased to exist, and where imagination alone holds sway—as, for example the story of the roving Amazon of the mountains, Marcela, or that of the Moorish girl Zoraida who, by her conversion to Christianity, has become María. This by-play, afforded by the presence in the *Quijote* of independent stories similar to those published by Cervantes under the title of *Novelas ejemplares* (the story of Zoraida-María is somewhat akin to that of Preciosa la gitanilla), has always puzzled the commentators: if Cervantes started out with the intention to *derribar la máquina* of the romance of chivalry, why does he let in, by a side-door, the *máquina* of stories written in precisely the spirit of the romances of chivalry? If it was his desire to warn us of fanciful interpretations of reality by his protagonist, why is it that the stories, quite to the contrary, generally justify facts which at first seem to be fanciful, but later are proved to be entirely true? The explanation of this contradictory procedure can only be that Cervantes anticipated the feeling of disharmony or incompleteness which would be produced in the reader by an anti-novel in pure form, and that Cervantes' harmonious nature asked for an equilibration of the critical sense by the beauty of the fabulous. The whole of the Cervantine novel falls then into two parts: the one teaches criticism before imaginative beauty, the other re-establishes imaginative beauty in the face of all possible scepticism. But since the illusionistic stories are interpolated into the critical novel (not the reverse) and since they are found only in the first part of the novel,

we must assume that Cervantes, while desiring to counterbalance the corrosive effects of the anti-novel by the admixture of traditional illusion, did not hesitate to subordinate the older approach to the new: with him criticism is victorious in the century of Descartes—even in Spain.

It is one of the miracles of history (which is generally regarded by professional historians as rather deterministic, as enclosing individual phenomena and figures within tight compartments) that the greatest deeds sometimes occur at a place where and at a time when the historian would least expect them. It is a historical miracle that in the Spain of the Counter-Reformation, when the trend was toward the re-establishment of authoritarian discipline, an artist should have arisen who, 32 years before Descartes' *Discours de la méthode* (that auto-biography of an independent philosophical thought), was to give us a narrative which is simply one exaltation of the independent mind of man—and of a particularly powerful type of man: of the artist. It is not Italy with its Ariosto and Tasso, not France with its Ronsard and d'Urfé, not Portugal with its Camões, but Spain which gave us a narrative which is a monument to the narrator *qua* narrator, *qua* artist. For, although the protagonists of our novel seem to be Quijote, with his continual misrepresentation of reality, and Sancho with his sceptical half-endorsement of Quixotism, they are overshadowed by CERVANTES, the artist of the word, who combines a critical and an illusionistic art according to his free will. From the moment we open the book to the moment we put it down, we are given to understand that an almighty overlord is directing us, who leads us where he pleases. (Surely, this authoritarian trend in itself would be in line with the spirit of the Counter-Reformation; but, in our case, the man in whom such power is lodged is the artist). The prologue which I have mentioned shows us Cervantes in the perplexity of an author putting the final touches to his work, and we understand that the friend who seemingly came to his aid with a solution was only one voice within the freely-fabricating poet. The first sentence of the narrative proper: "En un lugar de la Mancha de cuyo nombre no quiero acordarme" is further evidence that Cervantes is insisting on his right to free invention. While I accept recent suggestions by Casaldueiro and María Rosa Lida de Malkiel that we have here to do with a device usual in simple folktales and opposed to the elaborate technique of the

romances in which the place of origin of their heroes was clearly stated—I feel that there is also present in this beginning of the novel an emphasis on the right of the narrator to state or omit the details he pleases, a device which has been imitated in the 18th century by Sterne and Goethe (“Eduard – so nennen wir einen reichen Baron im bestem Mannesalter”) and in the 19th century by Melville (“Call me Ishmael”), a device by which the narrator reminds the reader of his dependence upon him. Furthermore, Cervantes feigns not to know definitely the name of his protagonists: was the knight called Quijada, Quijano or Quijote?, was Sancho called Panza or Zancas? Was his wife called Teresa Panza, Mari-Gutiérrez or Juana Gutiérrez? Cervantes pretends that he does not know or that his sources give divergent names. These variations are nothing but vindications of his artistic liberty to choose the details of his story among infinite possibilities. And on the last page of the book, when, after Quijote’s Christian death, Cervantes has that Arabian historian Cide Hamete Benengeli (whose chronicle he supposedly had used as a source) lay away his pen, which will rest forever on top of the cupboard, in order to forestall any spurious continuation of the novel in the genre of Avellaneda’s piratical undertaking, we know that the reference to the Arabian pseudo-historian is only a pretext for Cervantes to reclaim for himself the relationship of real father (no longer the step-father!) to his book. Then the chronicler’s pen delivers itself of a long speech, culminating in the words: “For me alone Don Quijote was born and I for him; his task was to act, mine to write. For we alone are made for each other.” (“Para mí sola nació don Quijote, y yo para él; él supo obrar, y yo escribir; solos los dos somos para en uno.”) An imperious ‘alone’ (*solos*) which only Cervantes could have said and in which there not only appears what we would call today an author’s claim for intellectual property rights in the invention of a character, but in which all the Renaissance pride of the poet asserts itself: the poet who was the traditional immortalizer of the great deeds of historical heroes and princes. This was, as is well known, the economical background of the Renaissance artist; he was given sustenance by the prince in return for the immortal glory which he bestowed upon his benefactor. But Don Quijote is no prince from whom Cervantes could expect to receive a pension, not a doer of great deeds in the outer world (his greatness lay only in his warm heart), and not even a

being who could be attested in any historical source — however much Cervantes might pretend to such sources. Don Quijote acquired his immortality exclusively at the hands of Cervantes, as the former well knows and admits. Obviously, Quijote wrought only what Cervantes wrote, and he was born for Cervantes as much as Cervantes was born for him! In the speech of the pen of the pseudo-chronicler we have a discreet but at the same time outspoken self-glorification of the artist. Furthermore, the artist Cervantes grows by the glory which his characters have attained; and in the novel we see the process by which the figures of Don Quijote and Sancho become living persons, stepping out of the novel, so to speak, to take their place in real life—finally to become immortal historical figures. Thomas Mann, in his essay on the *Quijote*, has said: "This is quite unique. I know of no other hero of a novel in world literature who would equally, so to speak, live off the glory of his own glorification ('ein Held der von seinem Ruhm, von seiner Besungenheit lebte')." In the second part of the novel, when the Duke and Duchess ask to see the by now historical figures of Quijote and Panza, the latter says to the Duchess; "I am Don Quijote's squire who is to be found also in the story and who is called Sancho Panza—unless they have changed me in the cradle—I mean to say, at the printers'." In such passages, Cervantes willingly destroys the artistic illusion: he, the puppeteer, lets us see the strings of his puppet-show: "see, reader, this is not life, but a stage, a book: art; recognize the life-giving power of the artist as a thing distinct from life!" By multiplying his masks (the friend of the prologue, the Arabian historian, sometimes the characters who serve as his mouthpiece) Cervantes seems only the more to strengthen his grip on that whole artistic cosmos which his novel represents. And the strength of the grip is enhanced by the very nature of the protagonists: Quijote is what we would call today a split personality, sometimes rational, sometimes foolish; Sancho, too, at times no less Quixotic than his master, is at other times incalculably rational. In this manner the author makes it possible for himself to decide when his characters will act reasonably, when foolishly (no one is more unpredictable than a fool who pretends to wisdom). At the start of his journey with Sancho, Don Quijote promises his squire an island kingdom to be ruled over by him, just as was done in the case of numerous squires in chivalric literature. But, acting on his critical judgment (of which he is not

entirely devoid), Don Quijote promises to give it to him immediately after their conquest, instead of waiting until the squire has reached old age, as is the custom in the books of chivalry. The Quixotic side of Sancho accepts this prospective kingdom without questioning its possibility, but his more earthly nature visualizes—and criticizes—the actual scene of the coronation: how would his rustic spouse Juana Gutiérrez look with a crown on her head? Two examples of foolishness, two critical attitudes: neither of them is the attitude of the writer, who remains above the two split personalities and the four attitudes. Cervantes sometimes does not even decide whether the wrong inferences his Don Quijote draws from what he sees are totally preposterous: he gives to understand that the barber's basin appears to Don Quijote as a helmet and it may appear to others as something else: perspectivism is what he teaches and there may even exist a *baciyelmo*, a basin that is at the same time a helmet—the word-coinage itself reflecting the hybrid shapes of reality. But my point is that this perspectivism enhances the figure of the novelist.

With this tolerance toward his characters which is also a somewhat Machiavellian principle of 'divide and conquer,' the author succeeds in making himself indispensable to the reader: while, in his Prologue, Cervantes calls for a critical attitude on our part, he makes us depend all the more on his guidance through the psychological intricacies of the narrative: here, at least, he leaves us no free will. We may even infer that Cervantes rules imperiously over his own self: it was he who felt his self to be split into a critical and an illusionistic part (*desengaño* and *engaño*); but in this baroque Ego he made order—a precarious order, it is true, which was reached only once by Cervantes in all his works, and which was reached in Spain only by Cervantes (for Calderón, Lope, Quevedo, Gracián decided, in medieval manner, that the world is only illusion and dreams, *que los sueños sueños son*). And indeed only once in world literature has this precarious order come into being: later thinkers and artists did not stop at proclaiming the inanity of the world: they went so far as to doubt the existence of any universal order and, when imitating Cervantes' perspectivism (Gide, Proust, Conrad, Joyce, Virginia Woolf, Pirandello,) they failed to sense the unity behind perspectivism—so that, in their hands, sometimes the personality of the author himself is allowed to disintegrate. Cervantes stands at the other pole from that modern dissolution

of the personality of the narrator: his attempt—made in the last moment before the unified Christian vision of the world was to fall asunder—was to restore this vision on the artistic plane, to hold before our eyes a cosmos split in two separate halves, disenchantment and illusion, which, nevertheless, as by a miracle, do not fall apart. Modern anarchy checked by a classical will to equipoise (the baroque attitude!). We recognize now that it is not so much that Cervantes' nature is split in two (critic and narrator) because this is required by the nature of Don Quijote, but rather that Don Quijote is a split character because his creator was a critic-poet who felt with almost equal strength the need of illusionary beauty and that of pellucid clarity.

To modern readers the 'pathological character' of Don Quijote might seem to be a typical case of social frustration: a person whose madness is conditioned by the social insignificance into which the caste of the knights had fallen, with the beginning of modern, somehow already mechanized, warfare—just as in Flaubert's *Un cœur simple*, we are meant to see as socially conditioned the frustrations of Félicité, the domestic servant, which lead to the aberration of her imagination. I would, however, warn against interpreting Cervantes in terms of the 19th-century sociological resentments of a Flaubert, since Cervantes himself has done nothing to encourage such a sociological approach. Don Quijote is able to recover his sanity, if only on his death-bed, and his erstwhile madness is but one reflection of that generally human lack of reason—above which the author has chosen to take his stand.

High above the world-wide cosmos of his making, in which hundreds of characters, situations, vistas, themes, plots and subplots are merged, Cervantes' artistic self is enthroned, an all-embracing creative self, a visibly omnipresent artistic Creator who graciously takes the reader into his confidence, showing him the work of art in the making, and the laws to which it is necessarily subjected. This artist is in a way God-like, but not deified; far be it from us to conceive of Cervantes as attempting to dethrone God, replacing him by an artistic demi-god. On the contrary, Cervantes always bows before the supernal wisdom of God, as embodied in the teachings of the Catholic Church and the established order of the state and of society. But, on the other hand, the novelist has extended, by the mere art of his narrative, the demi-urge-like independence of the artist. His humor, which admits of many strata, perspectives,

masks, of relativization and dialectics, bears testimony to his high position above the world. His humor is the freedom of the heights, a freedom beneath the dome of that religion which affirms the freedom of the will.

There is, in that world of his creation, accessible to adults and children alike, the bracing air with which we may fill our lungs and by which our individual senses and judgment are sharpened, and the crystalline lucidity of an artistic Maker in its manifold reflections and refractions. Perhaps the child in us that wants to fight its way, through the maze of the world, toward intellectual clarity, without impoverishment of the heart, under orderly benign stars, is not unappreciative of an artistry whose sophistication makes the world richer, more interesting and more habitable. The greatest works of art have, indeed, the power, after making us see the most unexpected perspectives, of restoring, to the renewed world, that primeval simplicity and richness which it must have had on the first day of creation, that inner beatitude of self-enjoying beauty that is as well God-like as child-like.

* * * * *

As you may have seen, my historical interpretation of the *Quijote* is at the opposite pole from that of Unamuno who believes that the story of the life of Don Quijote and of Sancho Panza was dictated to Cervantes' pen by the suprapersonal and perennial Spanish national character, by the innate Spanish will to immortality through suffering: the *sentimiento trágico de la vida* of the Spanish race embodied in the figures of the quasi-saint *Nuestro Señor Don Quijote de la Mancha* and his evangelical squire. In my opinion, it is Cervantes, the artistic dictator, who dictated the story to his pen, and Cervantes, no semi-Christian like Unamuno, knew of no quasi or "quotation-mark" saints, being able to distinguish clearly the earthly plane from the transcendental; and, on the former plane, he obeyed his own sovereign reason. We must not deny to Unamuno his right to build his own poetic vision on top of Cervantes' novel (since Cervantes himself, as we have seen, built his critical vision on top of previous literatures), but we may question the historical validity of the Unamunesque interpretation of the *Quijote* novel—and perhaps also question the wisdom of making out of a novelistic character, outspokenly condemned or questioned by Cervantes, a national hero of Spain; was it in the

interests of the moral regeneration of the Spanish nation to present an amusing fool in a novel as a true national hero? It seems to me then that Cervantes does not belong to the family of the desperate God-seekers Pascal or Kierkegaard, but to that of Erasmus, Descartes and Goethe, of the serene humanists and quiet worshippers of the divine, who saw it in all its variety of earthly forms.

The Johns Hopkins University

THE PASTORAL PARADOX OF NATURAL ART

ELIAS L. RIVERS

This essay is dedicated to the memory of Leo Spitzer. He, more than any other scholar in the twentieth century, has opened up penetrating new perspectives and deepened our understanding of the Romance languages and literatures. The present essay is, in fact, hardly more than a development of ideas first sketched by him ten years ago;¹ whether he himself would have approved of such a development is, of course, quite another matter.

Garcilaso's three eclogues constitute more than half of his surviving verse and the real basis for his reputation as "príncipe de los poetas castellanos." In the relatively thin "Libro quarto" of *Las obras de Boscán y algunas de Garcilaso* (Barcelona, 1543), only 29 sonnets, five odes, two elegies, and one epistle precede the three eclogues, which are clearly his "featured" works, the climax of the whole volume. The Second Eclogue is Garcilaso's earliest and most ambitious experiment in the genre, 1885 lines in which a basic theme of pastoral love is elaborated in narrative, lyric, and dramatic

¹ L. Spitzer, "Garcilaso, Third Eclogue, Lines 265-271," *HR*, XX (1952), 243-248; cf. Herrera's *Anotaciones*. I am also indebted to the following important studies of the Third Eclogue: R. Lapesa, *La trayectoria poética de Garcilaso* (Madrid, 1948), pp. 164-172; D. Alonso, *Poesía española*, 3rd ed. (Madrid, 1957), pp. 47-108; and R. O. Jones, "Garcilaso, poeta del humanismo," *Clavileño*, V, No. 28 (July-August, 1954), 1-7. Though directly relevant to my thesis, the brief essay by A. O. Nessi ("La plástica del mito en Garcilaso," *Humanidades*, XXXI [1948], 515-526) is disappointingly fragmentary and erratic. The criticisms and suggestions of Professor Richard B. Young, of Smith College's English Department, have been of substantial value to me.

My quotations from Garcilaso in this paper are all based on the text of the first edition (Barcelona, 1543), with modernized accentuation and punctuation.

forms; it has also a secondary, more historical theme of epic and courtly action. The symmetry of this polymetric eclogue has been made clear, and its essential unity of theme has been cogently defended;² at the same time one must recognize its relatively loose construction, as compared to the much shorter and more tightly organized First and Third Eclogues. The order of presentation in the first edition is not, I think, accidental; the reader moves from the neatly balanced *canciones* of jilted Salicio and bereft Nemoroso³ into a long complicated poem where these same two shepherds are subordinated as characters to Albanio, who has been driven mad by sensual desire, and thence, in the Third Eclogue, back into a more close-knit world of river nymphs where Nemoroso's grief is recalled but not directly represented, and where two new shepherds sing of their happy loves. The elements common to the three eclogues are the pastoral convention itself, of course, and the one recurring shepherd Nemoroso, who has traditionally been taken to stand for Garcilaso in his role as lover of the Portuguese lady Isabel Freyre (Elissa). The First Eclogue is rather conventionally Virgilian; in the Second, hunting, love, madness, and war seem to represent the rich sensuous disorder and variety of nature itself; the Third is a firmly controlled synthesis of classical conventions and of Toledan landscape, of art and nature.

The formal symmetry of the Third Eclogue is, in its over-all outline, mathematically precise. Its 47 ottava rima stanzas, each syntactically self-contained, fall neatly into three main groups: a very clearly delimited central group of 21 stanzas (lines 105-272) devoted exclusively to a description of the nymphs' embroidered fabrics of gold and silk, preceded by 13 introductory and followed by 13 concluding stanzas. Within each of these three main groups one may distinguish equally clearcut but less symmetrically arranged subgroups.

OUTLINE

I. 13 introductory stanzas

- | | |
|---|----------|
| A. 7 dedicatory stanzas | st. 1-7 |
| B. 6 stanzas describing setting and emergence of nymphs | st. 8-13 |

² See metric diagram in Lapesa, *op. cit.*, p. 98; see also R. O. Jones, "The Idea of Love in Garcilaso's Second Eclogue," *MLR*, XLVI (1951), 388-395.

³ Among the more significant analyses of the First Eclogue are those of Lapesa, *op. cit.*, pp. 124-143; of A. A. Parker, "Theme and Imagery in Garcilaso's First Eclogue," *BSS*, XXV (1948), 222-227; and of M. Arce, "La égloga primera de Garcilaso," *La Torre*, April-June, 1953.

II. 21 *central stanzas*

A. 2 introductory stanzas concerning tapestries	st. 14-15
B. 18 central stanzas	st. 16-33
a. 3 stanzas on Orpheus and Eurydice	st. 16-18
b. 3 stanzas on Apollo and Daphne	st. 19-21
c. 3 stanzas on Venus and Adonis	st. 22-24
d. 9 stanzas on Elissa and Nemoroso	st. 25-33
C. 1 concluding stanza concerning tapestries	st. 34

III. 13 *concluding stanzas*

A. 4 transitional stanzas introducing shepherds	st. 35-38
B. 8 stanzas of amoebean competition	st. 39-46
C. 1 final stanza: submergence of nymphs	st. 47

The general introduction consists of seven dedicatory stanzas addressed to the "illustre y hermosísima María," and of six stanzas describing the setting and the preliminary action of the nymphs. The conclusion consists of four transitional stanzas, which introduce the distantly heard shepherds; the eight stanzas of their antiphonal song; and one final stanza in which the shepherds are heard to be on the verge of appearing, and in which the nymphs are seen with neat evasion to disappear silently beneath the waves. The central group of 21 stanzas has its own inner introduction and conclusion, of two stanzas and of one respectively, in which the material and artistry of the embroidered fabrics are analyzed; the remaining 18 stanzas consist of three subgroups of 3 (the ancient myths of Orpheus and Eurydice, Apollo and Daphne, and Venus and Adonis) and one of 9 (the "modern" pastoral myth of Elissa and Nemoroso). These nine stanzas are clearly the climax of the central section of the poem, and of the poem as a whole. An artfully asymmetric symmetry leads us to focus our attention upon the death of Elissa; this scene, as we shall see, embodies the poet's most significant intuitions concerning nature, art, and imitation in poetry.

I

The hyperboles of the dedication to María are no doubt consciously conventional; they typify the language of courtly love addressed with careful propriety ("voluntad honesta y pura") to a lady of great social prestige. Garcilaso's platonic devotion and the fame of her beauty and mind will together survive death itself. Yet the very conventionality of this basic idea seems to heighten the freely adapted poetic power of the Virgilian imagery ("vox ipsa et frigida lingua," *Georgics*, IV, 525):

- stanza 2. Y aun no se me figura que me toca
 aqueste officio solamente 'n vida, 10
 mas con la lengua muerta y fría en la boca
 pienso mover la boz a ti devida. . . .

Garcilaso explicitly addresses himself to the question of conventionality in poetry. He asserts that, despite the obstacles which Fortune throws in his way, he will eventually write immortal poetry about the lady; meanwhile he offers her a modest trifle, free of rhetorical ornament, written in the natural language of the innocent heart. We recognize at once the trademarks of the pastoral convention: the ambiguous modesty of the well-read poet who deliberately assumes the rustic role of the shepherd playing clumsily at his crude pipes and making up with natural sincerity for what he supposedly lacks in artistic technique. The artifice of sincerity is very artful indeed, and inevitably it raises the fundamental question of the relationship between art and nature, of sophistication versus simplicity; the pastoral poet of the Renaissance is consciously playing it both ways, knowing all the while that in actuality, as Cervantes was later to declare, most shepherds are thieving scoundrels, brutalized—not refined—by solitude and contact with nature. Yet the pastoral myth has a universal validity, for man will always dream of the Golden Age, an uncorrupted natural world in which human beings are more simply and authentically human; it is this ideal make-believe world, in which art provides a second and better nature, that Garcilaso, with gentle irony, invites María, and the reader, to enter:

- stanza 6. Aplica pues un rato los sentidos
 al baxo son de mi çampoña ruda,
 indigna de llegar a tus oýdos,
 pues d'ornamento y gracia va desnuda;
 mas a las vezes son mejor oýdos 45
 el puro ingenio y lengua casi muda,
 testigos limpios d'ánimo inocente,
 que la curiosidad del eloqüente.

In each of his eclogues Garcilaso takes care to plunge the reader deeply into the almost mystical atmosphere of an eternally Edenic *locus amoenus*, a quiet shady spot consisting normally of at least one tree, soft grass, and a trickling spring or brook, with perhaps some bright flowers, the song of birds, and a gentle breeze. This idealized landscape, which E. R. Curtius has defined and traced

as a *topos* through Greek and Latin poetry in Chapter X of his *Europäische Literatur und lateinisches Mittelalter* (Berne, 1948), is essential as a setting for the nymphs and shepherds of the classical pastoral tradition; against this same background, which the medieval allegorist had often used for rather different purposes, the Renaissance poet projects his plaintive lovers, there to commune with a highly stylized nature. Garcilaso's *locus amoenus* is in each case deeply rooted in the mythic world of this pastoral tradition;⁴ in the Third Eclogue this world is evoked more poignantly than ever and at the same time is given a familiar geographical location upon the banks of the Tagus River near Garcilaso's native city of Toledo.

stanza 8. Cerca del Tajo, en soledad amena,
de verdes sauze ay una espessura
toda de yedra revestida y llena,
que por el tronco va hasta el altura
y assí la texe arriba y encadena
que'l sol no halla passo a la verdura;
el agua baña el prado con sonido,
alegando la yerva y el oýdo.

60

For the definitive stylistic analysis of this stanza and the four that follow, one can only return to the brilliant pages of Dámaso Alonso, in which Garcilaso's delicate control of word-order, rhythm, rhyme, and enjambement are shown to contribute immeasurably to an atmosphere of voluptuous sensuousness; the reader finds himself in a world of shade and water, of light and color perceived at noon,

⁴ We can be sure of the continuity of classical literary tradition in the case of Garcilaso, whose direct contact with texts of Virgil and of Sannazaro is well documented. In the First Eclogue we found Salicio "recostado / al pie d'una alta haya en la verdura / por donde una agua clara con sonido / atravessava el fresco y verde prado." Early in the Second Eclogue Salicio describes essentially the same emblematic scene in these dreamlike words: "Combida a un dulce sueño / aquel manso rüido / del agua que la clara fuente embía, / y las aves sin dueño, / con canto no apprendido, / hinchén el ayre de dulce armonía." Possible medieval contributions to his versions of the *locus amoenus* are less well established; one may note at least a similarity between the opening stanzas of Berceo's *Milagros de Nuestra Señora* and the opening lines of the Second Eclogue: "... un prado / verde e bien sençido, de flores bien poblado . . . / Manavan cada canto fuentes claras corrientes, / en verano bien frías, en yvierno calientes" and "En medio del invierno está templada / el agua dulce desta clara fuente, / y en el verano más que nieve elada." There is no doubt as to the identity of the *topos* insofar as its natural imagery is concerned; its allegorical or symbolic significance is however quite different in the two different poetic contexts.

of nymphs rising from the depths of the river to spend a pastoral siesta among the trees. Nature itself is represented here as peculiarly artificial, as *natura artifex*; the ivy weaves and enchains the treetops, thus anticipating the nymphs, who will similarly weave their tapestries. This fabric of ivy provides a natural parasol, an "agradable frío" (line 87), which will protect the nymphs against the ravages of the desiccating noonday sun, "el sol subido en la mitad del cielo" (line 78), with its overtones of the *meridianum daemonium*.⁵ Within the shelter of this willow grove, running water performs simultaneously a dual function, one "natural" and one "artificial": it bathes the greensward with sound, delighting the grass with natural irrigation and the human ear with that natural music so skillfully cultivated by the Moorish builders of gardens in Toledo and Granada. This whispering music is soon echoed by that of the bees ("en el silencio sólo se escuchava / un susurro de abejas que sonava," lines 79-80), as it will later, at sunset, be echoed by the distant songs of the shepherds.

Little wonder that the imaginary girl-like inhabitants of the river's depth are attracted to this *locus amoenus*, "allí con su lavor a estar la siesta" (line 88). "El agua clara con lascivo juego / nadando dividieron y cortaron" (lines 93-94): the nymphs here are not simply being taken for granted as stock figures of classical mythology, but are rather being re-created plastically in the mythopoetic imagination of a great Renaissance poet. Passages of this sort indicate the profound importance of Ovid and Italian mythological paintings in the formation of Garcilaso's mature aesthetic sensibility. The poetic reality of these nymphs indicates the extent to which Garcilaso was capable of experiencing imaginatively a variety of pantheism in which the human artist collaborates with *natura naturans*, *natura artifex*, in creating beings which belong at the same time to the natural and to the human worlds, like the feminine curves of ripples on the river or the metamorphosis of slender maidens who turn into graceful trees.

In the sixth and last stanza of the section describing the emergence of the nymphs, after they wring out their hair and scatter it over their lovely backs, they finally take out, from somewhere (are they really nymphs, or young ladies in a salon?), their hand-

⁵ On the siesta or *hora sexta* as a dangerous witching hour in Mediterranean folklore, see J. E. Gillet, "El mediodía y el diablo meridiano en España," *NRFH*, VII (1953), 307-315, and addenda, *HR*, XXIII (1955), 293-295.

work and begin embroidering. This is the first mention made of the "telas"; the first two stanzas of the poem's central section are devoted to an explicit analysis of these fabrics.

II

- | | | |
|------------|---|--|
| stanza 14. | Las telas eran hechas y texidas
del oro que'l felice Tajo embía,
apurado después de bien cernidas
las menudas arenas do se cría,
y de las verdes hojas, reduzidas
en estambre sutil qual convenía
para seguir el delicado estilo
del oro, ya tirado en rico hilo. | 105

110 |
| stanza 15. | La delicada estambre era distinta
de las colores que antes le avían dado
con la fineza de la varia tinta
que se halla en las conchas del pescado;
tanto arteficio muestra en lo que pinta
y texe cada nympha en su labrado
quanto mostraron en sus tablas antes
el celebrado Apelles y Timantes. |

115

120 |

The main emphasis in these two stanzas falls upon the process of converting the "raw" materials of nature (the legendary grains of gold in the Tagus, green leaves, and shellfish juices) into artistic materials; golden threads and silken^o yarns dyed various colors. Garcilaso is, in fact, quite ingenious in emphasizing the "pastoral" source of silk in a way which parallels the "piscatorial" sources, established in classical literature, for gold and for dye; all of these materials are, of course, readily accessible to our amphibious nymphs. There is an analogy between the nymphs' creative activity and that of the poet himself; such words as "convenía" and "estilo" belong to the poetic precepts concerning stylistic decorum. Just as the ivy weaves shade in the treetops and the nymphs weave their pictures of silk and gold, so the poet is weaving his highly poetic fabric

^o No commentator has thought it necessary, so far as I know, to point out the fact that it was by silk worms that the "verdes hojas" were "reduzidas en estambre sutil." Not only is this the only explanation which seems to make sense, but it is also clearly indicated in Garcilaso's immediate source, Sannazaro's *Arcadia*, Prosa XII: "E quivi dentro sovra verdi tappeti trovammo alcune Nimfe sorelle di lei, che con bianchi e sottilissimi cribri cernivano oro, separandolo de le minute arene; altre filando il riducevano in mollissimo stame, e quello con sete di diversi colori intessevano in una tela di maraviglioso artificio. . ."

out of common Spanish words. For, beyond the technological process of manufacturing golden and colored threads, we have in the second half of stanza 15 a significant reference to the artistic process, the "arteficio," by which the nymphs convert these threads into pictorial works of art, comparable to the "tabulae" of two famous Greek painters.

Apelles was famous for the "gracia" (χάρης) of his Aphrodite Anadyomene, rising from the sea and wringing out her hair. More significantly, Timanthes was well known only because often cited by the Latin rhetoricians as the supreme example of "ingenium"; in his picture of Iphigenia's sacrifice he had depicted Calchas as sad, Ulysses as sadder, Menelaus as even sadder, and her father Agamemnon with his face entirely concealed, "quoniam summum illum luctum penicillo non posset imitari. . . ." ⁷ Timanthes was unique, according to Pliny (loc. cit.), because "in unius huius operibus intelligitur plus semper quam pingitur et, cum sit ars summa, ingenium tamen ultra artem est." In other words, this great artist was fully aware of the limitations of direct depiction and ingeniously transcended these limitations by indirectly suggesting the ineffable. This, as we shall discover, is precisely what Garcilaso is setting out to do.

The 18 stanzas which follow, as has already been noted, are divided into three groups of 3 and one of 9. First we see depicted in two scenes the death and the second loss of Eurydice, with a final scene in which Orpheus "se quexa al monte solitario en vano." Next, Apollo turns from hunting to the pursuit of Daphne, but her arms become branches, her hair leaves, and her feet twisted roots; it is the bereft lover who again occupies the final scene: "Llora el amante y busca el ser primero, / besando y abraçando aquel madero." Thirdly, a boar and a young hunter attack each other; Adonis, mortally wounded, is in the final scene embraced by a desperate Venus. This secondary plane of mythological pictures is related to the world of the *Metamorphoses* in a more explicit way than is the primary plane of the nymphs who weave the tapestries. In these familiar stories (for the Orpheus one Garcilaso draws on Virgil's version as well as on Ovid's) the transformations are not escapist fantasies or playful tricks of the imagination, for the

⁷ Cicero, *Orator ad M. Brutum*, XXII, 74. Cf. Pliny, *Natural History*, XXXV, 73-74, and Quintilian, *Institutio Oratoria*, II, xiii, 13. *Ingenio* is a key word in the vocabulary of Renaissance aesthetics, comparable to *invenzione*.

ultimate of nature's transformations is seen to be that of death, when the beloved person disappears as a mere shade in "el triste reyno de la escura gente" (line 139), or turns into an unfeeling piece of wood, or stains the white flowers with red blood and becomes a body that no longer breathes. Far from being an act of collaboration between man and nature, such transformations as these are a profound challenge to man as lover and artist: how is such raw grief to be accepted and transformed by the poet into a thing of beauty? Even Orpheus the musician fails, through lack of discipline ("impaciente / por mirarla," lines 141-142), to rescue his beloved from death. Each of the three tragic changes in this series of pictures is witnessed intensely and at close range by the lover; Venus is last seen with her mouth on the mouth of Adonis' corpse.

stanza 24. Boca con boca, coge la postrera
 parte del ayre que solía dar vida 190
 al cuerpo por quien ella en este suelo
 aborrecido tuvo al alto cielo.

These three sequences of mythological scenes are presented as close parallels; the only gradation is perhaps one of slight crescendo. The fourth nymph's tapestry forms of course another parallel, but here certain differences are emphasized. Nise has deliberately abandoned ancient mythology; she depicts the Tagus itself (which thus, as Spitzer has pointed out, figures on both planes within our poem), the city of Toledo, and the irrigated valley. Then, in this contemporary Spanish setting, woodland goddesses are seen to weep for a dead nymph, whose presence is evoked in the poem's most poignant lines, occurring precisely in the fifth, or middle, stanza of this series of nine:

stanza 29. Cerca del agua, en un lugar florido
 estava entre las yervas degollada 230
 qual queda el blanco cisne quando pierde
 la dulce vida entre la yerva verde.

(Here again, for full stylistic analysis, we must turn to Dámaso Alonso.) On a tree one of the goddesses carves an epitaph, and in it Nemoroso is mentioned for the first time. But the lover himself never actually appears; like the hidden face of Timanthes' Agamemnon, Nemoroso's grief can not be directly depicted, since it exceeds the limits of art, just as it exceeds the depicted grief of

This indirect presentation of Nemoroso, who in some way certainly represents Garcilaso himself, is an elaborate example of emphasis by understatement, of *klassische Dämpfung*. We recall Nemoroso's lament for the dead Elissa in the First Eclogue. The fertile landscape which had been the setting for their happiness together ("Corrientes aguas, puras, cristalinas . . .") was then like a desert, overrun with sterile thistles, the witnesses of his cruel grief; his only hope was in a new life, with her, after death. But now, in the Third Eclogue, Nemoroso's grief is hidden behind many veils. It is literally the echo of his voice that we hear, as the single word "Elissa" resounds from mountain to river; this echo occurs in the epitaph which the dead Elissa is represented as speaking by the woodland goddess who carves it upon a tree. And the goddess herself is but a secondary figure ("apartada algún tanto") within the woven scene which depicts primarily the dead nymph:

stanza 30. Una d'aquellas diosas, que'n belleza
al parecer a todas cedía,
mostrando en el semblante la tristeza 235
que del funesto y triste caso avía,
apartada algún tanto, en la corteza
de un álamo unas letras escribía
como epitaphio de la nympha bella, 240
que hablaban así por parte della:

stanza 31. "Elissa soy, en cuyo nombre suena
y se lamenta el monte cavernoso,
testigo del dolor y grave pena
en que por mí se aflige Nemoroso
y llama 'Elissa, Elissa' a boca llena;
responde el Tajo y lleva pressuroso
al mar de Lusitania el nombre mío,
donde será escuchado, yo lo fío."

In each of the three mythological sequences the lament of the bereft lover, directly represented, was the climax dominating the final lines of the sequence. Nise, deliberately rejecting "de los

passados casos la memoria," presents a sequence which is geographically and chronologically more immediate to poet and reader alike; yet this more recent Spanish story paradoxically recedes into the past as it becomes the fourth tapestry hung in a gallery of ancient *exempla*. And, as has been shown, Nemoroso's grief likewise recedes into the distance, becoming a quotation within a quotation within a picture. . . . If in the First Eclogue Nemoroso was Garcilaso's full-scale self-portrait, in the Third Eclogue the artist almost completely effaces himself as a *persona* and yet carefully permits us to catch a glimpse of him as though projected upon the distantly glimmering plane of Velázquez's mirror. Nemoroso's grief-stricken face is now heavily veiled; but, reading closely, we are constantly aware of the presence of Garcilaso, the increasingly self-conscious artist, capable of competing with the poets of classical antiquity.

With the concluding stanza of the central section we are brought back, explicitly, to the question of "artificio."

- | | | |
|------------|--|-----|
| stanza 34. | Destas istorias tales variadas | 265 |
| | eran las telas de las quatro hermanas, | |
| | las quales con colores matizadas, | |
| | claras las luzes, de las sombras vanas | |
| | mostravan a los ojos relevadas | |
| | las cosas y figuras que eran llanas, | 270 |
| | tanto que al parecer el cuerpo vano | |
| | pudiera ser tomado con la mano. | |

Spitzer has explained fully the ancient and Renaissance theories of chiaroscuro implicit in this stanza; Garcilaso may well have had in mind some phrase such as that of Leon Battista Alberti (*Della pittura*, 1436): "Il lume e l'ombra fanno parere le cose rilevate."⁸ He was also certainly aware of a long literary tradition, beginning with Homer, which provides many antecedents not only for the description, in a poem, of artistically depicted scenes, whether forged, carved, painted, or woven, but also for simultaneous commentary, of a more or less technical sort, upon the wonders of artistic illusion.⁹ Whatever passages from classical authors Garcilaso

⁸ See Herrera's *Anotaciones*, pp. 674-676, and Spitzer, *op. cit.*

⁹ Though this special type of *ἐκφρασις* or *descriptio* was well known as a rhetorical exercise and has been studied by art historians (see, for example, R. Hinks, *Myth and Allegory in Ancient Art* [London, 1939], and J. Seznec, *La Survivance des dieux antiques* [London, 1940]), it has not, so far as I know,

may have had in the back of his mind, he himself concentrated in this instance upon the illusion of a third dimension created upon a flat surface by the shading of colors from light to dark; although background "sombras" and foreground "cuerpos" or highlights are in actuality both equally "vanos" in the sense of "faltos de realidad" ("vanos" in the sense of "huecas," being the opposite of "abultadas," is appropriate only to the three-dimensional illusion of the "sombras"), the depicted objects suggest by their appearance that one could grasp them. The fact that Renaissance art can compete in this way with nature itself poses once more the question of art's relation to nature. It is technical skill, the new artifice of perspective, which allows the artist to produce a natural-looking painting and even to improve upon the natural scene being imitated. Similarly it is Garcilaso's art which allows him to use the pastoral conventions in so apparently natural a way that we are convinced of his "sincerity"; his poetry can thus compete with non-artistic human experiences of love and death and can claim a profounder and more lasting mode of existence.

The foregoing "formalistic" considerations are part of the poetic substance of the Third Eclogue. Even so natural a force as the Tagus River functions in part with the aid of human ingenuity, for it is made to drive its own irrigation wheels (*azudes*):

stanza 27. D'allí, con agradable mansedumbre,
el Tajo va siguiendo su jornada
y regando los campos y arboledas
con *artificio* de las altas ruedas.

215

been adequately studied as a poetic convention or *topos* in ancient, medieval, and Renaissance literature (but see, for example, E. L. Harris, *The Mural as a Decorative Device in Medieval Literature* [Nashville, 1935]. I am indebted for these references to Professor J. B. Avalle-Arce.) One may cite here only a few prime examples. On Achilles' shield, there is comment concerning the realistic effect of shading to represent the darker soil of a new-plowed field (*Iliad*, XVII, 548-549). Aeneas is deeply moved by the "vain pictures" of scenes from the Trojan War (*Aeneid*, I, 462-465). Incense smoke depicted on a marble bas-relief in Purgatory causes discord between the viewer's sense of sight and his sense of smell (Dante, *Purgatorio*, X, 61-63; I owe these references to Professor Paul Olson.) Perhaps closest to Garcilaso's Third Eclogue is Ovid's account of the weaving contest between Pallas and Arachne; before describing their pictures, he goes into considerable detail as to the shading of the colors (*Metamorphoses*, VI, 53-69). Garcilaso himself had already made use of this *topos* in his Second Eclogue, lines 1172 ff. But in the Third Eclogue this conventional device is not merely decorative or of secondary importance; it is central to the poem as a whole.

The reader cannot ignore the poet's concern with the relationship between appearance and reality, art and nature, for he is constantly being reminded, by such words as "figurado se vía," "en la pintura parecía," "llena de destreza y maña," that none of the scenes is represented as actually taking place; myths are woven into fabrics which are themselves verbal fictions. But neither can the reader ignore the constant theme of these myths, a complex human experience of love, death, and grief. It is the cruel power of love which "movió con tanta gracia / la dolorosa lengua del de Tracia" and which made him look back and lose Eurydice a second time; which brought the goddess Venus down from Olympus and prostrated her upon the bleeding corpse of Adonis. In contrast to the immediate physical violence of these ancient myths, the almost contemporary death of Elissa is tempered by a distantly elegiac tone. Only one word, "degollada," whose unexpected brutality has provoked discussion among commentators, betrays the underlying violence even here; the colors are not exclusively white and green, for into the grass trickles red blood, abstractly metaphorized as "la dulce vida" itself:

stanza 29. Cerca del agua, en un lugar florido
 estaba entre las yervas degollada, 230
 qual queda el blanco cisne quando pierde
 la dulce vida entre la yerva verde.

These four lines are the very heart of the poem, and in them we see the outrageous death of a beautiful young woman redeemed by imagery drawn from a realm of swans where death seems natural and even, pictorially and musically, beautiful. For the swan becomes a poet who sings as he dies; "la dulce vida" is not a mere stream of blood trickling through the grass, but like the stream in the *locus amoenus* of stanza 8, it flows musically, "baña el prado con sonido, / alegrando la yerva y el oído." In the figure of the swan, Elissa and the poet are joined, and death gives rise to song.

III

The final 13 stanzas begin with sunset, fish jumping on the river, and the sound of approaching shepherds singing antiphonally. We have left the static pictorial world for a more immediate plane of temporal reality, in which there is motion and music. Although their songs are poems within a poem, this is not so much a serious

new world of artistic illusion as a game whereby the shepherds are "haziendo su trabajo menos grave" (line 296). It is a singing contest; the theme is one of love fulfilled in a pastoral setting. The shepherds are rejoining their ladies at nightfall; their reunion, like the return of spring, renews the fertility of the fields themselves. Flórida and Phyllis seem to surpass even the gods, to incarnate the vital forces of nature. There is no shadow of death anywhere. Upon returning to the *locus amoenus* of nymphs and shepherds, which we have seen as belonging to the primary Ovidian world, the reader abandons all tragedies of the past; life in the present is natural, simple, and happy again. Yet this too, one realizes, is a world of illusion, as the nymphs slip away into the waves:

stanza 47. . . . y de la blanca espuma que movieron 375
las cristalinas ondas se cubieron.

The dream is over.

It is not, in conclusion, a simple matter to deduce from the Third Eclogue as a whole some clearcut "message" concerning love and death, nature and art. This poem obviously represents a step beyond the First Eclogue in sophistication: whereas the laments of Salicio and Nemoroso were presented directly and with no more irony than that implicit in the pastoral convention, in the Third Eclogue the complex problem of artistic imitation or representation becomes itself a poetic theme. For art, besides imitating nature, does imitate art, that is, work with and renovate certain traditional conventions. Not since the publication of El Brocense's notes to Garcilaso's poetry in 1574 has anyone been able seriously to pretend that Garcilaso was a simple soul responding with romantic immediacy to a purely amatory experience; the courtly and classical allusions, the *artificios* and *ingenium* underlying almost every line of his eclogues indicate that, for him, both universal human situations and ancient poetry, both nature and art, entered into what we may call his primary experience of life and into his intuitive or elaborative process.¹⁰ In the Third Eclogue Garcilaso is most fully aware of the implications of this Renaissance view of poetic art.

¹⁰ The more or less Aristotelian view of art as a construct imitative of nature merges, in Renaissance criticism, with the Horatian view of art as an imitative discipline whereby the poet perfects his natural gifts: "Vos exemplaria graeca / nocturna versate manu, versate diurna . . . / Natura fieret laudabile carmen an arte / quaesitum est: ego nec studium sine divite vena / nec rude quid prosit video ingenium; alterius sic / altera poscit opem res et coniurat amice" (*Ars Poetica*,

Within a pastoral framework of nymphs and shepherds are set the varying temporal and spatial perspectives of the embroidered fabrics. By comparison with these central scenes the framework seems quite simple; yet even the pastoral convention, as we have seen, depends upon a non-shepherdly, an "artificial," point of view. For the humanist like Garcilaso, art neither exists entirely apart from nature, nor is it simply an object reducible to nature. Man has, for example, artificially made waterwheels part of the natural landscape; in fact the landscape, as a landscape, does not exist until seen by the eye of man, the potential painter. And the pictorial artist uses natural materials, which have been artificially prepared, to express a vision of nature. As a mere object the picture is still part of the natural world; but with the three-dimensional illusion which it presents to the human eye, the artistic object reminds man of his own radically ambiguous mode of existence. Thus, in the Third Eclogue, it is art which orders and simplifies nature, rendering it intelligible; it is a clear sense of artistic distance which converts grief into beauty. As this humanistic dream attains perfect verbal expression, Garcilaso's poetic achievement is complete.

Dartmouth College

268-269, 408-411). It is the latter type of imitation which the humanists emphasized: "... digo y afirmo que no tengo por buen poeta al que no imita los excelentes antiguos" (El Brocense, quoted by A. Vilanova, *Fuentes y temas del Polifemo*, p. 15). There is no doubt that Garcilaso was influenced by both these views of art, nature, and imitation. In fact, the theoretical implications of the Third Eclogue seem in some ways to anticipate Scaliger's synthesis as summarized by Spingarn (*A History of Literary Criticism in the Renaissance* [New York, 1954], p. 134): "What Scaliger stands for, then, is the substitution of the world of art instead of life as the object of poetic imitation." But, of course, the whole question is much more complicated than this would imply, for the key terms (art, nature, imitation) are most equivocal, as A. O. Lovejoy has shown in "'Nature' as Aesthetic Norm," *MLN*, XLII (1927), 444-450 (reprinted in his *Essays in the History of Ideas* [Baltimore, 1948]).

DOS SONETOS DEL SIGLO XVII: AMOR-LOCURA EN QUEVEDO Y SOR JUANA

CARLOS BLANCO AGUINAGA

I

Para Quevedo, una y otra vez, las cosas del Tiempo sólo adquieren su real sentido cuando logra contemplarlas desde la otra ladera, desde la idea de una cristiana vida eterna, verdadera. El dualismo clásico, agudizado hasta el extremo en la España post-tridentina, conforma, bien sabido es, los más de sus asedios a la realidad. "Conoce las fuerzas del Tiempo, y el ser ejecutivo cobrador de la muerte," nos dice su editor al encabezar uno de sus sonetos más famosos;¹ y así, se oponen sin cesar en su obra Tiempo y Muerte, Tiempo y Eternidad, Vida y Muerte, Engaño y Desengaño. La misma oscura angustia que puede a veces parecer germen de rebeldía contra la ley de la existencia ("¡cómo de entre mis manos te resbalas! ¡Oh, cómo te deslizas, edad mía!")² confirma su obsesivo dualismo y es, en última instancia, prueba del terrible "realismo" que le empuja a despreciar—quizás contra sus inclinaciones—las cosas de este mundo.

Toda profunda, consistente, auténtica visión del mundo se refleja en cada uno de los actos del artista creador. Escribe Quevedo, por ejemplo, la serie de sonetos amorosos "en que canta sola a Lisi," e incluso ahí, inmerso en una tradición tan ajena, al parecer, a sus

¹ *Obras completas de Quevedo, Verso*, ed. Astrana Marín (Madrid, 1952), p. 452.

² Sobre los "inquietantes problemas en los sonetos morales," cf. Dámaso Alonso, "El desgarrón afectivo en la poesía de Quevedo," en *Poesía española* (Madrid, 1950), pp. 558-563.

preocupaciones ("en el reino de Amor güésped extraño"), lo dominante es, a la larga, el realismo por obra del cual las cosas todas del Tiempo resultan ser engaño, vanidad de vanidades, motivos de angustia, vía de la muerte. Acierta una vez más su editor cuando encabeza el soneto LXII con las siguientes palabras: "Artificiosa evasión de la muerte, si valiera; pero entretanto es ingeniosa." Para González de Salas—para Quevedo y su siglo—obvia era la relación entre artificiosidad e ingenio; evidente que todo artificio simboliza una voluntad de evasión. ¡Si *valiera*! Pero Quevedo no olvida la realidad de la muerte.

No sería posible, sin embargo, pasar por alto lo más sorprendente de este "Poema a Lisi": el mero hecho de su existencia. Dado el amor—o la afición a una tradición literaria—que le lleva a escribir una serie de sonetos a Lisi, se sigue necesariamente que Quevedo—huésped extraño o no—entrará en el antiguo juego cortesano y petrarquista. Unas veces por vía de la imagen galante (Petrarca, Herrera; cierta exageración a lo Tebaldeo):

En crespa tempestad del oro undoso
nada golfos de luz ardiente y pura
mi corazón, sediento de hermosura,
si el cabello deslaza generoso (soneto VIII).

E insistentemente, con el breve resplandor de esperanza que el amor pone en las cosas del mundo. En el soneto XVI, por ejemplo:

No verán de mi amor el fin los días:
la eternidad ofrece sus blasones
a la pureza de las ansias mías.

O en el XVII:

La llama de mi amor que está clavada
en el alto cenit del firmamento
ni mengua en sombras ni se ve eclipsada.

A pesar de sus diversos amores; a pesar del rigor con que, en sus otras obras, juzga la fragilidad de las cosas todas del Tiempo.

Y, en pleno delirio, canta así su entusiasmo por la belleza de la mujer amada cuyo retrato—minúsculo—trae en una sortija (soneto XXIV):

En breve cárcel traigo aprisionado,
con toda su familia de oro ardiente,
el cerco de la luz resplandeciente,
y grande imperio del amor cerrado.

Concetti tradicionales que culminan, por fin, en una explosión de metáforas absolutas. Palabras libres ya de la realidad—en este caso *pelo rubio*, o cabeza enmarcada en pelo rubio—a que en su primer origen se referían. ¿Cima—y nada más—de un estilo? Ha de ser, sin duda, cierto, que en el origen de muchas de las series de sonetos amorosos del Renacimiento no hay Amor ni amada; sólo tradición en el peor de los sentidos; retórica. Pero tampoco hemos de perder de vista que, si todos los sonetos amorosos del Renacimiento vienen a decir lo mismo, ello se debe en gran parte a que amar es siempre lo mismo: locura que estalla en la creación de sueños, palabras que se confunden con la realidad; llama que, entre dolores, todo lo ilumina con una luz insensata en que cualquier visión del mundo ajena a su propio brillo se disuelve. Tradición pura, sí, el “Poema a Lisi”; pero hable Quevedo de oídas—de leídas—o por experiencia propia, una y otra vez sus versos nos hacen entrever un alocado fuego en que vacila su dogmático y consistente concepto barroco del engaño:

Basta ver una vez grande hermosura;
que, una vez vista, eternamente enciende,
y en l'alma impresa eternamente dura.
Llama que a la inmortal vida transciende,
ni teme con el cuerpo sepultura,
ni el tiempo la marchita ni la ofende.

Pero nada en estos versos, es cierto, conspira *racionalmente* contra la firme visión del mundo del Quevedo dualista, católico y barroco. (De similar fe en el amor brotaron la *Vita Nuova* y los sonetos a Laura, “in Morte.”) Sólo algún severísimo moralista del XVII podría protestar contra tal neoplatonismo, así como en un diálogo de sueño San Agustín advertía a Petrarca de los peligros que corre el alma que busca la hermosura en este mundo y, en particular, en algo tan frágil como la mujer. No hay, pues, en el fondo, por qué inquietarse demasiado: al recordar otros momentos de Quevedo (“¡Fue sueño Ayer; Mañana será tierra! / ¡Poco antes, nada; y poco después humo!”), o de Góngora, o de Calderón, sentimos apenas un leve desasosiego frente al “Poema a Lisi”; apenas la sospecha de que una fuerza oscura y quizá demasiado convencional quisiera romper los moldes de una ideología por lo demás fuertemente establecida, en la época de Quevedo y en Quevedo mismo.

Por otra parte, si bien es fundamental destacar, como lo ha hecho

Otis H. Green,³ la presencia de los conceptos del amor cortés en esta serie de sonetos; si sería ligereza pasar por alto que el "Poema" a Lisi" es radicalmente "petrarquista" e incluso precisamos reconocer que la ideología del amor cortés y petrarquista se opone en muchos sentidos a la visión del mundo que consideramos propia de Quevedo,⁴ debemos también recordar que ya la poesía de los trovadores apunta hacia la que será poesía "metafísica" en el XVII y que en Petrarca encontramos ya angustiosas meditaciones sin las cuales serían inconcebibles los mejores sonetos amorosos de Ronsard, o de Shakespeare, o de Quevedo, en los que el concepto del engaño destruye, una y otra vez, el loco afán del amante que quiere aferrarse a la hermosura y sueña con vencer al Tiempo. De ahí que sin desviarse mayormente de temas y palabras que ya encontramos en Petrarca, Quevedo escriba en el soneto LI a Lisi estos versos tan suyos y tan del siglo XVII:

Cargado voy de mí: veo delante
muerte que me amenaza la jornada. . . .

O estos otros, en el soneto LIX:

Todo soy ruinas, todo soy destrozos,
escándalo funesto a los amantes. . . .

El mismo poeta que nos ha dicho que "Basta ver una vez grande hermosura" inicia otro soneto amoroso (no dedicado a Lisi, al parecer) con estas palabras:

A fugitivas sombras doy abrazos;
en los sueños se cansa el alma mía. . . .

(Astrana Marín, *op. cit.*, p. 57).

Por encima del arrebato amoroso, reconocemos esta voz. Nos llama especialmente hacia un Quevedo inconfundible en los últimos y mejores sonetos a Lisi. Todo lo que persigue el hombre en el siglo, nos dice ahí una y otra vez según extrae las últimas verdades de la experiencia amorosa, es sombra, sombras; sueños en que ha de cansarse el alma en tanto no reconozca su engaño. Quien insista en buscar vida queriendo aferrarse a cosas del Tiempo acabará en

³ Otis H. Green, *El amor cortés en Quevedo* (Zaragoza, 1955).

⁴ Por lo que a algunos críticos les sorprende que Quevedo escribiera el "Poema a Lisi." Cf., por ejemplo, René Bouvier, *Quevedo; hombre del diablo, hombre de Dios* (Buenos Aires, 1951), p. 160: "¿Qué puede hacer este realista violento y descreído entre la elegancia bucólica de los parajes de la *Astrea*?"

ruinas; ante sí, la muerte. En última instancia la originalidad profunda del "Poema a Lisi" se encuentra precisamente en que Quevedo, visión post-tridentina del mundo, lleva, por fin, a su consecuencia lógica y última ineludible el dualismo esencial a la poesía amorosa renacentista.⁵ Quevedo es, pues, consistente consigo mismo, aun en el "Poema a Lisi." Nadie, salvo un rasgo de locura, conspira contra sí mismo.

Y, de repente, uno de los sonetos a Lisi nos sale al paso. Viene cerca del final de la serie (XLV); es bien conocido y, sin embargo, una y otra vez nos asombra con su afirmación, al parecer inexplicable.

Cerrar podrá mis ojos la postrera
sombra que me llevare el blanco día,
y podrá desatar esta alma mía
hora a su afán ansioso lisonjera;

mas no de esotra parte en la ribera
dejará la memoria, en donde ardía;
nadar sabe mi llama la agua fría,
y perder el respecto a ley severa.

Alma a quien todo un Dios prisión ha sido,⁶
venas que humor a tanto fuego han dado,
medulas que han gloriosamente ardido,

su cuerpo dejarán, no su cuidado;
serán ceniza, mas tendrán sentido;
polvo serán, mas polvo enamorado.

El estilo y el tono emotivo son muy de Quevedo. En este sentido, poco—quizás nada—habría que añadir a las palabras que Amado Alonso escribió sobre este magistral soneto en el que encontraba

⁵ Sobre esta cuestión preparo actualmente un trabajo. Sería imposible dar aquí todas las razones que justifican lo que afirmo.

⁶ María Rosa Lida, "Para las fuentes de Quevedo," *RFH*, I (1939), 374, n. 1. propone que este verso debería leerse: "Alma, que a todo un Dios prisión ha sido." Nota que otro de los sonetos a Lisi habla del alma "donde todo el amor reinó hospedado," a lo que añade: "así también lo exige el riguroso esquematismo de los tercetos." La lectura de María Rosa Lida nos parece sensata, correcta, y la aceptamos como posible en la interpretación que damos a este verso más adelante. Esta lectura nos da, además, una clara idea de la grandeza del alma enamorada. Pero, por otra parte, parece también aceptable conceptualmente el verso como nos ha llegado: el Quevedo que en el "Poema a Lisi" llama varias veces al Amor "monarca" bien puede creer que el alma es su prisionera. A fin de cuentas, en el amor, el alma sufre el despotismo de algo "superior" a ella.

"una apasionada afirmación del propio sentimiento."⁷ Pero si llegamos a este poema por la vía que aquí nos ha traído a él, cabe que nos preguntemos, ¿sentimiento "propio" de quién? De Quevedo en este momento, desde luego. Pero es que en el hombre de pasión que fue Quevedo el "bloque luminoso de puro sentimiento"⁸ que es el soneto XLV a Lisi, porque se enfrenta a toda "ley severa," se yergue también contra Quevedo mismo, contra la idea del mundo que reconocemos como suya. Cabe, pues, por lo pronto, que protestemos contra el quevedesco anti-Quevedo que escribe estos versos: tenemos que decir que no; que él bien sabe que se engaña cuando la patética hermosura de su fuego, de su rebeldía, nos hace decir que sí verso a verso; que sí, cuando llegamos enajenados al verso final, a su proyección imposible. Ha pensado quizás con demasiada cautela Dámaso Alonso al sosphechar apenas que este poema "no deja de tener una raíz de paganía."⁹ La cosa es mucho más clara y no hay por qué enfocarla en términos de ortodoxia y heterodoxia: por la fuerza de su amor, o por una apasionada aceptación del concepto central que rige la tradición de la poesía amorosa, Quevedo conspira aquí contra sí mismo, se sale de sí y de la visión del mundo de su siglo como el alma misma se "desata." Diremos más: en varios sonetos anteriores¹⁰ iba ya Quevedo buscando la forma de esta expresión definitiva de un amor loco en el cual es evidente que toda la vitalidad del poeta se enfrenta desafiante a una idea del mundo extraña al "Poema a Lisi." ¿Cómo puede Quevedo pensar que el alma dejará su cuerpo, pero no su cuidado? Y las venas y medulas, ¿qué cuerpo dejan si no se dejan a sí mismas? El plural de "dejar" en el verso 12, sin duda gramaticalmente necesario, es conceptualmente irracional: en vilo de la pasión la palabra lucha contra sí misma. La extraña violencia que sentimos en estos versos brota en gran parte de que tres sustantivos de cualidades contrarias van seguidos de un verbo en plural que los une. La tensión es profundísima y parece diabólicamente deliberada por la forma en que la frase "su cuerpo dejarán" culmina un sistemático, feroz, descenso de *alma*, a *venas*, a *medulas*; de lo que puede transender, a lo más físico, al cuerpo en su propio

⁷ Amado Alonso, "Sentimiento e intuición en la lírica," en *Materia y forma en poesía* (Madrid, 1955), p. 16.

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 20.

⁹ Dámaso Alonso, *op. cit.*, p. 562.

¹⁰ Cf., por ejemplo, en Astrana Marín, *op. cit.*, el soneto XV (p. 54), los tercetos del soneto III a Lisi y el soneto IX a Lisi.

centro. El cambio de acento—de la primera a la segunda sílaba—subraya de manera extraordinaria este proceso. Gracias a él, *medulas* parece borrar los sustantivos anteriores—*alma*, *venas*—y al ocuparlo todo por un instante lleva al sorprendente plural del verso siguiente.¹¹

En seguida, la tensión parece resolverse de manera puramente convencional en las palabras “serán ceniza.” Quizá, pensamos ahora, la frase “su cuerpo dejarán” no era totalmente ilógica. La clave parece estar en el posesivo: el alma deja *su* cuerpo equivale a “deja el cuerpo que habita”; que las venas y medulas dejen su cuerpo viene a significar, quizá, de manera paralela, que, como el alma, entran a otro mundo. Pero, *ceniza*—y de aquí que esta palabra nos aterrice siempre—es *cuerpo*. Como tal, perecedero. Y en el fondo más recóndito de este abismo: cuerpo perecedero en que se niega el cuerpo. La tensión que creíamos resuelta, la angustia, se agudiza. Y contribuye no poco a ello—ahora lo vemos claramente—el que este plural, “serán ceniza,” se refiere también, lógica y gramaticalmente, a “alma.” No parece que vaya a encontrar salida el poeta que, al principio del segundo cuarteto, oponía tan seguro de sí su “mas” a la “postrera sombra.” Pero se corta el verso tras las palabras terribles “serán ceniza” y donde nuestra razón y costumbre gramatical tropiezan, como un chorro de pasión afirma el poeta, porque sí, su locura: “mas tendrán sentido.” El verso final,

polvo serán, mas polvo enamorado,

¹¹ Por lo que creemos que Quevedo no acentuó *médulas*. En su artículo citado, Dámaso Alonso da una razón excelente para creer, contra la opinión de Carilla, que Quevedo escribió *medulas* (*op. cit.*, p. 562, n. 52). Debo hacer notar aquí que Bruce Wardropper me indica que, según la tradición latina, *vena* y *medula* “son las partes del cuerpo poéticamente más espirituales” y que, por lo tanto, le parece “leve exageración” mi insistencia en “lo corporal.” Desde luego, *medulla* (meollo, seso; lo de en medio) es, en sentido translaticio, “lo más interior,” y Cicerón habla de “*medullis populi romani*” en sentido puramente metafórico. No cabe duda que “entrañas” (otro de los significados traslaticios que dan los diccionarios), además de su sentido concreto, tiene un sentido “espiritual.” Sin embargo, creo yo, a pesar de que las “venas” y “medulas” que han gloriosamente ardido son, tradicionalmente, el corazón “poético” (y el soneto de Quevedo es, en este sentido, tradicional, incluso en la posible alusión al Fénix), no puede el lector español dejar de sentir que hay un abismo entre *alma* y *medulas* y que, quizás, “venas” y “medulas” han dejado de ser aquí, hasta cierto punto, metáforas. Tal vez se trate de una cuestión de grado y de ambigüedad voluntariamente creada por el poeta; en todo caso, el lector, advertido, podrá modular nuestra interpretación gracias al acertado comentario de Wardropper. Bien merece este extraordinario soneto que sigamos ahondando en su lectura.

es la expresión sintética más extraordinaria que el delirio amoroso haya logrado en lengua española.

Delirio: porque bien sabe Quevedo—nos lo ha dicho muchas veces—que el único “sentido” que tiene la “ceniza” es el contrario del que él ha querido aquí darle; y bien sabe que el polvo es polvo. Y que nadie puede perder el respeto a ley severa. Claramente lo demuestra Calderón para su siglo—que no lo duda—en *El gran teatro del mundo*.

Sólo los que sueñan que Amor es un Dios y que puede ser prisión del alma—o el alma su carcelera—opinarán lo contrario. Pero Quevedo, por lo menos en el soneto XLII a Lisi, no parece ser de esos cuando escribe:

Si Dios eres, Amor, ¿cuál es tu cielo?

A lo que sigue una burla sangrienta de aquel niño y / o guerrero invencible a quien han creído deber prestar obediencia los que no ven el engaño, la vanidad que es el mundo:

Los que con las palabras solamente
freno ponéis de Jupiter al rayo;
los que podéis vestir de luto a mayo
y anochecer al Sol en el Oriente. . . .

(Astrana Marín, *op. cit.*, p. 19).

Palabras solamente; palabras las que en agónica tensión afirman lo imposible:

*su cuerpo dejarán, no su cuidado;
serán ceniza, mas tendrán sentido;
polvo serán, mas polvo enamorado.*

Y Quevedo bien sabía del abismo que hay entre el decir y el hacer y entre el decir y el ser. Por ello, como era de esperarse, pronto vuelve a su juicio. Escribe así en el soneto XLIX a Lisi:

Seráme por lo menos concedido
que esto, si es algo, que de mí dejaron,
lo miren reducido a sombra ardiente.

Por lo menos: vuelve Quevedo a moverse dentro de los límites de su realismo. ¡Qué abismo de esta *sombra ardiente*—si es algo—a aquella *ceniza* con sentido! Ha pasado la fiebre. El hombre—*esto*—es de nuevo un Fue, un Será, un Es cansado. Y en el soneto LI a Lisi, el Quevedo que bien conocemos reniega del que en un maravilloso momento anterior se nos había revelado inesperadamente:

Cargado voy de mí: veo delante
muerte que me amenaza la jornada;
ir porfiando por la senda errada,
más de necio será que de constante.

Pasó la fiebre. La locura que en algunos momentos habíamos creído ver perfilarse a lo largo del "Poema a Lisi" hasta tomar forma definitiva en el soneto XLV queda olvidada. No puede una visión del mundo claramente estructurada correr riesgos innecesarios frente a la violencia de un delirio pasajero. De aquel momento inexplicable sólo quedan palabras: "Cerrar podrá mis ojos la postrera. . . ." Pero en ellas—lo vemos claramente nosotros—el vibrante esfuerzo del hombre por crearse, o volver a encontrar, su sentido en el Mundo. Contra cualquier ley severa. Rebelión quizá insensata; angustiosa afirmación del valor de las cosas del Tiempo. Voluntad del poeta que trae en su mano—en mínima sortija—"todas las Indias" (soneto XXIV): palabras con que se siente capaz de crear realidades y, con ellas, capaz de luchar contra toda visión del mundo establecida; contra sí mismo, a ser necesario. Voluntad de afirmar en la palabra la inmortalidad del poema, y, en el poema, la verdad indestructible. ¡Si valiera!

II

Ya a finales del siglo XVII, en el Nuevo Mundo, es una voz de mujer la que nos llama a meditar sobre la palabra afirmativa con que el poeta desafía a toda ley severa. La voz—más fina que la de Quevedo; sutilísima—es la de Juana de Asbaje.

Como Quevedo, como su siglo todo, Sor Juana conoce bien las leyes que definen la Realidad. Y según su pensamiento lo divide todo en las consabidas parejas de contrarios, sabe a ciencia cierta de qué lado de la balanza se encuentran la verdad y la vida auténtica, la muerte y el engaño. No es de extrañar que, como tantos otros, al expresar su visión del mundo, su voz se limite muchas veces a repetir el lugar común. Así, por ejemplo, en el soneto "En que da moral censura a una rosa, y en ella a sus semejantes."

Rosa divina que en gentil cultura
eres con tu fragante sutileza
magisterio purpúreo en la belleza,
enseñanza nevada a la hermosura.

.

¡Con que, con docta muerte y necia vida,
viviendo engañas y muriendo enseñas!

Antiquísimo tópico. Entre ecos de Góngora y Calderón, arte dirigido a desengañar a los que se aferran a lo pasajero. Poesía, en última instancia, dirigida contra sí misma, en cuanto que todo arte, bien se sabía, es ficción—artificio—, pasajero entretenimiento que si algo vale, no lo vale en sí, sino porque es útil instrumento para declarar verdades anteriores e independientes a cualquier poema. En el mejor de los casos, cabía reconocer que la poesía es sólo reflejo de la inevitable y frívola tendencia al metro y a la rima que tienen algunos mortales, como bien declara la misma Sor Juana en su carta a Sor Filotea.¹² Pero incluso cuando esta tendencia desemboca en el vicio mayor del siglo, en los juegos de palabras, hasta los juegos de palabras—sin dejar de entretener—encontrarán su utilidad en servicio de la visión del mundo que revela lo vacío de toda ficción. Así, a la vez que Sor Juana se defiende contra los que criticaban no sólo su afición a filosofar, sino su afecto a las palabras y al verso, demuestra cómo las palabras pueden ser instrumento para dejar la verdad realista de su siglo bien en claro:

En perseguirme, mundo, ¿qué interesas?
¿En qué te ofendo, cuando sólo intento
poner bellezas en mi entendimiento
y no mi entendimiento en las bellezas?
Yo no estimo tesoros ni riquezas,
y así, siempre me causa más contento
poner riquezas en mi entendimiento
que no mi entendimiento en las riquezas.
Yo no estimo hermosura que vencida
es despojo civil de las edades
ni riqueza me agrada fementida;
teniendo por mejor en mis verdades
consumir vanidades de la vida
que consumir la vida en vanidades.

No deja de llamarnos la atención en estos versos un cierto orgullo, así como en la carta a Sor Filotea, cuando trata Sor Juana del mismo asunto, notamos una profunda ironía y, alguna vez, cierto esquinado sarcasmo. Pero lo que nos importa ahora es destacar que en un siglo de poetas—el siglo de las *Soledades*—una excelente poetisa se ve

¹² Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz, *Obras completas* (Mexico, 1951), IV, 452-453; 459; 469-470.

obligada a escribir soneto tan mediocre para declarar públicamente que nada en su mundo interior difiere de un concepto de la Realidad firmemente establecido. Se le "persigue," es cierto, por mujer y porque, siendo monja, gusta de escribir tanto verso de circunstancias, pero, ¿no será, en el fondo, que la inutilidad y vanidad de todo quehacer poético—la locura del poeta—saltan más a la vista en un caso extremo, cuando a ese quehacer se dedica quien, según la costumbre, no debiera hacerlo?

Tras tal confesión pública, no esperemos, pues, no temamos, que esta mujer del siglo XVII nos revele un mundo poético que difiera en lo sustancial del de los autores peninsulares que bien conoce. Notaremos constantemente en sus versos una gracia muy peculiar que la distingue, cierta sutil y profunda elegancia en la que adquieren nueva vida incluso algunos versos de Calderón, de Góngora o de Quevedo que de manera puramente circunstancial copia a glosa. De vez en cuando, también, lo asombroso, el milagro: algún poema en que la voz de Sor Juana, sin despegarse en nada de la tradición, expresa intuiciones originales, sólo suyas. ¿Quién que vuelva a Sor Juana no vuelve, una y otra vez, al soneto que dedica a su retrato?

Este que ves, engaño colorido,
que, del arte ostentando los primores,
con falsos silogismos de colores
es cauteloso engaño del sentido. . . .

Viejo tema que, para colmo, se resuelve en un último verso tomada casi directamente de Góngora. No es ésta ocasión de intentar un análisis del soneto que quizá nos ayudaría a entender algo de su originalidad. Baste aquí apuntar que el origen emotivo del soneto radica en que Sor Juana—la bellísima Sor Juana—escribe, no en abstracto, sino a partir de un doloroso momento en que ha visto frente a sí a la Sor Juana que ella no es, en la única imagen que nosotros veremos. Frente a la idea, repetida hasta el cansancio desde la antigüedad, de que lo pintado compite con lo vivo, que da a lo vivo presencia indestructible, el soneto de Sor Juana nos ofrece una angustiosa revelación personal de que *aquello*, lo pintado —¡cauteloso engaño del sentido!—, es, desde su concepción, lo muerto; color que quiere pasar por substancia. Cómo esta intuición personal ilumina profundamente una idea tradicional del mundo que quizá teníamos olvidada de pura sabida: he ahí el milagro de la nueva forma. Sor Juana es una extraordinaria poetisa y, como

Quevedo, nos lleva, una y otra vez al problema de la tradición y la originalidad. Pero, como Quevedo, Sor Juana se mueve entre intuiciones e ideas claramente establecidas en su tiempo y en lo más hondo de su propio espíritu. Cuanto más extraordinarias y brillantes y originales sus palabras, mejor lo entendemos así y más profundo sentido cobra el concepto de la Realidad característico de su siglo.

De ahí que otro magnífico soneto, el que "Contiene una fantasía contenta con amor decente," nos sorprenda siempre, ya que en él se afirma una intuición que no es, que no debería ser de nuestra autora. ¿Qué extraña locura hace presa de Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz cuando escribe:

Detente, sombra de mi bien esquivo,
imagen del hechizo que más quiero,
bella ilusión por quien alegre muero,
dulce ficción por quien penosa vivo.

Si al imán de tus gracias atractivo
sirve mi pecho de obediente acero
¿para qué me enamoras lisonjero,
si has de burlarme luego fugitivo?

Mas blasonar no puedes satisfecho
de que triunfa de mí tu tiranía;
que aunque dejas burlado el lazo estrecho

que tu forma fantástica ceñía,
poco importa burlar brazos y pecho
si te labra prisión mi fantasía?

Tradicional—convencional—parece la queja de los cuartetos: para el amante no correspondido (la amante en este caso) la persona amada es siempre una presencia que incita, dando esperanzas y alegría; una ausencia (aun en la presencia) que provoca dolor. Tradicionalmente, amar es unas veces gozarse en estas contradicciones; otras, como aquí en el caso de Sor Juana, pedir fin al suplicio: *Detente*;

¿para qué me enamoras lisonjero,
si has de burlarme luego fugitivo?

La dulce enemiga o el dulce enemigo, que no atienden jamás a quien les adora, provocan así el peculiar dolor del corazón dividido que bien conocían ya los provenzales y que tan a fondo exploró

Cavalcanti. Hasta el tiempo de Sor Juana el concepto se había venido repitiendo sin mayores variantes: amar es siempre un morir gozoso ("alegre muero"), un vivir doliente ("penosa vivo"). Y todo "bien" que el amante (o la amante) imagina es siempre, necesariamente, "esquivo."

De esta idea o tema tradicional arranca Sor Juana. Pero no vuelve a elaborar lo que poetas anteriores habían agotado: el tema, con todas sus ramificaciones, va implícito. Sor Juana y sus lectores no necesitan más. Libre de tal necesidad, desde el principio del soneto da Sor Juana el paso definitivo en que el concepto central de la poesía amorosa renacentista es llevado hasta sus consecuencias últimas: si el amor es, siempre, un *bien esquivo*, no es, bien mirado, realidad tangible. Y desde el primer cuarteto se separa Sor Juana, avanzando, de los más que agotaron el tema: el *detente* no va dirigido al amado, sino a su *sombra* a la *imagen* que "hechiza" al poeta. La persona amada es, así, realmente, *bella ilusión*, *dulce ficción*. El radical idealismo que sospechábamos en tanto quejoso amante renacentista queda ahora definido con precisión, con luminoso vigor conceptual y sentimental. Nuestra realista poetisa del realista siglo XVII ha llegado a una conclusión definitiva que era ya ineludible en el mundo post-tridentino. La experiencia de los sentidos, si se analiza rigurosamente a partir de una clara idea de lo Eterno, no puede dejar lugar a dudas: todo es "resguardo inútil para el hado." Por lo que toca al caso específico del amor, una palabra muy traída y llevada en el Siglo de Oro nos lo dice todo en este soneto: es amor, apenas, un *hechizo*. Nada en el siglo de Sor Juana, nada en Sor Juana, podrá oponerse a esta verdad.

Según ahonda así Sor Juana en una idea tradicional del amor, afirma la idea del mundo que en ella era de esperarse. Pero, de repente, cuando pasamos al primer terceto una palabra se yergue desafiante: *mas*; la misma que en el soneto XLV de Quevedo a Lisi llevaba el peso de la rebeldía. Necesariamente, otra palabra refuerza su sentido: *no*.¹³

¹³ Sin embargo, hay una notable diferencia en el modo de empleo de *mas no* en los dos sonetos que subraya la diferencia de temple entre Quevedo y Sor Juana: el verso de Sor Juana ("Mas blasonar no puedes satisfecho") es sorprendentemente convencional y moderado en su acentuación. Y al caer los acentos sobre la sílabas 4, 6 y 10 el *no* queda sin destacar; quizá podríamos decir *interior* en la fuerza con que se opone al *blasonar*—de esa sombra tirana—sobre el que cae el primer acento. Por el contrario, el verso de Quevedo ("Mas *nó* de esotra *párte* en la *ribéra*"), con sus acentos en 2ª, 6ª 10ª es algo menos convencional. Gracias a ello el *no* se levanta violentísimo: pasión arrojada al contrario. O,

Mas blasonar no puedes satisfecho
de que triunfa de mí tu tiranía. . . .

Siempre leemos (o debemos leer) un poema dentro de su tradición y, siempre, por rápida que vaya la vista tras de las palabras, de alguna manera, en brevísimos instantes en que parecería suspendemos apenas la lectura, salimos del poema y volvemos a él con asociaciones extrañas, con recuerdos de otros poemas, con esperanzas de una costumbre. En la lectura de estos dos versos creemos entender, en seguida, que la amante va a liberarse de la tiranía de la sombra con un total rechazo, alcanzado tal vez por fuerza de voluntad, quizá por un natural des-amor que ya vislumbra en su alma. No será Sor Juana la primera que haya declarado tal intención. Seguros así en nuestras asociaciones, llegamos a la breve pausa que sigue a *tiranía*; nos detenemos apenas para entrar al final esperado; y, de sorpresa, Sor Juana nos lleva a un cielo de locura en el que un mundo que creíamos firmemente estructurado se desintegra ante nosotros, abriendo luces, leves inquietudes, esperanzas nuevas:

que aunque dejas burlado el lazo estrecho
que tu forma fantástica ceñía,
poco importa burlar brazos y pecho
si te labra prisión mi fantasía.

No se trata, vemos con asombro, de acabar por el olvido con la tiranía de la sombra. La victoria contra la "ficción" es radical, inusitadamente paradójica: poco importa que la imagen—forma fantástica *apenas*—crea librarse de quien la persigue; *precisamente* porque es forma fantástica la fantasía de Sor Juana la creará siempre de nuevo, presente en cada momento de su vida y presente en el poema, labrada en sueño indestructible.

No podemos evitar el recuerdo de un soneto de Quevedo al que ya nos hemos referido; vale la pena leerlo ahora completo:

A fugitivas sombras doy abrazos;
en los sueños se cansa el alma mía;
paso luchando a solas noche y día
con un trasto que traigo entre mis brazos.
Cuando le quiero más ceñir con lazos,
y viendo mi sudor, se me desvía:

quizá, pasión arrojada contra nada en concreto: al mundo, a un dogma aceptado; a algo general y omnipresente. No porque sí; no que se basta a sí mismo.

vuelvo con nueva fuerza a mi porfía,
y temas con amor me hacen pedazos.

Voyme a vengar en una imagen vana
que no se aparta de los ojos míos;
búrlame, y de burlarme corre ufana.

Empiézola a seguir, fáltanme bríos;
y como de alcanzarle tengo gana,
hago correr tras ella el llanto en ríos.

Saltan a la vista la relación temática y las profundas diferencias. La situación de los dos amantes es parecida. De igual manera, y con el mismo lenguaje, se encuentran los dos frente a "sombras" "fugitivas" imposibles de "ceñir"; las imágenes de la persona amada—realidad total—"burlan" de igual manera a los amantes. Pero muy distintos son los modos de lucha de Quevedo y de Sor Juana. "Hechizados" los dos hasta el grado de querer apresar sombras, donde en Quevedo es todo fuerza, voluntad física en que se hace "pedazos" y hasta busca "venganza," Sor Juana se nos aparece interior, quieta, segura quizás ya desde los cuartetos de que el amor no es cuestión de "bríos," ni de "sudor" ni de "lazos." Frente a la violenta expresión masculina, una sutil y paradójicamente obstinada afirmación del espíritu.

El soneto de Quevedo nos desgarran en su vocabulario y violentos cambios de acentuación:¹⁴ cuando apenas hemos descansado de

¹⁴ En los momentos más inesperados de un comentario estilístico puede resultar la acentuación asunto de capital importancia. Desgraciadamente, a pesar de la aparente claridad de nuestra lengua, y aun tratándose de sonetos, en cuanto sentimos la necesidad de buscar más allá de los acentos principales, resulta difícilísimo precisar lo que creemos oír, y aún en nuestros mejores esfuerzos por objetivar la experiencia somos los más todavía esclavos de nuestro mejor o peor oído. Añadamos a esto que en la interpretación de lo que creemos oír es difícil no caer en las tentaciones que nos ofrece la subjetividad. Sin embargo, necesario es muchas veces ocuparse de los acentos de un poema. Creo que estos dos sonetos lo exigen. Tómese, pues, en cuenta, par la mejor comprensión de las breves observaciones que hago en el texto, lo siguiente: que en este soneto de Quevedo es difícil precisar el lugar exacto en que caen ciertos acentos. Se puede afirmar, sin embargo, que tiene un número mayor de acentos que el soneto de Sor Juana. Y aunque es más constante que el soneto de Sor Juana en su acentuación en 6ª, es extraordinariamente irregular: quizás no haya dos versos de acentuación igual y, desde luego, los que podrían parecer iguales (el 2 y el 4, el 6 y el 8, el 7 y el 11 o el 3 y el 14, por ejemplo) no parecen responder a ninguna necesidad de orden o de simetría. Por otra parte hay un buen número de versos de cuatro acentos y quizás dos de cinco. Los cambios de acentuación resultan en general violentos, dislocados. Todo esto corresponde al tema de la "persecución y burla" y a la desordenada angustia que padece el poeta. El soneto de Sor Juana, aunque tiene una más variada distribución de acentos en 4ª, 6ª y 8ª, y aunque tiene

un verso de cuatro acentos en uno de tres, nos arrastra un endecasílabo cinco veces acentuado. Tras este desenfreno, al final del soneto, en el agotamiento, sólo queda el llanto. Y en el llanto la confirmación de que es locura querer así aferrarse a las cosas de este mundo: imágenes de imágenes. No es en este poema, lo hemos visto, donde Quevedo logra liberarse de su propia idea "realista" y "barroca" del mundo. Por el contrario, el soneto de Sor Juana es desde el principio más equilibrado; más suave en su musicalidad, más uniforme en su acentuación. Y dentro de este mayor equilibrio en que se mantiene el espíritu de la poetisa, resalta la calma acentual de los dos primeros versos del primer terceto:

Mas blasonar no puedes satisfecho
de que triunfa de mí tu tiranía. . . .

Donde empieza a afirmar su victoria, parece bajar la voz. Y anunciada su seguridad hace una leve pausa. En seguida, al comenzar a dar las razones en que se funda su confianza, vuelve a los cuatro acentos según desafía la acción de la "sombra" ("que aunque dejas burlado el lazo estrecho . . .").¹⁵ En el verso siguiente ("que tu forma fantástica ceñía") se deleita Sor Juana en sólo tres palabras como bloques; se exalta de nuevo en los cuatro acentos del verso penúltimo (*burlar* es otra vez el verbo en que se goza la imagen y *poco importa* es lo que canta Sor Juana) y, totalmente segura de sí, cierra el poema sin violencia alguna en el extraordinario verso final en que tres firmes y espaciados acentos, tres palabras (*labrar, prisión, fantasía*), nos abren a un mundo en efecto hechizado, mágico, increíble en su quieta afirmación de lo imposible.

Porque sabemos que Sor Juana, la Sor Juana que hasta este soneto

cuatro (¿o siete?) acentos en 3ª, cosa no muy común, ofrece una simetría apenas fuera de foco, sutilmente insistente. En el primer cuarteto, por ejemplo, domina el acento en 8ª (en 4ª y 8ª en rigor); luego lo dominante es el acento en 6ª y acaba por imponerse la forma en 3ª y 6ª. Varios versos, además, son iguales de acentuación, o muy parecidos: hay cuatro de 4ª, 8ª y 10ª y seis cuya acentuación principal cae en 3ª, 6ª y 10ª, los 2 primeros en el 2º cuarteto y los 4 últimos en los tercetos. Es de notar también que hay dos versos en 4ª y 6ª, y que aparecen el uno a continuación del otro (el 8 y el 9). Esta armonía, no del todo sistemática (de ahí parte de su encanto) se rompe en el extraordinario verso 13 (que, sin embargo, lleva también acentos en 3ª y 6ª), para volver a su curso, y aquietarse (3-6-10), en el magistral último verso. ¿Será necesario subrayar que en este soneto también parecen ser una y la misma cosa el tema, el ritmo y la actitud de la sutilísima Sor Juana?

¹⁵ También ante el verbo *dejar burlado* se inquietaba el verso de Quevedo.

habíamos venido leyendo, no puede creer que la fantasía libre prisión a cosa alguna. Y si se dijera que lo único que la fantasía puede crear es imágenes, no debemos olvidar que Sor Juana sabe a ciencia cierta que *eso* es precisamente lo que "poco importa." Y, sin embargo, he ahí su afirmación. ¿Qué extraña locura enajenaba a Juana de Asbaje cuando escribió este soneto? Sólo sabemos que, en vilos del amor, que todo lo ilumina, Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz, como en otro momento Quevedo, se liberó un día, por breves instantes, de su visión conceptual-realista del mundo.

III

No es común que un poeta se rebele contra su propia idea del mundo: de ella dependen su salud mental, la posibilidad de ahondar consistentemente en la Realidad, su capacidad de estructurar poemas y la existencia. El poeta es, a fin de cuentas, hombre; y hombre que da forma a intuiciones o ideas que los demás mortales apenas vislumbran. Desde luego, el más breve instante de rebeldía es inusitado en el siglo XVII: si el poeta en aquel siglo cedía a un raptó que conspirara contra su propia idea del mundo, conspiraba contra un firme sistema establecido de verdades y valores. Lejísimos están los poetas del tiempo de Quevedo, y aun del de Sor Juana,¹⁶ de la revolución romántica; el contradictorio, caótico y angustiado mundo moderno apenas si, quizá, lo anuncia un Shakespeare. De ahí nuestro asombro ante el soneto de Quevedo y el de Sor Juana: en ellos, de dos maneras distintas, vemos a dos poetas dejarse llevar por intuiciones contrarias a las verdades de que depende su existencia y su obra toda; y vemos en ellos abrirse dos modos distintos de esperanza—y de futuro dolor—para el poeta y el hombre. El soneto de Quevedo "Cerrar podrá mis ojos . . .," por elemental, porque, en efecto, brota de las "venas" ardientes, por primitivo, es la afirmación pura de la voluntad—como decía Amado Alonso—y apunta hacia futuras rebeldías absolutas basadas en lo que Unamuno llamaría el puro querer ser. Por su naturaleza propia, por ir tan ligada a la desesperación, la verdad increíble que ahí opone Quevedo a toda "ley severa" desembocará en el mundo moderno en la angustia: Tiempo y Materia contra la Muerte. El soneto de Sor Juana, porque afirma la fantasía, realidad del espíritu,

¹⁶ En cierto modo, porque la Nueva España estaba tan lejos, Sor Juana y Quevedo se encuentran más próximos en el tiempo de lo que las fechas indican.

se abre hacia supuestos poéticos básicos que tendrán más firme y sutil vida: desde Coleridge hasta nuestros días crearán los poetas—de ello depende su existencia—que de lo que parece sueño brota la realidad.

En un jardín te he soñado,
alto, Guiomar sobre el río . . . ,

cantará todavía Juan de Mairena. Y aunque para cuando Juan de Mairena canta así, Antonio Machado, su creador, vive ya en un tiempo que sabe de la fragilidad de las imágenes, seguirán los poetas afirmando su sueño: que las cosas del Tiempo en el poema encuentran su lazo estrecho, labrada prisión indestructible. Fe del poeta de que palabra y cosa son una misma realidad. Idea, creemos, extraña en general *en cuanto idea* al siglo XVII español.¹⁷ Pero idea que en Quevedo y Sor Juana, por dos vías distintas, encuentra expresión sorprendente en dos momentos en que el amor les encontró desnudos de sí mismos, sin protección de verdades recibidas; abiertos a las flechas del misterio.

*University of California,
Riverside*

¹⁷ Una de las paradojas del siglo XVII español es que sin creer en la importancia de las obras del hombre hayan dejado los poetas tantas obras de arte, tantos poemas en que, por definición, la Realidad es la Palabra.

JU

“
todo
ning
así
muy
emo
se tr
indi
nue
que
dine
aque
Cavi
cion
resp
el es
Aun
lo co
pret
que
sens
de u
que
se p

¹ P
1899,

PRELUDIO DEL 98 Y LITERATURA DEL DESASTRE

JUAN LÓPEZ-MORILLAS

I

"Hay una cosa—escribe Baroja en 1899—que nos molesta a casi todos los españoles: el buen sentido."¹ El escritor que, mejor que ninguno de sus contemporáneos, encarna ese apotegma manifiesta así su desdén hacia una manera de concebir la realidad española muy en boga en el período que sigue al desastre colonial. La emoción con que el país reacciona ante la magnitud de la derrota se traduce, según el temperamento individual, en sorpresa, dolor o indignación. No faltan, sin embargo, quienes reciben las infaustas nuevas si no con indiferencia, sí con evidente alivio, entendiendo que la pérdida de las colonias pondrá fin al derroche de sangre y dinero con que en vano se ha pretendido conservarlas. Mas para aquellos españoles sensibles al abatimiento de la patria, Santiago y Cavite son magnas sacudidas espirituales, angustiosas interrogaciones de orden personal e histórico, a las que afanosamente se busca respuesta bien en la intimidad de la propia conciencia o bien en el estudio y ponderación de la realidad española presente y pasada. Aunque ambas actitudes se den alguna vez en una misma persona, lo común, no obstante, es que la primera de ellas suscite una interpretación solipsista, lírica, del "problema de España," mientras que con la segunda se aspira a dar a ese problema una solución sensata, razonada y, como tal, de validez transcendente. Valiéndonos de una distinción bienquista de Unamuno, podría decirse que los que escogen la primera vía son los *espirituales*, en tanto que quienes se pronuncian por la segunda son los *intelectuales*.

¹ Pío Baroja, "'Hacia otra España,' por Ramiro de Maeztu," en *Revista Nueva*, 1899, p. 191.

Con alguna salvedad que ahora no viene a cuento, cuando se habla de la crisis de la conciencia española a raíz de la derrota de 1898 se da a entender con ello que se la circunscribe a su significación literaria. Los llamados *hombres del 98* son primordialmente hombres de letras a quienes el más literato de ellos, Azorín, encajó *ex post facto* en una generación literaria hábilmente cortada a la medida. Sería ingenuo sugerir que tal identificación es injusta. Nada, en realidad, más lógico que ella. En la crónica del pensamiento español figuran esos hombres en lugar eminente, y son ellos los que, en definitiva, han ejercido más hondo y duradero influjo en la sensibilidad de quienes han venido después. Pero, a fin de evitar equívocos, conviene recordar que ninguno de esos hombres pretendió resolver problema alguno que no fuera de índole personal; más aún, que ninguno de ellos se propuso plantear problema alguno de manera objetiva, desnudándolo previamente de adherencias sentimentales, de intenciones y prejuicios privativos. En realidad, cada uno de ellos se sirvió de la angustia del momento para hacer de ella—en el más noble sentido—*poesía*. Incluso aquellos que, como Unamuno y Maeztu, mostraron en los meses posteriores a la catástrofe algún interés por las soluciones prácticas, pronto les volvieron la espalda y acabaron por ser, ellos precisamente, los más refractarios a toda terapéutica social, política o económica.

Pero es el caso que junto al noventa y ocho literario, amasado de íntimas angustias y rebeldías, existe otro noventa y ocho que poco o nada tiene de lírico, aunque en su raíz cordial se vislumbren a veces zozobras y desazones personales. Este otro noventa y ocho se empeña en proyectar sobre la crisis nacional la mirada fría e irreverente de un patriotismo sin ilusiones. Es una actitud justificada por numerosos precedentes. Desde el siglo XVII florece toda una literatura social, a menudo sólo monitoria, en ocasiones francamente reformista, que ha dado no pocas figuras cimeras a la historia del pensamiento español. La intensión suasoria de esta especie literaria exige el concurso de una argumentación y un estilo especiales, en los que al radical—acaso irracional—convencimiento del autor va unido el propósito de sustentar ese convenimiento sobre bases generalmente aceptables. De aquí la apelación al *buen sentido*, esto es, a la objetividad, que tanto parece molestar a Baroja y, según él, a la mayoría de los españoles. Irritante o no, sería yerro de mayor cuantía el desdeñar tal actitud al intentar escribir algunos capítulos de la historia intelectual de España.

El hábito de identificar la crisis nacional de 1898 con sus derivaciones literarias y estéticas ha sido causa de una notable perversión en la manera de enfocar y enjuiciar otras manifestaciones de la crisis poco vinculadas a las bellas letras. Culpable de tal perversión ha sido en parte el excesivo *literatismo* de que adolece la cultura española del período en cuestión, motivo de que se pongan bajo la advocación de la literatura temas que convendría remitir a otras jurisdicciones menos subjetivas.² Pero quizá la máxima culpa corresponda a la desconfianza con que siempre se ha mirado a quienes, pertrechados de celo reformista, aspiran a subvertir usos sociales, soliviantar ánimos y zaherir maneras rutinarias de pensar y obrar. Ha sido frecuente tildar de *arbitristas* a aquellos hombres que, conmovidos por los aciagos acontecimientos de 1898, se propusieron como primera providencia rasgar el velo de ficciones con el que se pretendía encubrir el colapso nacional, y, por añadidura, sugerir remedios prácticos para rescatar al país de su terrible postración.³ Contra estos hombres se han esgrimido las armas del desdén y el ridículo, y ello en defensa de lo que, en fin de cuentas, no son sino aficiones estéticas o prefiguraciones caprichosas de lo que es o debe ser España. Se ha visto de ordinario la Castilla de Unamuno, de noble y austera belleza, escenario de heroicas hazañas y místicos fervores; no se ha querido ver la Castilla de Costa, la desmedrada y sedienta paramera, madrastra de quienes arañan sus terrones calcinados en busca del pan cotidiano. En lo que no se ha hecho bastante hincapié es en la necesidad de ver esas dos Castillas, pues, a la postre, la contradicción que se manifiesta entre ellas es sólo aparente. La belleza y la pobreza de la meseta castellana—léase de España, si se quiere—, la gloria de antaño y la indigencia de hogaño son, si bien se mira, ingredientes inseparables de una misma realidad. Intentar apartarlos supone incurrir en abstracciones que, por útiles que sean al propagandista social o político, no dejan de ser aventuras para quien procura entender rectamente el acontecer his-

² De interés en este particular es el ensayo de Unamuno titulado cabalmente "Literatismo": "El literato que no es más que literato—escribe don Miguel—jamás llegará a ser un verdadero artista. Es una calamidad la de esos literatos sin educación filosófica ni científica que acaban por caer en eso que se llama *esteticismo* y menosprecian mundos que les están cerrados, fingiendo dejarlos para otros." *La Revista Blanca*, I: 1 (1 julio 1898), 11-15.

³ Así, entre otros, Melchor Fernández Almagro: "Para diagnosticar la enfermedad nacional surgió una legión de terapeutas, que no eran sino la encarnación última de los arbitristas y curanderos de siempre." *Vida y obra de Angel Ganivet* (Madrid, 1952), pp. 185-186.

tórico. Gran parte de las polémicas en que se desgrana la irritación del español de dos siglos acá tienen como principal fundamento la aceptación *a priori* del mito de las dos Españas, lo que conduce sin más a la execración de una en nombre de la otra. Acaso sea éste un modo genérico de reaccionar ante las graves crisis individuales o colectivas y no específica modalidad de la psicología española. Sea como fuere, el hecho es que la derrota de 1898 exacerba la ya desmesurada propensión del español a buscar una víctima propiciatoria para culpas que son, sin duda, tan propias como ajenas. En la historia, en la sociedad, en el Estado, en la religión, verán unos al causante de los males nacionales; en el individuo mismo, en el *yo hispánico*, lo verán otros. Porque adviértase que, puesto en el brete de afirmar algo contra alguien, el español no titubea en dividir el ámbito de su conciencia entre dos adversarios irreconciliables. Es muy posible que el mito de las dos Españas no sea más que una proyección colosal del cisma que todo español lleva dentro de sí.

II

Para aquilatar debidamente la rapidez con que cunde la discordia nacional durante el último tercio del siglo XIX bastará subrayar alguna diferencia entre la crisis de 1898 y el período revolucionario de 1868-1874. La Revolución de Septiembre no fue, en su gestación y alumbramiento, sino la manifestación violenta de una protesta contra los abusos y las trapacerías de la reina Isabel II y sus gobernantes. Al grito de "España con honra" se agruparon gentes que, encarnando linajes políticos muy dispares, no podían coincidir más que en el propósito negativo de echar abajo a quien indecorosamente ocupaba el trono. Los hombres que llevaron a término la empresa eran en su mayoría ejemplares de una fauna aclimatada en el país desde la Guerra de la Independencia: la del soldado-político, díscolo y ambicioso, pronto a disimular sus apetencias personales bajo las fórmulas políticas vigentes. A despecho de proclamas y promesas, la Revolución de Septiembre de 1868 produjo sólo alteraciones epidérmicas en la sociedad y el Estado; y, en realidad, no cabía esperar de ella otra cosa, habida cuenta de los hombres que la concibieron. Sin embargo, y esto es lo que cuenta, abrió en la conciencia española un hondo surco que el tiempo no ha conseguido borrar. Es entonces cuando el español llega al máximo grado de hiperestesia política, esto es, cuando propende a insuflar un sentido político en todas las cuestiones atinentes a la

existencia nacional y, en consecuencia, se afana en resolverlas según la medicación prescrita por este o estotro prohombre público. Esto es ya sobremanera grave; pero lo es todavía más si se echa de ver que la fe en la virtud curativa de la receta—que no es, al cabo, sino fe en quien la prescribe—elimina sin remedio la posibilidad del diálogo fecundo entre muchos españoles de buena voluntad. Cuando de ser alfonsino, o saboyano, o carlista, o republicano federal o unitario, resulta una imagen de España privativa y excluyente, amparadora de los intereses propios y azote de los contrarios, el cisma es inevitable. El rasgo individuante de la Revolución de Septiembre es la casi total identificación de las formas de vida colectiva con las fórmulas políticas. Con inquietante sinceridad y brío se sostiene entonces que basta, póngase por caso, la subida al trono de Carlos VII o la proclamación de la República Federal para que el país sane como por ensalmo de los graves males que le vienen aquejando.

Por otra parte, la reacción más evidente que nos brinda la crisis de 1898 es de cariz opuesto. Como consecuencia directa de las humillantes derrotas ultramarinas se desvanece la ingenua confianza que el español de treinta años antes ponía en las virtudes terapéuticas de un determinado recetario político. No sería justo achacar este desvío enteramente a la inepticia de los políticos de la Restauración. En realidad, sus causas son muchas y complejas. La Restauración, no obstante, es culpable de haberse desentendido de esta creciente ojeriza, sin parar mientes en los incalculables daños que en ella se podían augurar para el país.

Pero hay algo más, y es que, frustrada esa previa confianza en hombres y partidos políticos, surge otra especie de inquina mucho más grave todavía, a saber, la que va dirigida contra el Estado mismo y está alimentada por la convicción de que éste es incapaz de amparar y regular los intereses y las aspiraciones nacionales. Para muchos españoles del sombrío noventa y ocho el Estado, identificado irresistiblemente con los individuos que detentan el poder político, es fuente de protervia y perversión, es, en suma, el Enemigo.⁴ Basta que el Estado pretenda interesarse por un loable

⁴ "El Estado en España . . . es un estorbo contra el cual han de alzarse las masas trabajadoras, las regiones más prósperas; es un fermento de descomposición que cualquier día originará el *Finis Hispaniarum*, cuando en nombre de la civilización se le ocurra pronunciar esa frase a un pueblo más fuerte." Ramiro de Maeztu, "Los secretos de la crisis," en *Revista Nueva*, 1899, p. 177. "El especial anarquismo que caracteriza espontáneamente a nuestro pueblo puede y

anhelo, que haga suya una noble ambición, para que ésta se marchite como capullo tronchado. Es notoria la inclinación del español de todos los tiempos a mirar con recelo cuanto no tenga evidente significado humano. Para que una articulación doctrinal pueda captar y retener la voluntad de las gentes es menester que se haga carne, que sea vitalizada por la fe de un hombre. Sólo así puede un esqueleto de ideas—filosófico, político, social—adquirir auténtica vigencia humana. Para la mayoría de los españoles del período que nos ocupa, el Estado no es una estructura abstracta, sino la *sustancia* del ocupante del poder, quien puede repartir a su antojo muchos de los beneficios que del usufructo de esa sustancia puedan seguirse. Si a esta interpretación se añade el hecho de que, por lo frecuente del ejemplo, el español del siglo XIX se habitúa a la conquista del poder a mano armada, se verá cómo llega a considerar axiomática esa relación patrimonial entre gobernante y Estado.

De aquí se concluye que el Estado no podía zafarse de la aversión creciente con que se miraba al gobernante. Dócil agencia de éste, la armazón estatal no sólo no podía convertirse en la entidad suprema del país, sino que ni siquiera podía representar otros intereses que los particulares de un hombre o partido. Si el Estado merecía algún respeto, éste era sólo reflejo del respeto que inspiraba el hombre encaramado en el poder. Perdida la confianza en el gobernante, el Estado quedaba flotando en el vacío como algo ajeno a la realidad, o, a lo sumo, era conceptuado como aparatoso disfraz de un hombre incapaz de hacerse valer por sí mismo. Y aquí se tropieza con una singular paradoja, y es que, en la doble mira de acabar con el personalismo político y de levantar el prestigio y autoridad del Estado, fue donde los artífices de la Restauración cosecharon sus más ruidosos fracasos. Lejos de salir vigorizado de sus manos, como ellos pretendían, el Estado continuó arrastrando durante la Restauración y la Regencia una existencia fingida, fantasmal. La causa de ello es evidente, a saber: la perversión del régimen representativo que practican Cánovas y Sagasta para agenciarse las mayorías parlamentarias necesarias al mantenimiento de una dinastía ya claramente impopular.

debe ser la base firme de una . . . autoridad interior y no impositiva." Miguel de Unamuno, "Renovación," en *Vida Nueva*, 8 (31 julio 1898).

III

La literatura terapéutica que converge en la crisis de 1898 no carece de precedentes en las décadas anteriores. Ya se ha aludido más arriba a los escritos monitorios que jalonan el largo proceso de la decadencia española. Mas prescindiendo, por lo remotos, de estos clamores, el precedente inequívoco se encuentra en las polémicas sobre el problema de España que surgen en los albores de la Restauración borbónica. La dureza y destemplanza de tales lides verbales, mantenidas por lo común desde las columnas de la prensa periódica, reflejan lo profundo de las escisiones y lo enconado de las malquerencias que ha dejado tras sí la Revolución de Septiembre. La Restauración toma a su cargo la atenuación del cisma nacional, y con este fin inculca en las gentes la necesidad de reanudar el diálogo en un ambiente de tolerancia, respeto mutuo y paz social. Y, en efecto, la calma que restablece Cánovas contribuye, al menos en apariencia, a que se debilite gradualmente la virulencia de los antagonismos y a que se desentumezcan actitudes hasta entonces inflexibles.⁵ Si no se pasa de ahí, si la coexistencia no es más que superficial, la culpa de ello la tiene el propio arquitecto de la Restauración. En su doble afán de restablecer la convivencia cívica y de consolidar la monarquía restaurada, Cánovas acaba por pervertir el primer objetivo para asegurar el éxito del segundo. Olvida que toda auténtica paz civil debe asentarse en el libre juego y desarrollo de las energías y aspiraciones nacionales; y, empavorecido por la numerosa hueste antidinástica, fomenta para neutralizarla un género de convivencia civil y política que consiste cabalmente en el embotamiento de esas mismas energías. No son, pues, de calma creadora los años que van de 1875 a 1898; son de modorra. Apenas se percibe el latido del corazón nacional. Y no es que durante ese período escaseen los acontecimientos de monta. Es que cuando sucede algo grave, su efecto sobre el común de las gentes es mínimo. El encogimiento de hombros se ha convertido en el gesto mostrenco del país.

Sería, pues, hartó difícil entender la reacción que producen los desastres coloniales sin antes hacerse cargo del desmadejamiento espiritual en que yace España durante la Restauración y la Regencia. Ni los gobiernos, ni las Cortes, ni los partidos políticos, ni la prensa, ni los organismos culturales, ni la minoría intelectual, nadie, en

⁵ Véase sobre este particular el capítulo IX de mi libro *El krausismo español: Perfil de una aventura intelectual* (Méjico, 1956).

suma, se había molestado en explicar al país el sentido y la vastedad de los problemas que sobre él se cernían. Podría objetarse que ello hubiera sido predicar en desierto, que lo que el país procuraba era, en realidad, desentenderse de cuanto pudiera ser motivo de inquietudes y desvelos. Pero, en fin de cuentas, de esta incuria eran responsables aquellos mismos individuos que durante esa época se habían arrogado el caudillaje de la vida política y la dirección de la opinión pública. Porque lo cierto es que a muchos de ellos no se les ocultaba lo insensato de la guerra de Cuba y la urgencia de concluirla mediante generosas concesiones a los insurrectos. Tampoco ignoraban los peligros anejos a la creciente ingerencia de los Estados Unidos en los asuntos de la isla, la parcialidad con que gran parte de la prensa norteamericana preparaba el terreno para un conflicto con España, y la desoladora inferioridad en que ésta, si por desventura llegaba tal conflicto, habría de hallarse frente a la pujante y codiciosa nación ultramarina. Los políticos más destacados de la época—Cánovas, Silvela, Sagasta, Gamazo, Montero Ríos, Moret—sabían todo esto; y, no obstante, prefirieron mantener el país en el equívoco a correr el riesgo de que se desplomara la dinastía a cuya sombra habían llegado las cosas a tan lamentable estado. No es cuestión de poner en tela de juicio las buenas intenciones de estos hombres; pero sí cabe inculparles de haber supeitado los intereses de España a los del Trono. En el aprieto de escoger, dieron la primacía a lo accidental sobre lo sustancial.

La reacción ante el desastre colonial pone de nuevo en evidencia que nada quebranta la estabilidad de un Estado democrático—y España lo era entonces, por lo menos en apariencia—tanto como una opinión pública pervertida por la sistemática adulteración de los órganos destinados a formarla y encauzarla. Con ligeras excepciones, ni las Cortes ni la prensa intentaron ofrecer al país una clara y recta noción de lo que venía aconteciendo, no ya sólo allende los mares, sino en el propio escenario nacional. Con el propósito de evitar peligrosos soliviantos, se mantuvo a los españoles en la ignorancia, encandilándolos en lo posible con el espectáculo tragicómico que se representaba en el retablo nacional. Porque, como a menudo se ha sugerido, la vida pública española durante la Restauración da la impresión de ser algo de mentirijillas, una función teatral en que figuran personas y cosas que son simples remedos de las de la vida real. En este simulacro actores y espectadores truecan con frecuencia sus papeles, mientras que fuera del

recinto, en pos de exigencias más serias, fluye una muchedumbre indiferente o desdeñosa.

Que el país se llamara a engaño, que se proclamara víctima de una odiosa conjura en la que habían participado todos los elementos de una España reputada ficticia, que demandara responsabilidades y conminara venganzas, todo ello era de esperar cuando, al despejarse el humo de los barcos incendiados en Cavite y Santiago, se dio cuenta cabal del desastre sufrido. Con las escuadras de Montojo y Cervera se volatilizaron muchos supuestos en que desde tiempo atrás venía apoyándose la vida española. Por lo pronto se desvaneció el principal espejismo suscitado por la Restauración, a saber: el de un país cívicamente unido, espiritualmente fundido en el crisol de la monarquía restaurada. Las discordias que entenebrece la vida de España desde comienzos del siglo XIX, y que alcanzan su máximo desabrimiento durante la Revolución de Septiembre, aparecen de nuevo a raíz de la derrota. En realidad, la Restauración, feble remedio, no había logrado cicatrizarlas. Pese a los untos y emplastos con que Cánovas y Sagasta pretendieron disfrazar el encono de los ánimos, éste acabaría por revelarse en toda su amenazadora extensión tan pronto como se ofreciera para ello ocasión propicia.

IV

Un detalle que salta a la vista al enfocar el grupo de los comentaristas "intelectuales" de la crisis de 1898 es que la mayoría de ellos son hombres maduros al ocurrir el desastre, ya instalados en la cumbre de sus respectivas profesiones o casi a punto de escalarla. Casi todos ellos gravitan en torno a la cincuentena. Los más viejos se acercan a la edad de Galdós, los más jóvenes a la de Unamuno. Esto significa, en contraste con la literaria "generación del 98," que esos hombres se han formado espiritualmente durante la Revolución de Septiembre, que probablemente compartieron el inocente optimismo suscitado por la victoria del puente de Alcolea y más tarde lo vieron diluirse en las algaradas del movimiento revolucionario, y, por último, que al llegar la Restauración la acogieron sin alborozo, es cierto, pero tampoco sin manifiesta ojeriza. Lo que juzgamos significativo al considerarlos en conjunto es el hecho de que han vivido dos épocas emocional e intelectualmente diferentes: una, la revolucionaria, caracterizada por la efervescencia ideológica, el afán de reforma y la desmesurada confianza en la virtud correctiva de los programas políticos; otra, la res-

tauradora, cuyos rasgos esenciales son la atonía de los espíritus, el apocamiento con que se abordan ineludibles problemas, la sospecha que inspira toda propuesta de cambio, y la creciente desconfianza en la política vigente. Podemos, sin más, considerar a estos hombres como doblemente desengañados. Son, en efecto, los que han asistido al derrumbamiento de dos estructuras políticas de cariz contradictorio, de cada una de las cuales se esperaba con fervor el remedio de los males patrios. Como todas las revoluciones, la de Septiembre de 1868 se había lanzado a su tarea regeneradora desde el trampolín de la utopía, sin parar mientes en que el doctrinarismo dejaba intacta la amarga realidad cotidiana del país. La Restauración, por su parte, se había limitado a tomar nota de esa sombría realidad, pero sin pasar de ahí. Con un pesimismo raras veces igualado en la historia de España, los restauradores concluyeron desde luego que los problemas nacionales eran irresolubles, que el español era un pueblo política y civilmente ineducable, y que el fraude y la simulación eran plausibles expedientes de gobierno para un país sumido en una existencia puramente vegetativa. Una vez más la sensibilidad política española había completado su oscilación pendular entre el paroxismo y la apatía.

De estos dos experimentos políticos los "intelectuales" del noventa y ocho sacaron una misma conclusión: la urgencia de buscar en zonas de pensamiento y actividad ajenas a la política los medios de rescatar a España de su progresiva catalepsia. Esta actitud es tan acusada que, con bastante justicia, se ha dado en calificarla de *apoliticismo*. Pero de lo que realmente se trata es de una fosca desconfianza en los formularios políticos o, mejor aún, en los hombres y métodos de la política al uso. De los teorizantes e ideólogos de la Revolución de Septiembre se sospecha que son poco dados a apartar los ojos del alto ideal para posarlos en el mísero suelo. De los prohombres de la Restauración se recela que, estrechamente ligados a mezquinos intereses, son incapaces de elevarse a empresas redentoras. De unos y otros se malicia que, fuera de la zona de la política, donde la retórica puede encubrir las más graves deficiencias, son hombres limitados, acaso ineptos, en cuyas manos corre grave riesgo el complejo y frágil artefacto que es una nación moderna.

Conviene tener presente, aun repitiendo algo de lo ya apuntado, que la tendencia a desdeñar la política y sus soluciones no es, sin embargo, consecuencia exclusiva del desastre de 1898. La más

temprana repulsa intelectual de este género surge precisamente en los albores de la Restauración, al calor del fracaso que el espíritu teórico y doctrinario sufre con los avatares de la Revolución de Septiembre. La encarnación más notable de esta repulsa está en la Institución Libre de Enseñanza, creada en 1876, sin duda alguna el acontecimiento pedagógico de mayor resonancia en la historia de la cultura española moderna. Era firme creencia de Francisco Giner de los Ríos, fundador de la Institución, como asimismo de sus primeros colaboradores en la empresa—Figuerola, Linares, Gabriel Rodríguez, Cossío, Pedregal, etc.—, la de que toda tentativa de reformar la sociedad española “desde arriba,” es decir, recurriendo a las medidas ejecutivas de la política, sería a la postre baldía por tener que operar con una masa popular en gran parte menesterosa e ignorante. La libertad civil y política es un delicado mecanismo que funciona con un mínimo de trabas sólo en una sociedad que ha alcanzado un nivel relativamente alto de ilustración general. Armados de tal convicción, los institucionistas volvieron la espalda a la palestra pública y pusieron mano a la tarea de rehacer a España “desde abajo” y “desde el principio,” esto es, mediante la educación, según pautas rigurosamente modernas, de las jóvenes generaciones.⁶ No está de más subrayar la índole acusadamente “futurista” de la labor de Giner y sus compañeros, porque sería ingenuo suponer que, en el ámbito reducido en que se movía la Institución en aquellos días, no se daban cuenta de lo improbable que era el rápido logro de sus propósitos de reforma. Porque lo que en rigor se proponían era preparar a futuros maestros que, a su vez, prepararían a futuros maestros, y así sucesivamente, en una lenta y gradual expansión del horizonte de la cultura general. Con un criterio muy siglo XIX, que hoy se nos antoja un poco candoroso, Giner propugnaba la redención de España por medio de la educación universal, entendida ésta como libre de dogmas, doctrinas o prejuicios excluyentes.⁷ Su tarea constituye, pues, el

⁶ Obsérvese que en este punto difieren *ex toto diametro* las posiciones ideológicas de los institucionistas de las que, bajo el influjo de Joaquín Costa, hace suyas la Asamblea Nacional organizada por la Liga Nacional de Productores. Dicha Asamblea pedía la “revolución desde arriba, revolución desde el gobierno.”

⁷ La consigna es “no hay hombres.” Así Joaquín Costa: “sin hombres, sin ciudadanos, una nación moderna es imposible, y España no los tiene.” “Política quirúrgica,” *Obras completas* (Madrid, 1914), VIII, 67. Así, también, Eusebio Blasco: “ni tenemos gobiernos, ni tenemos hombres, ni salimos de ayer, ni queremos entrar en mañana.” “Vida nueva,” en *Vida Nueva*, 1 (12 junio 1898). Los ejemplos podrían multiplicarse. Ahora bien, el propósito de los institucio-

repudio indirecto de la enseñanza oficial, probadamente ineficaz e insuficiente en aquella época, y sujeta por añadidura a la tutela agobiante de intereses políticos y religiosos.

La indiferencia de Giner y sus colaboradores a los turbios manejos de la Restauración no podía menos de surtir hondo efecto en el angustiado espíritu de muchos españoles que, en el desastre colonial y sus reverberaciones nacionales, vieron plenamente confirmada la tácita actitud de los institucionistas: la mejor política es ya mala; la peor es calamitosa; ante la política española vigente sólo cabe gritar: ¡sálvese el que pueda! Es en tal estado de ánimo cuando empiezan a cuajar las trayectorias más acusadas de los "intelectuales" de 1898, de lo que acaso convendría llamar "la otra generación del 98." Es entonces cuando Joaquín Costa, sobre quien todavía echamos de menos un libro esencial, clama estentóreamente que España es sólo una "sombra y apariencia de nación," cuyos políticos malhadados la han llevado "al deshonor y a la muerte." Hay que luchar, advierte Costa, contra la España "oficial," contra sus fraudes y cuquerías, sus tapujos y artimañas, su cinismo y su indiferencia criminosa. Y con verbo exuberante apostrofa al Estado: "El honor y la seguridad de la Nación—escribe—no se hallan hoy en manos de los soldados: están en manos de los que aran la tierra, de los que cavan la viña, de los que plantan el naranjo, de los que pastorean la cabaña, de los que arrancan el mineral, de los que forjan el hierro . . ., de los que construyen los puentes, de los que estampan los libros, de los que acaudalan la ciencia, de los que hacen los hombres y los ciudadanos educando a la niñez."⁸ Es entonces también cuando Rafael Altamira escribe su *Psicología del pueblo español*, según nos dice, "en aquel terrible verano de 1898 . . ., entre lágrimas de pena y arrebatos de indignación, promovidos por la ineptitud de unos, la perfidia de otros, la pasividad indiferente de los más. . ."⁹ Es también en esa época cuando Macías Picavea se pregunta con áspera congoja: "¿Posee España, la patria amada, alientos para seguir viviendo entre los pueblos vivos de la historia? ¿Es mortal, por el contrario, su agonía, y al

nistas es *hacer hombres*: "La escuela . . . es . . . un taller cuyas máquinas se mueven sin descanso con el fin de dar a la sociedad *hombres* lo primero, que más tarde, en otro sitio y si a mano viene, serán *sabios*." Hermenegildo Giner, "Memoria leída en la Junta General de Accionistas de la Institución Libre de Enseñanza el 30 de mayo de 1879."

⁸ Crisis política de España, *Obras completas* (Madrid, 1914), VI, 98, 127.

⁹ Prefacio a la segunda edición (Barcelona, 1917).

fin hemos tocado en la víspera de su desaparición como nación independiente. . . ?" ¹⁰ Maeztu escribe a la sazón su libro *Hacia otra España* movido, nos dice, por "el dolor de que mi patria sea chica y esté muerta. . . ." ¹¹ Francisco Silvela nos habla de una "España sin pulso." ¹² Luis Morote dictamina que "la nación está mal hecha así como está; esa verdad la proclama la ciencia y la historia, y la dicen a gritos los desastres recientes." ¹³ En Hinojosa, en Castillejo, en Menéndez Pelayo, en Azcárate, podríamos hallar comentarios de pareja índole nacidos de la ira, el dolor, la zozobra, el amor propio herido, la angustia. Es el intransigente negativismo que aparece en la resaca de las grandes crisis. Es también—y he aquí lo que importa a nuestro propósito—la primicia de un notable resurgimiento espiritual.

V

Tres son las etapas en que se reparte la reacción ante el desastre colonial. En la primera, presidida por la irreflexión y el apasionamiento, se atribuye la degradación nacional casi exclusivamente a los errores de la política vigente y se singulariza a los gobernantes de la Restauración para descargar sobre ellos la general inquina. La segunda etapa supone una vuelta parcial a la sensatez; en ella se llega a la conclusión de que los motivos de la derrota no son patrimonio exclusivo de una facción, sino de la nación entera; y, por añadidura, se cree descubrir que tales motivos no son de génesis reciente, sino que hay que remontar buen trecho el curso de la historia de España para dar con su verdadero origen. La tercera etapa, la más relevante sin duda para la historia intelectual, ensancha notablemente el ámbito de la encuesta al hacerla rebasar de lo particular histórico—el colapso del noventa y ocho—y convertirla en indagación de la personalidad histórico-social de España, o, dicho de otro modo, de la psicología nacional. Se empieza entonces a entrever que el último revés militar es sólo un eslabón en una larga cadena de desventuras cuya explicación se buscará en vano repasando solamente la crónica política y social española.

¹⁰ Ricardo Macías Picavea, *El problema nacional: Hechos, causas, remedios* (Madrid, 1899), p. vii.

¹¹ (Madrid, 1899), p. 6.

¹² "... el más ajeno a la ciencia que preste alguna atención a asuntos públicos observa este singular estado de España: dondequiera que se ponga el tacto, no se encuentra el pulso." "Sin pulso," en *El Tiempo* de Madrid, 16 agosto 1898. El artículo, aunque indudablemente de Silvela, va sin firma.

¹³ *La moral de la derrota* (s. a.), p. 238.

"No cabe duda—escribe Rafael Altamira en diciembre de 1901—... que el problema colonial y el de nuestras relaciones internacionales dependen de otros más internos y profundos relativos a la psicología de nuestro pueblo, a su estado de cultura, al concepto que de nosotros tienen las demás naciones y al que nosotros mismos tenemos de la entidad social en que vivimos y de que formamos parte." Es ahora, por tanto, al trasmundo de una supuesta *alma española* adonde se pretende acceder en busca de explicación de las actuales desdichas, alumbrando los tenebrosos pasadizos del espíritu con la luz de recientes investigaciones de ultrapuertos sobre temas de índole semejante; porque en esta ocasión, como en tantas otras, también se traen del exterior los medios con los que se ha de acometer la proyectada empresa doctrinal.

Cabalmente en los años finiseculares se pone de moda en casi toda Europa el estudio psicológico de las nacionalidades, ora consideradas en sí mismas o relacionadas entre sí; y un somero examen pondría al descubierto una copiosa y reveladora bibliografía sobre el asunto.¹⁴ Acaso no sea difícil, siguiéndolo el hilo de esta boga, encontrar su origen en la guerra franco-prusiana de 1870, la que, *mutatis mutandis*, produjo en Francia efectos bastante parecidos a los que causó en España la guerra con los Estados Unidos. A muchos intelectuales del vecino país el desastre de Sedan vino a servirles de acicate para plantearse seriamente el problema de la personalidad histórica de Francia y de la creciente o menguante influencia de ésta en el mundo contemporáneo. El malbaratado orgullo nacional les condujo a toda suerte de ponderaciones jerárquicas entre Francia y otros países, singularmente la nueva y pujante nación al otro lado del Rin. De aquí resultó una muchedumbre de escritos, mediocres y tendenciosos los más, perspicaces y sugestivos los menos, en todos los cuales se agrupan o confunden ingredientes tomados de las más diversas disciplinas, pero con clara predilección por la historia, la sociología y la psicología. En esta labor se afanan, según sus particulares aficiones, hombres como

¹⁴ He aquí algunos de los estudios publicados al filo de 1898: A. Fouillée, *Psychologie du peuple français* (Paris, 1898); E. Demolins, *Les Français d'aujourd'hui* (Paris, 1898); G. Routier, *Grandeur et décadence des Français* (Paris, 1898); H. Béranger, *La Conscience nationale* (Paris, 1898); S. Korski, "Quelques traits de la psychologie des Slaves," en *Revue Philosophique* (Junio, 1898); A. Fouillée, *Esquisse psychologique des peuples européens* (Paris, 1902); P. Orano, *Psicologia della Sardegna* (Roma, 1898); F. L. Pulle, *Profilo antropologico dell'Italia* (Firenze, 1898); etc., etc.

Taine y Closson, Ribot y Fouillée, Demolins y Legrand, y otros muchos.

Nada tiene, pues, de extraño que esas preocupaciones crucen los Pirineos y se trasluzcan en la obra de quienes se ocupan en aquilatar el significado de España en un momento crítico de su historia. Esta es, propiamente, la faena de los "intelectuales" del noventa y ocho, el denominador común de todas sus dispares tendencias. En Costa y Ganivet, en Macías Picavea y Altamira, en Isern y Sánchez de Toca, en Pompeyo Gener y Valentín Almirall, en González Serrano y Morote, en el primer Unamuno y el temprano Maeztu, etc., percibimos con mayor o menor intensidad el eco de estas especulaciones transpirenaicas. Cuando, por ejemplo, Ganivet nos habla de "espíritu territorial," hace suya una famosa clasificación del publicista inglés George Buckle; lo mismo que al hablar de "abulia" apadrina un término y una teoría que hizo circular el psicólogo francés Théodule Ribot. De este afán de bucear en la intimidad española resultan asimismo estudios como los que del casticismo hizo Unamuno; nociones como la de la "pérdida de la personalidad" en Macías Picavea; los estudios sobre la psicología del pueblo español que debemos a Altamira; la anhelante busca de la personalidad histórica de España que es el aglutinante de todos los trabajos de Joaquín Costa; las meditaciones de Almirall sobre el tema del catalanismo. Pero, en realidad, rebasados los años que infunden significado circunstancial a tales especulaciones, la pesquisa de una personalidad histórica acaba por convertirse en ocupación intelectual y noblemente patriótica de un gran número de españoles del siglo actual. Recatada en unos, como Menéndez Pidal, mezclada con quehaceres filosóficos, como en Ortega, absorbente y dramática, como en Américo Castro, para citar sólo a tres eminentes figuras, la demanda de la personalidad histórica de España ha sido y es un vigoroso y fecundo estímulo de pensamiento. Este es, sin embargo, otro capítulo que debe quedarse para mejor ocasión.

NOTES

Góngora and the *Serranilla*

1594

DE UN CAMINANTE ENERMO QUE SE ENAMORÓ DONDE FUE HOSPEDADO

Descaminado, enfermo, peregrino,
en tenebrosa noche, con pie incierto
la confusión pisando del desierto,
voces en vano dio, pasos sin tino.

Repetido latir, si no vecino,
distinto oyó de can siempre despierto,
y en pastoral albergue mal cubierto,
piedad halló, si no halló camino.

Salió el Sol, y entre armiños escondida,
soñolienta beldad con dulce saña
salteó al no bien sano pasajero.

Pagará el hospedaje con la vida;
más le valiera errar en la montaña
que morir de la suerte que yo muero.

Don Dámaso Alonso, in his edition of this sonnet,¹ comments as follows:

Hay un recuerdo personal en este soneto, que corresponde al viaje de Góngora a Salamanca en 1593, en donde enfermó gravemente. Soneto amoroso (es posible que los extremos de pasión no sean sino cortesía para agradecer un generoso hospedaje), nos impresiona por ese comienzo en el que un caminante, enfermo y perdido, vaga, gritando, solo, en un paisaje sombrío, hasta que oye el repetido ladrar de un perro ("latir" dice el poeta, como todavía en algunas regiones de España). Este peregrino y la guía del perro ladrador recuerdan el principio de la *Soledad Primera*.

Since Don Dámaso's salutary and timely warning in "Tradition or Polygenesis?"² it is with reluctance that one dares to challenge the im-

¹ *Góngora y el "Polifemo"* (Madrid, 1961), I, 369-370.

² *Annual Bulletin of the M.H.R.A.*, No. 32 (1960), pp. 17-34.

plications of this commentary. These are, as I understand them, that a personal experience provided the inspiration of the poem and that its connections with other literature are most properly to be sought in Góngora's own—and later—work. The intuition expressed by the sonnet did indeed emerge from a personal experience of Góngora's; but at the same time it depends on the poet's association of this life experience with a literary tradition. Like all good poetic intuitions it is complex.

About the time Góngora was taken ill the lyric tradition of the *serranilla* was enjoying a renewed vogue.³ What began as an aristocratic and courtly genre, analogous to the Provençal and French *pastourelles*, had on at least one occasion been assimilated by the oral tradition, and had become popular. The *Serranilla de la Zarzuela*, dating from before 1420 (the year Villa Real became Ciudad Real), is according to Menéndez Pidal "testimonio único de haber sido adoptado por el pueblo este género de poesía culta."⁴ It became known to Góngora's generation when it was published in 1577 by the great folklorist Francisco Salinas in his *De Musica*. Thus a popularization of a courtly mode passed once more into the poetic experience of sophisticated poets.⁵ They rediscovered the joys of artistic condescension, and of imaginatively expressing amorous adventure across the lines of the social classes. A knight lost in mountainous territory sees a beautiful rustic girl who invites him to make love with her. This poem belongs, roughly speaking, to the delicately sensual type of *serranilla* which we associate above all with the Marqués de Santillana.⁶

The other common type, in which the traveler encounters a hideously ugly *serrana* who, in exchange for her favors, makes unreasonable pecuniary demands on him or threatens to take his life, we associate especially with the Archpriest of Hita.⁷ A descendant of the girls he met in the Sierra de Gredos is the *Serrana de la Vera de Plasencia*, whose adventures and horrendous crimes were described in a ballad that was much commented on in the literature of the baroque period. She was a bandit, and a hater of men; ⁸ after sleeping with them she killed them—all ex-

³ See the large number of literary works dealing with this theme listed in Luis Vélez de Guevara, *Le serrana de la Vera*, ed. R. Menéndez Pidal and Ma. Goyri de Menéndez Pidal in *TAE*, I (Madrid, 1916), pp. 130 ff.

⁴ "Serranilla de la Zarzuela," in *Poesía árabe y poesía europea* (Buenos Aires, 1946), p. 108. The paragogic -e is further evidence of the *serranilla's* antiquity.

⁵ Its melody became such a favorite among the cultivated artists of the time that a hymn was composed to it.

⁶ Note, however, that, following the well-beaten path of the popular *Frauenlied*, the narrator—in this genre a high-born gentleman—tells his story to the "madre," and not, like Santillana, to certain "señores," as it were, to the members of his social club.

⁷ Later, in the fifteenth century, both types were cultivated by Carvajales.

⁸ Some say that she has a historical prototype, a lady of high degree who,

cept for the hero of the famous ballad, who escaped to tell the tale by using guile.⁹

Góngora, falling sick on a trip that led him across the mountain ranges, and nursed back to health by a lovely lady, is reminded of these two poems, or more probably, of the two divergent literary traditions they worthily represent. He writes a sonnet to commemorate his feelings, and perhaps, as Don Dámaso suggests, to express his gratitude in exaggerated terms; but he draws on the weight of a great poetic tradition in order to express his memory of these feelings.

The lost *peregrino* of the first quatrain is superbly baroque. He is, as Don Dámaso notes, the wanderer in the *Soledades*; he is the passer-by who stumbles on El Greco's tomb;¹⁰ he too is a *peregrino en su patria*; he is García del Castañar, straying from the Court into the hyperbolic beauty of the post-Renaissance pastoral;¹¹ he is the Muscovite Rosaura picking her unsure way across the rugged borderland of Poland.¹² Each element in the picture—the dark night, the unsteady foot, the confusion of the wasteland, the vain voices, the erring steps—is a typical ingredient in the baroque portrayal of man as essentially a dweller in eternal life, lost in an unfamiliar world of time, whose every outline betrays his senses. Throughout the sonnet the vocabulary ("can," "pastoral albergue"), the syntax ("voces en vano dio, pasos sin tino"), the hyperbolic metaphor ("armiños" for 'white sheets'), the allusion ("el Sol" for 'beautiful lady'), the elusion ("soñolienta beldad" for 'fair bed-companion'), the sentiment ("piedad halló"), the sensuality (the first tercet) are, if less intensely so than in the major poems, typically Gongorine. But the whole episode, rather than being allusive—in Góngora's normal manner—to classical myth, is founded on the native Spanish myth of the *serranillas*.

Losing one's way in the "confusion of the wasteland," in addition to being a commonplace of the baroque, is an element of most *serranillas*: "errara yo el camino/en fuerte lugare."¹³ The barking of the dog, while it has its parallel in the first *Soledad*, is also present in the *Ser-*

after an amorous deception, took to the maquis and swore life-long hatred against all men.

⁹ The text of *La serrana de la Vera* may be read in Luis Santullano, ed., *Romancero español* (Aguilar), pp. 929-930. That of the *Serranilla de la Zarzuela* is in the article cited in note 4.

¹⁰ See Góngora's sonnet "Esta en forma elegante, oh peregrino, / de pórvido luciente dura llave . . ." in Dámaso Alonso, *Góngora y el "Polifemo,"* I, 375. The apostrophe of a *peregrinus* is, of course, a tradition of the Latin epitaph writers.

¹¹ See *RR*, LII (1961), 168.

¹² See *MP*, LVII (1960), 240-244.

¹³ "Serranilla de la Zarzuela," ed. cit., p. 102.

serranilla de la Zarzuela: "perros del ganado / sálenme a ladrar." Góngora's cherished "pastoral albergue" (the setting of the similar erotic adventure in the *Romance de Angélica y Medoro*) appears in the popular poem as "una cabaña, / della el humo sale." The night of amorous bliss, so tactfully alluded to in the first tercet, is more bluntly described in the *serranilla*: "Haremos la cama / junto al retamal; / haremos un hijo, / llamarse ha Pascual." But the striking phrase which suggests the brutality mingled with tenderness implicit in the sexual act—"con dulce saña / salteó"—inevitably brings to mind the *serrana salteadora* of the ugly-*serrana* tradition, the deranged female bandit as she is described in the *Romance de la Serrana de la Vera*.¹⁴ It is on this legend that Góngora bases his otherwise banal metaphor of love as dying: "Pagará el hospedaje con la vida."

It might be said that in this sonnet Góngora revitalizes an old popular tradition, as, for example, he gives life to the *romances viejos* in his *romances nuevos*. The triumph, though, is greater. He has adopted the old theme to a most unlikely metre, the Petrarchan sonnet. The lusty ballad material has been forced to serve the expression of Petrarchan love concepts. The poet has even displayed his mastery of his craft by inverting the most obvious technique of the *pastourelle-serranilla* tradition. Instead of beginning with the "I," and telling an escapade in the first person singular, he begins with the unknown, universal, classically baroque stranger, and only in the last line of his sonnet identifies the *peregrino* with himself, the poet and narrator. The experience he commemorates, while it is an intensely personal one, is equated with his sense of man's doom; he too is a pilgrim from eternity wandering through an alien land, which is this life in time. The fusion of Góngora's baroque style with its popular inspiration is complete. Rarely has such a flamboyant demonstration of poetic skill produced such an artistically perfect poem; rarely have vital and literary experiences combined so satisfyingly to give an intuition worthy of such a dexterous treatment.

The Johns Hopkins University

BRUCE W. WARDROPPER

¹⁴ Cf. "salteóme una serrana, / blanca, rubia, ojimorena." After explaining to her new victim that the crosses on the road were memorials to men she has killed, the *serrana* goes on to say "como entre medio risueña" (compare Góngora's "con dulce saña"): "Y así haré de ti, cuitado, / cuando mi voluntad sea."

Invention in an Imitated Sonnet by Góngora

Indicative of a certain timidity in critical attitudes toward Góngora's works, even thirty-five years after the poet suddenly became fashionable, is the summary treatment with which the most authoritative and respected Gongorist dismisses the sonnet, "La dulce boca que a gustar convida." Don Dámaso Alonso finds it to be an "imitación muy próxima de un soneto de Torquato Tasso. Es el más cercano al modelo . . . [of the four Italian-source sonnets in the collection]. El amargo desengaño que caracteriza este soneto está también en el italiano."¹ Criticism of this sonnet has not advanced since 1644 when Salcedo Coronel stated "correctly that this is 'imitación expresa' of Torquato Tasso's sonnet beginning 'Quel labbro, che le rose han colorito.'"² If this tradition of over three hundred years' standing is grounded in truth, then Góngora, in 1584, was simply turning an Italian poem into his own Castilian idiom. Whatever beauty or lesson may be extracted from the sonnet was not original with him; and aside from the reader's interest in watching the early Góngora translate and in guessing at which elements of the later Góngora are already beginning to develop, there is no reason for attempting to grasp the intuitions expressed in the poem: since they are Tasso's, not Góngora's, it is more satisfactory to discern them in their original, and equally beautiful, form. To the detriment of the tradition, however, the equally beautiful Italian poem does not express the same intuition as Góngora's sonnet.³

¹ Góngora y el "Polifemo," (Madrid, 1961), I, 365 f.

² J. P. W. Crawford, "Italian Sources of Góngora's Poetry," *RR*, XX (1929), 127. Crawford, however, does Góngora justice regarding the matter of imitation elsewhere, concluding (p. 130), that "some of the Italian poems suggested as sources of Góngora's inspiration have little relation with his own verse, and that in a number of other cases he merely borrowed a simile or a phrase and developed it independently according to his fancy."

³ The texts follow: the Góngora sonnet is taken from D. Alonso, *op. cit.*, I, 365; the Tasso sonnet is reproduced from Torquato Tasso, *Opere*, ed. B. T. Sozzi (Classici Italiani, 40; Torino, 1956), II, 107.

La dulce boca que a gustar convida
un humor entre perlas destilado,
y a no invidiar aquel licor sagrado
que a Júpiter ministra el garzón de Ida,
amantes, no toquéis, si queréis vida,
porque, entre un labio y otro colorado,
Amor está, de su veneno armado,
cual entre flor y flor sierpe escondida.

Both works are indeed tinged with "amargo desengaño"; and the fruit of Tantalus, the hidden serpent, the rose-colored lip are images Góngora has imitated from Tasso. But disillusion is the common property of the Spanish Baroque; Góngora did not need Tasso to supply this theme. And the poetic figures he borrowed, which form Tasso's whole stock in his sonnet, are not mere copies; they are integrated into an entirely new system of imagery expressive of a far more complex and subtle set of statements on the disillusionments of life.

The point of departure for Tasso is the praise of Leonora Sanvitale's lower lip; from the beautifully formed lip extended with visible grace to invite kisses the poet proceeds to warn lovers not to be poisoned, as he was, by the serpent among flowers, for the lips, the roses—not the serpent which is equated in the final line with Love: "che spira fiamma e toscó"—are alluring, like the apples of Tantalus, and as impossible to grasp. It is significant that Góngora invents a totally new first quatrain; the opening through which he enters the sphere of the poem's imagery is not the lip, but the whole mouth, which incites to more than the simple contact of lips: the tasting of a liquid distilled among the pearly teeth. In addition, before joining Tasso in warning the lovers, Góngora introduces the elements of envy and of divinity in the direct allusion to Jupiter and Ganymedes. On the stylistic level similarities of phrase, syntactical order, and imagery in the two sonnets are evident. For instance:

No os engañen las rosas que, a la Aurora,
diréis que aljofaradas, y olorosas
se le cayeron del purpureo seno. 10

Manzanas son de Tántalo, y no rosas,
que después huyen del que incitan ahora;
y sólo del amor queda el veneno.

Loda il labro di sotto de la signora Leonora Sanvitale il
quale è alquanto ritondetto e si sporge fuori con mirabil
grazia.

Quel labbro che le rose han colorito
molle si sporge e tumidetto in fuore
spinto per arte, mi cred'io, d'Amore,
a fare ai baci insidioso invito.

Amanti, alcun non sia cotanto ardito, 5
ch'osi appressarsi ove tra fiore e fiore
si sta qual angue ad attoscarvi il core
quel fiero intento: io 'l veggio e ve l'addito.

Io, ch'altre volte fui ne le amorse
insidie còlto, or ben le riconosco, 10
e le discopro, o giovinetti, a voi:

quasi pomi di Tántalo, le rose
fansi a l'incontro e s'allontanano poi;
sol resta Amor che spira fiamma e toscó.

- 1: Quel labbro che le rose han colorito
 6: . . . un labio y otro colorado
 6: [the serpent is] . . . tra fiore e fiore
 8: . . . entre flor y flor sierpe escondida
 12: quasi pomi di Tantalo, le rose
 12: Manzanas son de Tántalo, y no rosas

In this last example Góngora has strengthened the image, changing Tasso's simile to a more forceful metaphor; the lips are expressly not roses; and his fruits flee from those they excite, while Tasso's merely approach and then move away, with no stated relation to the disillusioned lover.

- 14: sol resta Amor che spira fiamma e toscó.
 14: y sólo del amor queda el veneno.

Tasso equates the fire- and poison-breathing serpent with Love; Góngora makes poison, in the last line, that part of love which bitterly lingers in the mouth of the unsatisfied and disillusioned lover who had tasted the sweet mouth with which the sonnet opened. Even on the most literal level of his poem Góngora has invented and integrated: he has not imitated. His bold invention demands a less cursory attention than the critics have given it.

Góngora's sonnet is an erotic poem which paradoxically denounces eroticism as an unsatisfactory basis for a human love relationship, while revelling through its imagery in the very eroticism denounced. On the surface, no obvious erotic element appears beyond the sensual quality of flowers, mouth, and fruit. If the imagery is inspected closely, however, it reveals a sensuality quite distinct from a simple and pure delight in the physical universe: a dangerous, inebriating, deceiving, insatiable, unholy sexuality emerges as the subject of the sonnet.

The central image, placed at the end of the second quatrain—before the poem's first major division—and concluding the first full sentence, is that of the serpent hidden between flowers: love hides between a pair of red lips; the emphasis of their color permits Góngora to move from the general flower to the particular red rose, and then to the very particular red fruit of Tantalus in the tercets; love is armed with its poison like the serpent between two (general) flowers. For the Christian evil entered the world through the serpent, and more particularly, through the serpent's mouth, its tongue. The serpent spoke to Eve in order to seduce her. The image of the serpent suggested by Christian tradition portrays Evil hissing its tongue between its teeth and thereby seducing Eve, offering her some fruit, commonly (even if improperly) thought of as apples, which will, it temptingly suggests, make her the equal of God: this is original sin entering the world—the sin of pride, the sin of putting oneself on a par with God.

Did Tantalus do any less? Let us follow this last image to be introduced into the poem as it leads us back to the quatrains. Tantalus wished to test certain visitors to find out whether they were, as he rightly suspected, gods; to punish him for daring to test deities (thereby assuming the role of a deity's equal) Zeus had Tantalus flung into Tartarus where his hunger might never be satisfied. The food dangled before Tantalus—apples, as they clearly are in the Tasso sonnet upon which Góngora draws—excites his appetite: he hopes to eat and satisfy his hunger; but after arousing his desire, the apples flee from his grasp leaving him only the bitterness of whetted appetite. Jupiter, although he is not named in the final tercet which integrates the images of the poem, is present there nonetheless; indeed, in this tercet none of the imagery essential to the poem is fully or explicitly displayed: but just as the idea of the serpent cannot be separated from the notion of venom—since it is the producer, direct cause, and administrator of the poison—so Jupiter, as the tormentor of Tantalus, must be present also. Thus the reader is referred back to the first quatrain where Jupiter is explicitly mentioned.

In this first quatrain, however, we find what might be considered a mere Gongorine commonplace: the classical allusion to nectar and the simple comparison between nectar and a rival on the human level; this superficial reading tells us only that the critic has failed to deal with the problem of analyzing the echoes of Góngora's imagery. Jupiter represents both the Zeus who cast Tantalus into Tartarus and the Yaweh who drove Eve from Paradise. He is also a god caught in a moment of time and action, lifting to his lips a sacred liquor brought by his cupbearer Ganymedes. Since the "garzón de Ida" is nearby, Jupiter is also present as a member of a love relationship which is homosexual, between males, platonic, in the sense that it is not physical, not erotic, not consummated. Jupiter loves Ganymedes because the youth is beautiful; his pleasure is visual: one might call it esthetic. The Jupiter-Ganymedes relationship is held together by Ganymedes' function as cupbearer, by Jupiter's desire for nectar, of which Ganymedes is the immediate agent of satisfaction, and by the liquor itself which serves as a sacramental communion between lover and beloved in their pure relationship. Nectar is sacred because the gods love it; it is holy also because it permits the temporal extension of a pure, non-carnal amorous relationship.

Thus far, then, Jupiter has been seen as the punishing agent of one who, like Eve, sought equality with the gods through pride, losing humanity in the process, and as a member of a lasting, esthetically satisfying, pure love partnership. We may now proceed to the synthetic intuition revealed by the sonnet.

It that liquor drunk by Jupiter is sacred, then this *humor* distilled between the perfectly formed teeth, so perfect they resemble pearls, may

be assumed to be unholy: "un humor" is juxtaposed with "aquel licor sagrado"; the strength of the demonstrative adjective overpowers the comparatively weak indefinite article, underlining an essential difference in the quality of the two nouns to which they point. The *humor*, which is nothing other than saliva, may give the impression during the kiss of being "holy"; but the facts of the case are not to be denied: Jupiter drinks nectar; nectar is holy because he drinks it; Jupiter does not drink (in this representation at any rate) the *humor* in question; therefore, since what the gods like, and consequently, use and enjoy, is sacred, then this *humor* is patently not holy: worse than that—it is profane, it is sinful, it leads to original sin.

Eve envied the creator who knew all. Were she to eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, would she not be his equal? Eve's first appearance in this sonnet occurs in the word *invidiar*, a term missing from Tasso's sonnet where it is important to note Eve plays no role in the poetic conception. Her envy leaves her open to the serpent's temptations: she is a willing receptacle for evil as it enters the world. So is the lover who bases his relationship on sexuality and erotic sensations.

The kiss where love hides, armed with poison, communicates the *humor* which would make the lover, sinfully and erroneously, cease to envy Jupiter and cause him to believe himself a god's equal. This kiss of profane, erotic love is graphically represented by the original image suggested by the hissing serpent: unlike the "kiss" of Jupiter and Ganymedes—their communion in a ritual involving a holy, sacred liquor—this sexually exciting kiss is a means of communicating an *humor*, distilled by the soul not in the heart but in the mouth, sweet though the mouth may seem. Such potentially heterosexual love is engendered by the kiss whose effect is a sexual stimulation which, like the apples of Tantalus, can never satisfy the lovers' desire: it merely increases desire insatiably. The kiss bears a venom hidden in the *humor*, like the bitter poison on the serpent's tongue hissed from its mouth, a poison which does both physical harm and spiritual harm (involving all mankind in original sin). Love's poison, too, saps the spiritual and physical strength of the persons kissed: spiritual strength, because erotic love turns man away from contemplation of God and from delight in the mystical experience of Christianity, from the renunciation of the flesh, from the way by which the true, eternal soul—not the one residing in the mouth which produces the *humor*—may be saved; physical strength, because eroticism is self-engendering, one sexually exciting act calling forth another, the body consequently being wasted in a never-ending series of fruitless attempts to satisfy the libido.

Therefore, "Amantes, no toquéis si queréis vida": if you would enjoy spiritual life through the salvation of your soul and physical life through

good health and a normal human existence, do not allow your pure love, that represented by the communion of Jupiter and Ganymedes, which by virtue of one of its exponents must be divine, to become contaminated by mere sexual delights. For, as it is suggested in the tercets, the roses, the flowers where Love the serpent hides, are not rally roses, even though you, lovers, would say that as they appear at dawn, dewy and fragrant — both adjectives reminiscent of "*dulce boca*," "*gusta*," "*entre perlas destilado*," terms of sensuality—they are beautiful flowers; do not let them deceive you; they are tantalizing apples which flee before the aroused appetite can seize them and be satisfied. Only the poison, sapping life of strength and spirit, remains.

This final, and essential, lesson of the sonnet needs no comment: indeed, to extrapolate it from the poem and gain the initial poetic intuition of the piece requires no detailed analysis. The complexity and unusual beauty of this sonnet lies, however, not in its language or syntax or even the development of the surface imagery: flower through red lip to red flower in appearance to red apple. In these respects it is relatively simple. Indeed, read superficially as an imitation of Tasso, or as just another Baroque poem on the dangers of mistaking appearances for reality and of placing faith in a thing of this world, sensual love, it is merely an exercise in translation or a sonnet caught in a frozen tradition. But this sonnet presents a wealth of complex, logically and poetically intertwined relationships which will be missed entirely if one fails to read back into the poem the directive of the commanding image. The image permeates all fourteen lines. One discovers too that classical allusions in the Renaissance and Baroque were more than mere rhetorical embellishments designed to please the erudite. Images and mythology express the complex of intuitions apprehended by the poet Góngora in his moments of creativity. His awareness of Tasso's sonnet was just one more strand in the fabric of relationships.

The Johns Hopkins University

NATHAN GROSS

Boscán as Translator: St. Jerome or the Humanists?

Within a very few years after the sparse bibliography¹ of Boscán was enriched with the publication of his poetic works under the editorship

¹ A. G. Reichenberger, "Boscán and the Classics," *CL*, III (1951), 97-118; "Boscán and Ovid," *MLN*, LXV (1950), 379-383; "Boscán's 'Epístola a Mendoza,'" *HR*, XVII (1949), 1-17. See also Otis H. Green, "Boscán and *Il Cor-*

of Martín de Riquer,³ the *Estudio léxico-semántico*,³ announced by Margherita Morreale in 1955, has made its appearance. At that time she stated: "Pienso particularmente en Juan Boscán . . . de cuya versión acabo de hacer 'anatomías' desde el punto de vista lexicográfico y estilístico."⁴ The status of lexicographical research having been reestablished as legitimately comprising not only the gathering of raw materials but also explorations in depth,⁵ Dr. Morreale's work is not destined to remain neglected; it is important not so much for its discoveries (about which indeed one has some reservations) as for the unusual number of working hypotheses it suggests.

The fundamental problem considered by Dr. Morreale—that of the translation in itself—can be subdivided into several parts, but for reasons of simplicity it will be subsumed under two main headings: translator and linguistic instrument. Both aspects appeared synthesized in the famous definition of Garcilaso, to whom Boscán's book seemed to be not "escrito en otra lengua." This definition must be parametrically read through its high praise of Boscán's latitude as a translator: "porque no se ató al rigor de la letra, sino a la verdad de la sentencia." We understand this either as a collaboration between Garcilaso and Boscán or as a statement of Boscán's program: "Yo no me terné fin en la traducción deste libro a ser tan estrecho que me apriete a sacalle palabra por palabra, antes, si alguna cosa en él se ofreciere que en su lengua parezca bien y en la nuestra mal no dexaré de mudalla o de callarla"—a policy which Boscán expressed synthetically in his basic decision to translate "de manera que la entiendan."⁶ This program, which seems to suggest an intermediate position and thus to represent a deliberate choice among clearly defined methods—one might cite the examples *conversio ad verbum* (a pedantically literal translation), *transfere ad sententiam* (a faithful oratorical translation), and *immutare* (a free oratorical translation),⁷ championed respectively by Leonzio Pilato, Leonardo Bruni, and Coluccio Salutati, sound theorists consciously aligned with the best known Italian Humanists⁸—is found by Dr. Morreale to bear some relation to St. Jer-

tegiano: the *Historia de Leandro y Hero*,⁹ *Thesaurus*, IV (1948), 3-14, and J. G. Fucilla, *Estudios sobre el petrarquismo en España* (Madrid, 1960).

³ Juan Boscán y su cancionero barcelonés (Barcelona, 1945); *Obras poéticas de Juan Boscán* (Barcelona, 1957).

⁴ M. Morreale, *Castiglione y Boscán. El ideal cortesano en el Renacimiento español* (Madrid, 1959), 2 vols.

⁵ "El superlativo en *issimo* y la versión castellana del *Cortesano*," *RFE*, XXXIX (1955), 47.

⁶ As a model one might cite the already classical study of Gianfranco Folena, *La crisi linguistica del Quattrocento e l'Arcadia di I. Sannazzaro* (Firenze, 1952).

⁷ "Dedicatoria," p. 6.

⁸ Cf. Remigio Sabbadini, *Il metodo degli umanisti* (Firenze, 1920), p. 24.

⁹ Salutati, in the "Epistola ad Antonio Losco" (*Epistolario*, II, 356-357),

ome's method: "Ego enim non solum fateor, sed libera voce profiteor me in interpretatione Graecorum absque Scripturis sanctis, ubi et verborum ordo mysterium est, non verbum e verbo, sed sensum exprimere de sensu."

The evidence adduced by Dr. Morreale is admittedly abundant. Nevertheless, we cannot help being perplexed by her silence regarding the possible influence the Italian Humanists and their clamorous polemics⁹ might have had on a writer like Boscán, who had been educated by a Humanist, Lucio Marineo Siculo (at whose school he had "conseguido no pequeña luz de erudición")¹⁰ and who had visited Italy several times. Boscán's Italian travels may have taken place at the very time (1512) when the debate concerning the translator's independence from his model—argued in the fifteenth century by Poliziano and Paolo Cortesi—had been rekindled in two letters by G. F. Pico and F. Bembo¹¹ (giving rise to Boscán's *Octava Rima*). Our sense of Boscán's indebtedness to Humanistic theories of translation is reinforced when we consider that Petrarch was among the proponents of the theory that the translator should be given freedom in following the originals; in three letters he had expressed his basic recommendations: "curandum imitatori ut quod scribit simile, non idem sit"; "utendum ingenio alieno utendumque coloribus, abstinendum verbis"; "suus cuique [stilus] formandus servandusque est."¹²

These ground rules offered by Petrarch became the focal point of all future discussions,¹³ as can be seen in Cortesi's opinion aimed at proving the didactic value of Petrarch's work: "ab eo non est delectatio petenda, sed transferenda utilitas"; they seem to be consonant with Boscán's program if one substitutes for *imitator* the word *traductor*, a term which had

suggests the most appropriate means of translating freely: "*Res velim, non verba consideres; illas oportet extollas et ornes et tum propriis tum novatis verbis comas . . . Non etiam verbo verbum curabis reddere fidus interpres* (Hor., A.P., 133), nec carmini carmen connumerare. Denique cinctis debitam tribues maiestatem, si soluta mutatis vel additis coniunctionibus nectes, si frigidiuscula tum exclamationibus tum interrogando quasi quibusdam accendes igniculis, si denique poteris, inventa commutans, vel omittens aliquid aut addens, seriem efficere gratiorem" (Italics mine). The exaggerations of the proponents of liberty are well known, as are those of the supporters of a rigorous fidelity to the text; but there were those who cultivated the golden mean, like Valla, whose lessons were re-echoed by Pomponio Leto in whose school Boscán's master, Lucio Marineo Siculo was formed.

⁹ Polemics which, moreover, were by no means unknown in Spain, as a result of the publication of the *Dílogo de la lengua*.

¹⁰ Boscán states this in a letter to Siculo: "Quid enim maius ac sanctius esse potest quod in eum grato animo esse cuius opera non parum lumen consequaris?"

¹¹ Cf. R. Sabbadini, *Storia del ciceronianismo* (Torino, 1886), pp. 38-39, 46-48.

¹² Sabbadini, *Il metodo*, p. 63, n. 3.

¹³ Sabbadini, *Storia*, p. 10.

been introduced into the Humanistic Latin of Bruni's work (1400) and later flourished in the vernacular, first in Italian and French, then in Spanish and Portuguese.¹⁴ A tentative investigation of Boscán's *Epistolario* offers a valuable first clue, and suggests that a lengthier, more thorough inquiry might prove fruitful.

In the *Epistola* already quoted in note 10, where Boscán declares that he owes everything to Marineo—"Ego enim qui omnia tibi debeo"—we find, among other things, the following: "non solum primis, quod aiunt, litteris meum ingenium exornasti, *sed ulterius ad altiora progredi compulisti*," a phrase that corresponds to Valla's suggestion: "*ad altiora ducente stilo*"—as expressed in the well-known and classic work *Elegantiarum Latinae, Libri Sex*,¹⁵ a basic pedagogical text recognized and praised as such even by its adversaries.¹⁶ Nor need this surprise us, as Valla, whether viewed directly or through Marineo, had always praised the ancient theologians, particularly St. Jerome, in a proverbial image: "quali api che volano anche per pascoli lontani . . . a fabbricar del dolcissimo miele e della cera con mirabile artificio."¹⁷ Therefore, finding Boscán consciously anchored to such elevated teachings, we cannot deny his having made a deliberate choice among various methods for each of his works.

Only by considering these guideposts can we fully comprehend Boscán's plan as it emerges from the *Dedicatoria*, especially when he states: "Todo esto me puso gana que los hombres de nuestra nación *participasen de tan buen libro*, y que no dexasen de entendelle por falta de entender la lengua, y por eso quisiera traducille luego. Mas como estas cosas me movían a hacello, así otras muchas me detenían que no lo hiciese; y las más principal era una opinión que siempre tuve de parecerme vanidad baxa y de hombres de pocas letras andar romanzando libros; que aun para hacerse bien vale poco, cuanto más haciéndose tan mal que ya *no hay cosa más lexos de lo que se traduce que lo que es traducido*. Y así tocó muy bien uno, que hallándose a Valerio Máximo en romance, y andando revolviéndole un gran rato de hoja en hoja sin parar en nada, preguntado por otro qué hacía, *respondió que buscaba a Valerio Máximo*. Viendo yo esto, y acordándome del mal que he dicho muchas veces de estos romancistas (aunque *traduzir* este libro no es propiamente *romanzalle*, sino *mudalle* de una lengua vulgar en otra quizá tan buena), no se me levantaban los brazos a esta traducción. Por otra parte me parecía un encogimiento ruin *no saber yo usar de libertad* en este caso, y *dexar por estas consideraciones o escrúpulos de hacer tan buena obra a muchos*, como es ponelles este libro de manera que le entiendan." (Italics are mine.)

¹⁴ Sabbadini, *Il metodo*, p. 23.

¹⁵ L. I. 15; III, 52.

¹⁶ Sabbadini, *Storia*, p. 27.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 96.

In fact, paired with the concern of the good pedagogue to have people share in "*tan buen libro e hacer tan buena obra a muchos*," we find the seriousness of the prepared scholar (not merely regarding the general attack upon the "romancistas," but particularly the anecdote) and the sharp distinction between *romançar* and *mudar*, a word which is derived directly from *mutare* (cf. *immutare*, meaning "a free oratorical translation").

The problem, it can be seen, does exist and is of no little import, since it permeates Boscán's entire personality and the most salient part of his work; nor must it be forgotten, so that uncritical evaluations lacking valid support may be avoided. A final case in point is Knapp, who speaks of "los largos poemas imitados el uno del poeta griego Musaeus y el otro de Pietro Bembo." "Todos los biógrafos"—Knapp concludes—"dicen que estos dos poemas son traducciones: error manifiesto al que se tome la molestia, como nosotros hemos hecho, de cotejarlos con los originales griego e italiano. El poema de Musaeus consta de 591 versos en hexámetros; la imitación de Boscán tiene 2965. La *Octava Rima* es de 135 estancias, mientras que el original del Cardenal Bembo cuenta sólo 50. Si son, pues, meras traducciones, sería forzoso confesar que el castellano es relativamente al italiano muy pobre de voces, la que nadie concederá.¹⁸

And let us grant him, even after this somewhat superficial *cotejo*, that the whole problem should be reformulated.

University of Pennsylvania
The John Hopkins University

GIAN ROBERTO SAROLLI

¹⁸ *Las obras de Juan Boscán*, ed. W. I. Knapp (Madrid, 1875), pp. vii-xxxi.

REVIEWS

Eleanor S. O'Kane (Sister M. Katharine Elaine, C. S. C.), *Refranes y frases proverbiales españoles de la Edad Media*. (Madrid: Real Academia Española, 1959. 267 pp. Boletín de la Real Academia Española, Anejo II).

THIS volume is a well documented and well indexed collection of medieval Spanish proverbs, with a brief historical introduction. The author has searched the published corpus of pre-1500 Spanish literature, as well as some manuscripts; she has supplemented her findings with six fourteenth- and fifteenth-century *refraneros* and with several nineteenth- and twentieth-century collections of Sephardic proverbs, many of which may be assumed to have been taken from Spain by the exiles of 1492 and to have been conservatively handed down by word of mouth to their modern descendants. The collections of Correas, Rodríguez Marín, and others are used to provide secondary documentation. The resulting compilation will indeed, as the author hopes, be of value to philologists and specialists in folklore; it will be even more valuable to the readers and editors of literary texts, for many fragmentary and allusive versions of proverbs, here brought together with fuller versions under key words, can now be readily understood for the first time. Finally, like all *refraneros*, this one provides amusing and instructive reading.

Sister Katharine Elaine's introduction is a brief history of the function of proverbs in literary works from the *Libro de Alexandre* to the *Celestina*. She makes an interesting contrast between Juan Ruiz's relatively formal quoting of whole proverbs and Villasandino's highly allusive assimilation of fragments: "... dirige su atención a la contrucción interna del refrán, divirtiéndose en romperlo y en volver a disponer sus partes de otra manera" (p. 22). The use of proverbs and of other witty allusions by the *cancionero* poets would seem to invite further study along the suggestive lines which the author here sketches (pp. 22-24, 28-33). Her notes on the Archpriest of Talavera, as anticipating the proverbial art

of the *Celestina* (pp. 24-28), are perhaps a bit less provocative; we are not at this point surprised to learn that the 270 proverbs of the *Celestina* rival the 300 of the *Corbacho*, and that Rojas "lleva a la perfección todos los recursos de los artistas precedentes" (p. 33).

One might question, I think, the radical nature of the distinction made by the author between *proverbios* (learned) and *refranes* (popular; see pp. 14-15). Certainly there are similarities as well as differences between the two types, which are not entirely distinguishable species of the same genus. Our awareness of a "high" or serious written style and a "low" or comic oral style should not blind us to the over-all unity of traditional aphoristic wisdom; obvious resemblances between Latin and Spanish proverbs are not accidental, but reflect the cultural symbiosis of the written and vernacular traditions throughout the Middle Ages. The printing press and the *Celestina* simply tend to bring closer together the learned and the popular traditions; their ultimate confluence, as incarnated in Don Quijote and Sancho Panza, underlies the Spanish Renaissance.

In conclusion, this is a model *refranero*. Its careful historical documentation reflects the exacting standards of the late Joseph E. Gillet, under whose direction this work was presented as a dissertation at Bryn Mawr College, and of the author herself. We can hope that she will continue by compiling a similar *refranero* for the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Dartmouth College

ELIAS L. RIVERS

D. W. McPheeters, *El humanista español Alonso de Proaza* (Valencia: Editorial Castalia, 1961. 216 pp.). THIS is a revised version of a doctoral dissertation directed by Federico de Onís at Columbia University. It has been reworked with care and great industry and now bears the imprint of a Spanish publisher whose considerable prestige is due to the erudition of Don Antonio Rodríguez-Moñino and the excellent printing of the Tipografía Moderna. A good alphabetical index adds to the usefulness of this attractively presented volume.

Alonso de Proaza is generally known as the more or less intrusive editor ("corrector de la impresión") of the *Celestina*; thus the final chapter of this volume is an historically documented re-evaluation of Proaza's role as corrector and critic of the *Celestina*. But the bulk of the volume, the first 180 pages, coördinates everything else known about Proaza and permits us to see him for the first time as a figure of some significance in his own right. According to Chapter I, "Datos biográficos," it seems likely that Proaza was born about 1445, in Asturias, and died about 1519, in Valencia. He held a bachelor's degree, perhaps earned at the Colegio de

Pan y Carbón of Oviedo or at the University of Salamanca; we know virtually nothing of him until 1500, when he seems to have first added *arte mayor* stanzas to a Salamanca edition of the *Celestina*. In 1504 he became Professor of Rhetoric at the University of Valencia; thereafter he figures as secretary in the household of Guillén Ramón de Moncada, Bishop of Tarazona and Chancellor of the Kingdom of Valencia. In 1506 Proaza appended two long Latin poems to the Lullian *Ars metaphysicalis* of Jaume Janer. In 1510 he edited a work of Lull, the *Disputatio Remondi christiani & Homerii sarraceni*; in his dedication he records his gratitude to Bartolomeo Gentile, whom we know as a Genoese living in Valencia, author of eighteen sonnets in Italian added to the second edition of the *Cancionero general* (Valencia, 1514). And here Proaza also refers to himself as "sacerdotum minimus." He edited two further works by Lull in 1512 and 1515, the latter dedicated to Cardinal Cisneros, whom he may have known personally. Proaza's Spanish verse includes the *arte mayor* stanzas appended to editions of the *Celestina* and of the *Sergas de Esplandián* and to his Latin *Oratio luculenta de laudibus Valentiae* (Valencia, 1505), and several poems in the *Cancionero general*. It is surmised that Proaza retired from his university chair about 1517.

Thus we see that only the last ten to fifteen years of Proaza's life can be documented at all; besides his professorship, the only significant data are his own publications. McPheeters first considers "Proaza y el neoplatonismo," concluding that the influence of Lull and of Plato show him to be "típico de su época" (p. 43). A chapter of over seventy pages is devoted to Proaza's poetry in Spanish. Each of his poems is carefully transcribed and compared with contemporary poems: a "villancico contrahecho," a "villancico en oración" concerning Valencia, a "romance en loor de Valencia," a long *glosa* of a poem on St. Catherine of Siena, a "respuesta" to a "pregunta" by Mossén Crespi de Valldaura, and six brief compositions in *arte mayor* stanzas. Subsequent chapters treat Proaza's Latin poetry, his Latin prose, the probably erroneous attribution to him of certain dramatic works, and finally his contact with the *Celestina*. The last chapter will be of interest to all serious students of the *Celestina*, for it is a substantial contribution to the bibliographical and textual criticism of the early editions, anticipating in part the results of work now being done by Norton of Cambridge and by Herriott of Wisconsin. With regard to Proaza's intervention in these editions, McPheeters' most significant conclusion is summarized in this sentence: "Hacia el fin de la primavera en Salamanca, 1500, Proaza probablemente corrigió por primera y última vez la edición completa de la *Celestina*" (p. 197).

In conclusion, one could be pedantically critical of a few details in this book. The author's scrupulous transcription of texts seems marred by an inconsistency with regard to restoration of the Latin diphthong æ

(see, for example, page 139). The Castalia reprints referred to on pages 51-52 (notes 23 and 28) are not facsimile editions. There are occasional Anglicisms (see, for example, on page 197, the use of the phrase "en un lado de la hoja final" to mean "on one side" of a sheet of paper). And at times the very thoroughness of the work, the extensive collateral and secondary research and documentation, causes the reader to lose track of the main line of argument. But none of these minor details can outweigh the solid value of this book as the definitive work on Alonso de Proaza and his milieu.

Dartmouth College

ELIAS L. RIVERS

Américo Castro, *De la edad conflictiva. I, El drama de la honra en España y en su literatura* (Madrid: Taurus, 1961. 221 pp.) SINCE Américo Castro retired from Princeton University a few years ago he has found the leisure and energy to publish an impressive list of articles, monographs and studies. This book is the latest so far, and like most of the others it can be fully understood only as a part of Castro's effort to offer a new interpretation of Spanish history and culture. Most specifically, this book is a detailed analysis of certain ideas already implicitly or explicitly stated in his *The Structure of Spanish History* and deals with the Spanish concept of *la honra* and *el honor* as seen from the viewpoint of the 16th and 17th centuries in the context of Spanish culture and the Spanish system of values of that period. His aim is to reach a better and clearer understanding of the Spanish viewpoint about social and individual values that will explain both Spain's artistic achievements and Spain's failures in certain fields (technology, politics): "Para desvelarlo me sirvo ahora como reactivo del sentimiento de la honra; al aplicarlo a la, hasta ahora, informe textura del pasado, éste se revela como la escritura de un palimpsesto antes ilegible" (pp. 13-14).

This is not, of course, the first time Castro deals with the topic of Spanish honor. Many scholars will remember his "Algunas observaciones acerca del concepto del honor en los siglos XVI y XVII" in *Revista de Filología Española*, 1916. His ideas have changed in the meantime and the reader is therefore warned that this new book supersedes the old article: "Al enfrentarme con este tema hace cuarenta y tantos años, no sentí la urgencia de deslindar claramente los distritos de la sociología y del arte literario; y dentro de éste, la ideología y la expresión poética, irreductible esta última a elementos fragmentarios y tópicos" (p. 52). In other words, Castro deals in this book not with strictly literary or stylistic ideas, but rather with the historical and sociological background that helps make Spanish literature in the Golden Age intelligible and rooted in a con-

crete historical situation. The book's subtitle seems to indicate that a later volume will deal more specifically with literature as a work of art. What he manages to accomplish in this volume is difficult enough—and at the same time very hard to classify: it is not strictly history in the sense of political or economic history, it is not "history of ideas," it is not literary history. It is rather an analysis in which both historic facts and documents and literary texts are used in order to analyze and define a certain system of values as it became typical of the Spanish mind in the 16th and 17th centuries. In this system of values *el honor* plays an extremely important role, but one which cannot be understood as an isolated phenomenon, but rather as a peculiar manifestation of the tensions between the three strands of Spanish culture, Christian, Moorish and Jewish, and the unresolved bitterness created by the struggle: "De religiosa, la cuestión se convirtió en esta otra: en la de quién se creía con derecho y con poder para figurar en primera línea dentro del imperio español, para destacarse en modo preminente y no temer ser relegado a un último término. Durante la prolongada contienda entre hispano-cristianos e hispano-judíos, tras el pleito entre ortodoxia y herejía, se ventilaba, en realidad, el de quiénes iban a ser los 'mantenedores de honra' como españoles. Si la necesidad de 'mantener honra' hubiese estado subordinada, ante todo, al ideal de establecer el reino de la palabra de Dios, habría bastado con cerciorarse de si los descendientes de hispano-hebreos o de moriscos eran auténticos cristianos en cuanto a su creencia y a su conducta. Mas no fue así, puesto que lo que en realidad importaba—fuera de algún caso manifiesto de herejía—era el hecho de la ascendencia, o sea si la preeminencia social correspondía a la 'casta' de los hispano-cristianos o a la de los hispano-hebreos, no purificados ni salvados de su mácula por la virtud de los sacramentos." (p. 37).

Castro starts from texts and documents related to history and literature, proceeds to analyze them and through his analysis to establish a certain system of values, and then, in a boomerang motion, applies again this system of values to literature and history in order to understand it more clearly. This is nothing basically new, but simply the time-hallowed method of partial analysis and synthesis. Even Castro's critics and the scholars who find his ideas "controversial" or think that he has paid excessive attention to the presence of Moorish and especially Jewish elements in Spanish culture cannot complain this time that the documents and texts quoted by him are unclear or that he has read into them the meaning he was looking for: the texts are uncommonly clear and meaningful. Especially important and numerous are the texts related to the anti-intellectual attitude of many Spaniards during the Golden Age. Although the book is very rich in ideas and facts, perhaps its main thesis could be put briefly thus: since Jewish and *converso* elements had mon-

opolized in Spain for a long time certain liberal professions and intellectual activities ("ni judío necio, ni liebre perezosa," as the classical *refrán* has it), the *cristianos viejos* or those who wanted to be held as such and who often feared that their ancestors might have married Jews made every effort to be as "un-Jewish" as possible, and as a result often avoided intellectual, scientific or technological activities for in their mind these were not associated with their status as *cristianos viejos* and were therefore incompatible with their *honra*. Thus Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz complains about "una prelada muy santa y muy cándida, que creyó que el estudio era cosa de Inquisición, y me mandó que no estudiase" (p. 156); thus Juan de Mal Lara in his *Filosofía Vulgar*: "Y aun ha venido la cosa a tal extremo, que aun es señal de nobleza de linaje no saber escrevir su nombre" (p. 158), and other texts by Mariana, Góngora, Cervantes, and many others. "Por falta de información, o de voluntad para tenerla en cuenta, se ha juzgado chiste . . . lo escrito por Cervantes en su entremés *Los alcaldes de Daganzo*:

"Bachiller. ¿Sabéis leer, Humillos?

Humillos.

No por cierto,

ni tal se probará que en mi linaje
haya persona tan de poco asiento,
que se ponga a aprender esas quimeras
que llevan a los hombres al brasero,
y a las mujeres a la casa llana."

Por la cultura—cuyo inicio era la lectura—se exponían los hombres a terminar en las hogueras de la Inquisición; esa era la creencia común que Cervantes y Alonso de Cabrera expresaban con vehemencia" (p. 162). Castro is not interested here in reviving the *leyenda negra*, but in showing how one single but extremely complex historical phenomenon, the anguish created by the coexistence of Christians and Jews in a Spain where Christians had the upper hand but had not completely erased the Jewish influence, had several important consequences: the primacy of *honra* in everyday life and in the stage, the anti-intellectual and anti-technological attitude, the glorification of the peasant, obvious in many of Lope's plays and explained by the fact that of all the social groups the peasant masses were the only ones completely "untainted" by Jewish blood, and therefore authentically *cristianos viejos* (as Sancho Panza was well aware).

There is of course nothing anti-clerical or anti-Catholic in Castro's views, if they are correctly interpreted. Anyone who is familiar with the works of Maritain or Teilhard de Chardin or many other Catholic thinkers will reject offhand the "Monsieur Homais complex" that declares Catholicism inimical to modern learning. It is simply that the difficult situation of Spanish history created a psychological and spiritual crisis in which the need

to believe firmly acted as a dam compelling Spanish talent and energy to flow in one direction and to avoid other slopes. The brilliance of Spanish art and the cohesion of the Spanish nation that this art represented and embodied had to be paid for. Castro is acutely aware of certain crucial facts which are hard to disprove: the absence of interest in science and technology as such, as objective interpretations of the outside world, in a Spain that was turning towards the expression of individual needs and moral problems, theology and the moralistic attitudes generally ascribed to the Counter-Reformation. There was no Descartes in Spain: Gracián, a stylist and a moralist, is his counterpart. Even today it is Spanish art and literature that are worthy of attention, not Spanish science and technology (in spite of brilliant exceptions such as Cajal and Ochoa). Economic problems existed in the Spanish Golden Age, but, Castro points out, the economic development of a country is a result of the system of values of the inhabitants of this country: "ante todo, un resultado de la postura adoptada por las personas respecto de sí mismas, del mundo en torno y de las fuerzas divinas bajo cuyo gobierno creen existir. El español no pudo labrarse una genealogía de *cosas* (de comerciantes, de banqueros, de industriales, de inventores) porque las *cosas*, esas clases de cosas, eran patrimonio de la casta odiada e inficionada" (p. 211).

Spain's eternal glory is of course to be found not in technology or inventions ("¡Que inventen ellos!", as Unamuno would put it), but in a way of life that dignified and exalted the individual, even the peasant, and in a literature and an art which channelled towards artistic structures and elaborate styles all the anguish that a long-drawn internal conflict had unleashed.

If anyone were to write a serious book on contemporary American society and culture without mentioning even once the problem of racial discrimination in this country his readers would rightly think the book was superficial and incomplete: this is precisely what happens with the accounts of the Spanish Golden Age given, for instance, by Ludwig Pfandl and Ángel Valbuena Prat. Castro's book will go a long way towards providing us with a more accurate, more dramatic, account of Spanish life, one in which the shadows are underlined not for the pleasure of doing so but for the sake of truthfulness, and of course by their very presence render the highlights of Spanish culture more vivid than ever. (See, on the positive aspects of Spanish life and culture, "Superación de la angustia en la creación literaria," pp. 197-221, perhaps the most rewarding section of Castro's book for the enthusiasts of Spanish culture of the Golden Age.

Briefly, Castro's book is a *must* for all Hispanists, especially of course for Golden Age specialists. The only aspect of the book that the reader may find occasionally disconcerting is the polemic character of some of

Castro's sentences. Castro has been compelled to answer many critics, and this gives his style a certain quality of anger or at the very least of irritation and impatience with his critics. We can only hope that time and the reception granted his book by its readers will prove to Américo Castro that his admirers are still much more numerous than his enemies.

Yale University

MANUEL DURÁN

Pedro Calderón de la Barca, *La vida es sueño*, ed. Albert E. Sloman (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1961. xxxix+137 pp. 8s.6d.) Calderón's *La vida es sueño*, ed. Everett W. Hesse (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1961. xi+168 pp.) PROFESSOR Sloman's edition is designed for English sixth-formers and undergraduates; Professor Hesse's is "a college student's edition." A. Gasparetti (2nd ed., Torino, 1955) and Martín de Riquer (Barcelona, 1945) produced, respectively, a bad and a good edition for the use of students and common readers in their countries. Earlier in this century Buchanan, Astrana Marín, and Northup had published their more or less serviceable texts of the play. Of other popular editions we shall not speak. The competition for the students' few dollars gets hotter, while the scholars' needs are neglected. There is no scholarly edition in print of the most famous (and the best) play in the Spanish-speaking world. Hispanists cannot read *La vida es sueño* in a text rid of enigmatic impurities.

There are, of course, considerable difficulties. No autograph MS exists. The 1636 princeps—the *Primera Parte*—is offset by a very different version which appeared that same year in a Saragossa dramatic anthology. The usefulness of the second edition of the *Primera Parte* (1640) is hampered by the existence of a forgery claiming to be this 1640 edition but actually printed around 1670. The authority of Vera Tassis's text of 1685 is still a moot question. Nevertheless, something could be done: an edition of the princeps, facsimile if necessary, could be accompanied by a meticulous list of *all variants*. Sloman lists "the most interesting"; Hesse, none. Since Sloman justifies a number of his choices his is clearly the better text. Indeed it would be churlish not to recognize that it is probably the best edition of the play in existence.

Both editors base their text—modernized in spelling and punctuation—on the 1636 *Parte*, Sloman more closely than Hesse. The former's policy, after correcting "obvious misprints," is to disregard metrical irregularities and the sometimes superior reading of other early editions and later editors. Hesse claims to have used all seventeenth-century editions (except for the fraudulent reprint of the *Parte*), and to have "selected

what in my judgment seemed to be the best reading . . ."¹ Thus at line 239 "Fuera muerte" reads better as "Fuera vida," an emendation which Krenkel, taking the extraordinary liberty of reading the opposite of what all early texts said, suggested in the last century; the emendation has been adopted by most modern editors. Sloman retains the older reading, proposes a possible but unlikely interpretation, and admits that Krenkel makes more sense. Hesse also prints the old reading, and translates (or paraphrases) the lines so freely that one cannot see how he reached his interpretations. By their punctuation the two editors leave the passage even more confused if the two texts are collated:

SLOMAN

Fuera, más que muerte fiera,
ira, rabia y dolor fuerte.
Fuera muerte; . . .

HESSE

Fuera más que muerte fiera,
ira, rabia y dolor fuerte;
fuera muerte: . . .

I would construe: SLOMAN—'[Not seeing you, Rosaura] would be—not so much a cruel death as—ire, rage, and sharp pain. It *would* be death [too] . . .' HESSE—'[Not seeing you, Rosaura] would be worse than cruel death, ire, rage, and sharp pain; it would be death [itself] . . .' But there is something very wrong with this passage. However one tries to look at it Kenkel's daring suggestion is the only one which makes the kind of sense we are accustomed to in Calderón.

The introductions differ in comprehensiveness. Hesse, in his *Analysis and Interpretation of the Play*, is eclectic. He gives a too brief account of several attempts to explain the meaning of *La vida es sueño*. His own interpretation amounts to a reasoned attempt to fuse the often disparate approaches. He contends that the work is "an objectivation of man's struggle with his animal nature and its subjection to the rule of reason." Scene by scene he discusses the turns of the plot, their significance for the characters involved, and the possible symbolic meaning of what appears on the stage. It is a pity he did not organize better these various strands of exegesis. There is so much contained in *La vida es sueño* that it easily gets lost in a plot analysis. Sloman is more critical and more selective. In my judgment rightly, he finds Professor E. M. Wilson's interpretation (*RUBA*, IV [1946], 61-78) the most convincing so far produced. He bases his main account of the play on this moral interpretation: "it is this view of moral responsibility which gives *La vida es sueño* and the other great plays of Calderón coherence and unity." This I believe to be very largely true. But Calderón's artistry—so superior to Lope de Vega's—also gave "coherence and unity" to his works by the poetic inter-

¹ A spot check, nevertheless, reveals some strange editorial decisions. At line 2389, or example, the *Parte* and Saragossa editions have "crueldad"; Hesse selects the synonymous "rigor," which appears only in Vera Tassis, whose text Hesse affects to despise.

weaving of themes and symbols, and the drastic reduction of the natural order—man and his surroundings—to carefully circumscribed poetic patterns. Sloman, I think, emphasizes too much the characters (those endowed with the moral responsibility of which he speaks) and understresses the imagery and the symbolism of the play. He does not ignore it altogether; indeed he has some very fine and very true things to say about Calderón's poetry. My complaint is that—despite his protestations to the contrary—he adds these considerations as an appendage to the moral problem.

Let us consider some specific points at which both interpretations fail. The hippogriff with which the play opens (accented anachronistically in Hesse as *hipógrifo*) prepares us for the entry of Astolfo by drawing the *Orlando furioso* into the reader's consciousness. Both editors fail to make this point (noted, as far as I know, only by Riquer). The wild horse needs to be related to the horses of Calderón's other plays. Its symbolism needs to be discussed. (Hesse does this to some slight extent, though not correctly in my view. It cannot *inter alia* "anticipate the brute nature of Segismundo" unless the play is about man's condition rather than about these particular characters.)

Then there is the question of the names. Rosaura is, as Sloman points out, an anagram of *auroras*, a symbol of light. The implications of some other names are obvious. Clarín is a bugle. Basilio is king, or perhaps the abstract quality kingliness. Astrea (Rosaura's pseudonym) is the goddess of justice. Very good. But may not all the other names also have a meaning, even if some of them were taken from the source play? Sloman is occasionally trapped by his particular preoccupation with Calderón's dependence on the known source (which after all he had helped to write). Hesse has the right over Sloman when he relates Clorilene (or the two Clorilenes), not to *Yerros de naturaleza y aciertos de fortuna*, but to Suárez de Mendoza's *Eustorgio y Clorilene, historia muscovita*. Still, one wonders, should not Clotaldo be associated with Clotho, the spinning fate? And is there not a similar kind of resonance concealed in Segismundo's name, if only we could penetrate the mystery?

When it comes to explaining the symbolism of the play Sloman is cautious, Hesse audacious. For the first editor Segismundo's tower is no more than a focal point for poetic imagery *allusive* to the hero's condition: "the prison of Segismundo is associated with two groups of images, those which link it first with a grave or tomb, and second with an animal's den." Hesse proclaims the tower to be "a womb symbol," but it "may also represent a phallic symbol." Sloman is right, but not right enough; Hesse is just guessing. I think I have done better than either editor in interpreting the tower (*MP*, LVII [1960], 240-244).

La vida es sueño overwhelms the reader and the editor alike by its

riches. How can one critically reorganize this treasure and make an inventory of it? Each of these editors helps one a little towards a better understanding of the play. The pity of it is that it is so little.

The Johns Hopkins University

BRUCE W. WARDROPPER

Karl-Ludwig Selig, *The Library of Vincencio Juan de Lastanosa Patron of Gracián* (Genève: Droz, 1960. 88 pp.). THIS useful publication is the first printing ever made of a catalogue of Lastanosa's library, acquired by the eighteenth-century Swedish traveller, J. G. Sparvenfeldt, and now located in the Stockholm Royal Library. It has not been entirely unknown in the past, and Dr Selig gives us two or three previous citations.

There is no need to dwell here on the utility of booklists and catalogues. Suffice it to say that this publication (it lists well over a thousand items) in which Dr. Selig clearly identifies the majority of the titles, with references to libraries where they may be found or to listings in other catalogues (e. g. Palau), is invaluable to scholars and a most satisfying piece of work. *Elzevir* should be the spelling on p. 9, l. 28.

St. Louis University

EDWARD SARMIENTO

Eduard J. Gramberg, *Fondo y forma del humorismo de Leopoldo Alas, "Clarín"* (Oviedo, 1958. 268 pp. Diputación de Asturias: Instituto de Estudios Asturianos). IT may strike the reader as a little odd to reduce the art of Clarín to that segment of it in which humour is basic, and Sr. Gramberg's last chapter does little to justify the method he has adopted. Nevertheless, there is a great deal that is worth while in this study and Sr. Gramberg is by no means off the point in introducing us to Clarín's humour and its technique by way of a review of the profounder themes (religion, love, morality) in Clarín's work as a whole. This, with a suggestion that the constant in Clarín's approach to his very diverse themes and even in his methods of approach, whether he be seeking to inculcate or illustrate an attitude that he regards as good or to criticize one that he regards as bad, is his humorous treatment:

Pero por mucho que se aparten las dos actitudes, la de piedad y la de desprecio, en la expresión literaria adquieren un denominador común que viene a constituir la unidad intrínseca del arte de Leopoldo Alas: la contemplación humorística del personaje compadecido o satirizado p. 69.

This may be going too far, but certainly Clarín's contemporaries saw him as a great satirical humorist second only to Larra. His critical writings, which are frequently the vehicle of his humour, rated higher than his fiction. In the 1920's, however, critics in Spain began to value Clarín more as a novelist and short story writer and passed the humour

and the criticism by. Many have come to see an incompatibility between Clarín's "seriousness" and his humour.

Sr. Gramberg follows up with a series of sections devoted to formulating a general theory of Clarín's humour—it is "involuntary," that is, it springs spontaneously from Clarín's play with concepts and language, a play so exuberant as to place him in direct line with the satirists and writers generally of the Baroque; it is "typically" Spanish (Alas himself defined this "Spanish" humour; Sr. Gramberg sees in it another example of the close union between the popular and the "intellectually aristocratic" in Spanish culture); it is used artistically, in fact, it is itself "an autonomous art form."

Sr. Gramberg then studies various aspects of Clarín's humour, as for example, the "tender" humour, the humour of contempt, the basically humorous nature of Clarín's style, and here Sr. Gramberg studies antithesis, hyperbole and the conceit, again linking Clarín with the seventeenth century. In dealing with the destructive satire, Sr. Gramberg establishes Clarín's place in the line *Larra*, *Ganivet*, *Unamuno*, as a critic of Spain, and in this regard, Sr. Gramberg pays special attention to the essay on Cánovas, where the humour, as well as satirizing his subject, sometimes flags and where the serious interjections reveal the ideals of Clarín, which are of capital importance for Sr. Gramberg.

The book closes with a study of *La Regenta*. It is a little difficult to see the connexion, for even considered as a "synthesis of Clarín's thought and art," and that in itself is a risky assertion, *La Regenta* is too great a work of art to be subsumed under what is, after all, only one aspect of Clarín's technique. And indeed, what Sr. Gramberg has to say here does not link on very solidly with the remainder of his book which, however, in spite of this irrelevant ending, is a very useful contribution to the study of Alas and the understanding of the atmosphere of the nineteenth-century Spain which formed and, in some ways, deformed him.

St. Louis University

EDWARD SARMIENTO

Robert G. Mead, Jr., *Temas hispanoamericanos* (Colección Studium, Mexico, 1959. 160 pp.) THIS is a collection of previously published articles and reviews of books, ranging in date from 1950 to 1957, and known to readers of *PMLA*, *Hispania*, *Cuadernos Americanos*, *Revista Hispánica Moderna* and other, similar, journals.

The most interesting essays are the group of three studies (pp. 13 to 75) on Manuel González Prada. They make useful background reading for a student of the writings of this rather neglected Peruvian poet and essayist. (Is not the derivation of the *cuarteto persa*—p. 72—by the way, likely to have reached González Prada by way of Edward Fitzgerald?)

The remainder of the pieces, though often containing useful bibliographical reminders, are of more ephemeral interest. No doubt it is easier to have them to hand in a single volume.

St. Louis University

EDWARD SARMIENTO

Sergio Cigada, *L'opera poetica di Charles d'Orléans* (Milan: Vita e Pensiero, 1960, xii + 185 pp. Saggi e Ricerche pubblicati a cura della Università Cattolica del Sacro Cuore). WHILE most lyric poets in the Middle ages were trying to justify their existence and stave off trouble by appeasing the state, the Empire, the feudal system, or the Church, one poet's vicissitudes were literally epic. Charles d'Orléans did not have the usual troubles with the traditional *misomousoi*: churchmen, pedants, philosophers, and historians. Yet he spent more time in detention than any of the others. If his "jail" was of a different order from that of Boethius or of Villon, so was he himself unique as a poet. In an age when Boccaccio called Dame poverty the consort of poets, he was the only poet who minted his own coins, acceptable as legal tender. He was a rare poet, in an age when great poets were national epicists who worked for a rapprochement between great nations.

It is fitting that Italy should at last publish its first book on Charles d'Orléans. For whereas there has been much written about Charles and England, land of his detention, his connections with Italy were many, and indeed, he was half-Italian, his mother being Valentina, daughter of the powerful Gian Galeazzo Visconti. (Two more books on Charles have now been announced in Italy, by L. de Nardis and A. Varvaro.) The present volume is a first-rate, all-round study of Charles and his poetry, contributing fresh opinion on many of the debated points of scholarship on the court-poet; the attribution of English poetry to Charles, the meaning and value of the Latin *poemata*, the identity of the recipients of Charles's love lyrics, and the difficult matter of the chronology of his works. The most original contribution of Cigada are the three chapters separating Charles's poetry into three distinct and successive manners: these manners are defined as "alessandrismo cortese," "naturalismo prezioso," and "realismo psicologico." While allowing for overlaps of style, the author assigns the first manner to the poems composed during the exile in England. The second manner begins with the Valentine and May Day festivals the poet celebrated in Britain, but is brought back and continued in France. The third manner typifies the works of the old poet after 1453, when he had retired from political life and was the moving spirit of the little poetic cénacle at the court of Blois. In these three chapters, Cigada exhibits qualities of taste and sensitivity which combine with

philological and stylistic analysis of a high order. His examination of the biographical circumstances and motivations behind the three evolving styles is an interesting one, and it is possible that the three phases he presents in this modest volume may be accepted as a valid thesis. This monograph was, in fact, a thesis accepted at the Università Cattolica of Milan, which is becoming an increasingly important center of literary studies.

Among other attractive features of this book is a current bibliography of works by and on Charles d'Orleans, in which, however, German scholarship is conspicuously scarce. The initial chapter is a valuable summary of the poet's life, incorporating the latest available information. Finally, a valuable chapter is given over to the literary fortunes of Charles d'Orléans throughout the centuries. The periods chosen are the Renaissance, the Enlightenment, Romanticism, when Charles was hailed by Michelet as "notre Béranger du quinzième siècle," and modern times, when Arthur Rimbaud settled the question of Charles's relations with Villon with his *Lettre de Charles d'Orléans à Louis XI* (begging the release of the condemned Villon) and when Gabriele D'Annunzio expressed his delight over a fellow poet-political activist in a sonnet to "Le fils de Valentine."

New York University

ROBERT J. CLEMENTS

Odet de Turnèbe, *Les Contens*, ed. Norman B. Spector (Paris: Didier, 1961. lxxvi+199 pp. Société des Textes Français Modernes). THIS excellent presentation of Odet de Turnèbe's *Les Contens*, which the editor considers "le vrai chef-d'œuvre de la comédie française de la Renaissance" (LXXVI), makes available for the first time since 1871 a thoroughly amusing and historically significant play.

Professor Spector precedes the text of the *editio princeps*, of 1584, with a detailed and scholarly introduction. The text, in turn, is followed by four sections; respectively, the sources, a glossary, an index, and a bibliography. Both introduction and text are enhanced by notes of a historical and linguistic nature.

The introduction might well serve as model for its type. Giving the essentials on the author's little-known life, his work, the sources, style, language, and external as well as internal structure, Spector provides the reader with a penetrating and searching picture of the work as well as its place in the tradition of European comedy. He naturally places special emphasis on the French Renaissance theatre.

It is surprising that this comedy was not made available sooner for the modern reader in a definitive scholarly edition. The editor, therefore, correctly acknowledges not only his own but also our debt to Professor

Raymond Lebègue for suggesting the edition and for his wise counsel from which many of us have gained so much, to Professor Bernard Weinberg for his equally recognized insight especially into matters of literary analysis, as well as his other friends for their encouragement and advice.

The presentation of the sources is significant in that it shows the basic continuity of the major themes of the Roman comedy of Plautus and Terence, however as modified by contemporary ideas, currents and authors. The basic situation of the play is, after all, almost as old as the history of civilization—and as modern as Molière, Marivaux, Musset, Anouilh, or the latest Broadway 'hit.' The plot? Really two-in-one. Two young lovers marry despite the opposition of the girl's mother and/or the seduction of a young girl of good family. Naturally, the opposition is not too fundamental in this play, nor is the seduction unilateral.

Thus we have the tradition of Roman comedy in plot as well as in the use of certain technical devices; as the *quiproquo*, disguises, puns, digressions and *apartés*. But we also have the primary, more immediate influence of the modern *commedia erudita*—itself a descendant of Plautus and Terence—with the division into five acts, observance of the unities, the conventional characters of the boastful soldier, the lovers of varying degrees of innocence, the procuress, the older generation dismayed by the antics of the 'corrupt' new generation but, with few exceptions, hardly perfect models of honor themselves. Add to these the influences of French Renaissance poetry as well as the many popular expressions and metaphors traceable to at least the late Middle Ages and we have potentially a strange mixture of seeming incompatibles.

Yet the play is a masterpiece.

Certainly, the characters, the language, the syntax and the basic structure are all derived. They are, however, also transformed by the author's genius. There is, therefore, the magic of the whole which is the result of Turnèbe's inspiration. But it can be better understood and appreciated through closer analysis.

We have no intention of repeating what Spector has done so well. A few examples must suffice.

All the characters are, indeed, derived. There is Rodomont, the boastful soldier of Plautus, medieval tradition or d'Aubigné; Françoise, the equally traditional procuress; Genevieve, literature's heroine pure in soul and mind; Basile, her passionate suitor; Eustache, the naïve 'fils de famille,' and, of course, the time-honored servants.

And yet they are different. Spector reveals his perspicacity in demonstrating the double-standard which provides both the comic element but also the correlative satirically profound insight into some significant aspects of human nature. It appears the major characters are not so much concerned with saving honor as with saving face. Love becomes a ball

varyingly thrown and caught by more or less self-interested suitors. Rodomont does love Genevieve and wants to marry her but on condition the dowry is suitable. The seemingly devout Françoise is a procuress who manipulates human life as though she were a puppeteer. Genevieve seems to be given to *bauvarisme* in her romantic addiction to the *Amadis*, Ronsard and even Desportes but is equally affected by other, more realistic temptations. Basile, her favorite suitor, seems to love her but displays a highly ambivalent attitude; as does her mother who, the editor believes, is somewhat taken by Basile herself. Eustache, the young innocent, makes use of Françoise's services. And the servants also act as intermediaries in this game.

Shades of Pathelin? This time the merchandise is love, not a piece of cloth. Shades of Marivaux? More likely. But not of Beaumarchais. Here values are changing; they are not abandoned nor transformed. Yet the time of composition is one of crisis and transition in France. And if the ideas or feelings expressed are not those of Ronsard's *Derniers vers* or d'Aubigné's *Tragiques*, they are certainly far removed from the comparatively neo-classic calm of their immediate predecessors as well as the comparatively mild satire of the farces or the *basoche*. The double-standard of values, the accumulation of satirical comic effects, the significant role of the *Habit incarnat* which serves as mask or screen for the true or veiled nature of almost all major characters, as well as "la forte dose de malice" (LXXVI) with which Turnèbe treats the whole, all this gives a new dimension, a new vitality to clichés and does, indeed, place *Les Contes* within the transitional current, within the Pre-Baroque.

The Johns Hopkins University

HENRY HORNIK

Pierre de Ronsard. *Œuvres complètes*, XVII. Edition critique par Paul Laumonier, révisée et complétée par I. Silver et R. Lebègue. (Paris: Didier, 1959-60, Part 1, xxv+93 pp.; Part 2, pp. 94-363; Part 3, pp. 364-435. Société textes français modernes). WITH the appearance of tome XVII of the *Œuvres complètes* by Ronsard the largest single enterprise of the *Société des textes français modernes* is nearing its conclusion. The progress of this edition since the death of Paul Laumonier in 1949 has been outlined by Fernand Desonay in the bibliographical introduction that ushers in the final volume of his *Ronsard poète de l'amour*. Actually, at the time the Belgian scholar signed his introduction (9 avril 1959), the first and second parts of volume XVII had just appeared (Jan. 12 and March 31, 1959), and he had an opportunity to see the Silver-Lebègue text of the *Sonnets pour Hélène* in galley proof while he was studying specifically "le chantre d'Hélène." The third and final part of vol. XVII came off the

press in February 1960, which enabled the editors to add a note at the end: "Dans le t. III de *Ronsard poète de l'amour*, qui vient de paraître, M. Fernand Desonay étudie les vers amoureux de Ronsard qui ont été publiés en 1578." Of the material still to appear, Desonay says: "Le t. XVIII, dont s'occupe surtout Silver—where the "surtout" should be extended backwards to t. XVII—contiendra les deux éditions de 1584 (la 6^e, la dernière parue du vivant de Ronsard) et de 1587 (posthume, procurée par les soins de Galland et Binet). Le t. XIX, qui est commencé, comportera l'Index général des noms propres et leurs références aux 18 tomes." Since vol. XVIII is almost ready for the press (according to a recent communication from Prof. Silver), it seems assured that this monument of Renaissance scholarship will be ready to be unveiled in its entirety about sixty years after Paul Laumonier had begun work on it in 1903.

The division of the research that went into volume XVII was outlined briefly by Silver in his "Ronsard Studies (1951-1955)," *BHR*, XXII (1960), 215: "The main responsibility for preparing the manuscript of the tomes XV and XVII was assumed by the writer, who benefited at every point from the advice and assistance of Professor Lebègue. The latter revised and completed the notes of Laumonier . . . , and took charge of the proofreading." A fuller account of these labors can be found in the 1952 *Year Book of the American Philosophical Society*, 245-247. As the information furnished there is more complete and less conveniently accessible than the explanations given in the "Avant-propos" of vol. XVII, it may be useful to set forth in Silver's words some of the problems he encountered, especially since he gives us concurrently an inventory of the principal contents of tome XVII. Silver informs us that among the papers left by Paul Laumonier at the time of his death was a signed but undated manuscript which outlined those compositions by Ronsard which were intended for this volume: "Le tome XVII [contiendra] les pièces nouvelles de l'édition de 1578, à savoir le *Discours à Henri III*, les *Sonnets pour Astrée* et les *Sonnets pour Hélène*." Silver supplies some of the omissions in this brief description: "Obviously, this is only a summary indication of the contents of t. XVII. It is clear that if the year 1578 is taken as the chronological limit of the contents, the tome would of necessity include such major compositions as *Le Tombeau du feu Roy . . . Charles IX* (1574), *Les Estoilles* (1575), *Le Tombeau de Marguerite de France* (1575), the *Estrennes au Roy Henry III* (1575), and a number of sections, not mentioned by Laumonier in the document of testamentary character from which I have quoted, and which form part of the collective edition of 1578: *Sur la Mort de Marie*, *Les Amours d'Eurymedon et de Callirée*, *Les Amours diverses*, *Les Sonnets dédiés à diverses personnes*, to name but the principal groups. The new compositions in t. XVII number 259, ranging in size from quatrains to poems of very con-

siderable length." Despite the brevity of Laumonier's inventory, he had done a good deal of work on the manuscript but, as Silver points out, much less than on the material that had gone into vol. XV.

The establishment of the text was greatly aided by the fact that most poems were available in copies that were among Laumonier's papers. Nevertheless, quite a few compositions were not represented there, among them the entire group of poems *Sur la mort de Marie*, and the nearly 300 verses of the *Discours au Roy, après son retour de Pologne*, a plaque that was first printed in Lyons in 1575. For the missing poems, Silver employed microfilm copies of the princeps editions in the Bibliothèque Nationale, a most valuable set of reproductions which he had made in 1949 for the Library of Congress, and which today constitute the "Paul Laumonier Collection of Ronsard Microfilms." The only composition which could not be found in its first edition is the sharply satirical *Estreines au Roy Henry III* of 1575, and the editors reluctantly fell back upon the fifth collective edition, where it figures among the *Elegies*.

The rather complex task of establishing the variants from microfilm is described by Silver in the "Avant-propos" to vol. XVII: "L'expérience que j'avais acquise à Bordeaux en 1950 à la préparation du t. XV . . . m'a vite appris les avantages d'une confrontation simultanée des divers textes pour la compréhension des intentions successives de Ronsard à l'égard de tel ou tel passage. Malheureusement, le microfilm ne se prête pas à cette confrontation. J'ai cependant essayé de vaincre cette difficulté, à l'aide des films, en établissant séparément sur le texte des éditions de Vaganay et de Laumonier (Lemerre) des formes quasi diplomatiques des éditions collectives de 1578 et de 1584. Ainsi deux des textes fondamentaux ont été, pour ainsi dire, libérés du film." Another important collation could be made on the basis of the first volume of the rare 1587 edition whose contents had been revised, corrected, and augmented "par l'Auteur peu avant con trespas." This tome was in Laumonier's private collection which was acquired by the Wilbur Cross Library of the University of Connecticut through the offices of Silver.

Thus the establishment of the variants remained largely the duty of the American editor, with the exception of those for the *Sonnets pour Hélène* and the *Amours diverses* which Laumonier had almost completed. As for the treatment of the notes, we rely once more on Silver's description: "Les notes constituaient la partie moins achevée du manuscrit. Souvent il n'y avait qu'une série de parenthèses crayonnées aux passages que M. Laumonier comptait éclaircir éventuellement par des notes. Souvent aussi, les éléments d'une note étaient esquissés en marge du manuscrit . . . Je me suis servi pour la plupart de deux sources impeccables: les pages d'un exemplaire de Blanchemain sur lesquelles M. Laumonier avait inscrit des milliers d'éclaircissements de toute sorte; et les notes de son

édition chez Lemerre" ("Avant-propos," p. xxv). A good number of new elucidations were contributed by Raymond Lebègue, indicated by [R. L.] after each entry. The guiding principles were not to depart from the method adopted by Paul Laumonier in 1914, "et à ne rien ajouter du mien quand il était possible de me servir de la parole du maître," as Silver says in the words that conclude his prefatory note.

In order to see how faithfully the principles advocated by the master of all Ronsard students have been observed, one should go back to the long introduction that opened the entire project on the eve of World War I. It should be recalled that Laumonier stated there expressly that he was planning a critical rather than a diplomatic rendition of the "éditions originales dans l'ordre de leur publication, en accompagnant leur texte de toutes les variantes." This meant that the princeps of each composition had to be respected, but not slavishly, i.e. "nous avions le devoir de corriger ce qui nous a paru manifestement inadvertence du poète ou faute d'impression . . . C'est ainsi qu'on trouvera rétables entre crochets quelques syllabes et mots, dont l'omission sur le manuscrit ou la chute sous presse a passé inaperçue du vivant de Ronsard." Good examples of such corrections in t. XVII can be found in pt. 1, p. 81, v. 376, where the original imprint has "la Muse de Grecs" and the Silver text "La Muse de[s] Grecs"; on p. 149 of pt. 2, v. 22, *le Biche* is changed to *la Biche*; verse 9 of sonnet LIII of *Le Second livre des Sonets pour Helene* where *peur* (which is indispensable for the rhyme) is substituted for *peine* (the latter in Vaganay, II, 282, but the correct *peur* in Laumonier-Lemerre, I, 340). In pt. 2 we find an illustration of the meticulous attention given to the thorny problem of punctuation in the XVIth century. In v. 9 of a sonnet on p. 224 the original "Mais le vase amoureux, de ta bouche qu'il baise" is changed to "Mais le vase, amoureux de ta bouche qu'il baise." And again in pt. 3, v. 12 on p. 379 where a comma has properly been inserted before *François*. Similarly, the orthographic changes suggested by Laumonier have been followed throughout: "Nous avons remplacé l'i et l'u consonnes par le j et le v, . . . d'autant plus librement que Ronsard souhaitait avec Maigret cette distinction." Thus we find that Silver consistently gives *je* for *ie*, *sçavoit* for *scauoit*, etc.

The present reviewer could verify these details on the basis of a collation of about 3000 lines (all of the *Sonnets pour Hélène* and several other compositions). Obviously it would have been virtually impossible to make this comparison without the "Paul Laumonier Collection of Ronsard Microfilms" in the Library of Congress. It is equally obvious that in a work of such dimensions which required the cooperation of a number of people, with responsibilities correspondingly divided, a number of errors should occur. And it is only fair to keep in mind that in a large manuscript such as was left by Laumonier, "coquilles" are lurk-

ing at every turn. Some of the errata are recorded in the "Additions et corrections" at the end of t. XVII, pt. 3, and I shall not repeat them here. It will be apparent that most of these corrections do not involve more than minor slips while others may be termed errors of substance. For the sake of convenience, these two groups have not been separated although it would have been more equitable to do so. In each instance, the word or words from the Silver-Lebègue text precede the reading in the corresponding editio princeps which is given in parenthesis:

In Laumonier's Introduction, p. xiii, *Sonnets pour Helene* should be changed to either *Sonets pour Helene* or *Sonnets pour Hélène*; in the quotation from Laumonier's "testament," quoted by Silver in the "Avant-propos," add an *s* to *Les discours académique* (p. xvii). The following corrections all pertain to the *Première partie* of t. XVII: p. 5, v. 39: traïsons (traïsons); p. 65, in the title: tres-auguste (tresauguste); p. 68, v. 66: Vénus (Venus), surely a minor point, but in five other places the spelling *Venus* has been retained; v. 76: tenant (tenans); p. 69, v. 92: les baisers (ses baisers), v. 100: FRANCOIS (FRANÇOIS); p. 70, v. 121: la Mort (la mort); p. 72, v. 174: d'honneur (d'hommes); p. 80, v. 347: Le credule poison (La . . .); p. 84, v. 339: pourpree (pourprée), 440: doree (dorée), 441: esbranler (esbransler), 443: t'esbranler (t'esbransler). In the *Deuxième partie*, on p. 147, v. 72: signe (Signe); p. 153, v. 82: troupe (trompe), but the correct reading *trompe* occurs on p. 165 in a similar line, in the sonnet "Calliree parle contre la chasse." On p. 154, v. 102: enrichi (enrichy); 163, v. 133: Vien demeurer en France, & soulager l'ardeur (soulage). In the *Sonnets pour Hélène*, pp. 194-295, I found in sonnet VI, v. 9 on p. 199: me voyant (me noyant); p. 201, v. 17: sont contents (contens); p. 285, v. 6: s'en aller (s'en-allen); p. 286, v. 13: Et puisse en la humant, une flame puiser (Et puisse, en la humant . . .), where the comma seems important enough; p. 292, v. 8: pere Germain (Pere Germain). In the *Troisième partie*, p. 371, v. 11: notre (nostre); p. 376, v. 10: ni riche ni beau (ny . . . ny); p. 388, v. 58: L'Esrat (L'Estrat).

These few blemishes cannot possibly detract from the great merits of this edition, a true labor of love and erudition. It is remarkable that Silver has been able to carry on this arduous task so rapidly, and at a time when he was also working on his vast study dealing with *Ronsard and the Hellenic Renaissance in France*, the first volume of which has just appeared.

University of Pennsylvania

BODO L. O. RICHTER

Aram Vartanian, *La Mettrie's L'Homme machine. A Study in the Origins of an Idea* (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1960. 264 pp. \$6.00). IN these pages Aram Vartanian has distinguished himself by an uncommonly fine piece of work. Quite at home in the history of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century science, philosophy and belles-lettres, he has produced a study marked by alert, often original scholarship and literate erudition, resulting in informative and absorbing reading. Not only does the volume represent the most complete and up-to-date analysis of La Mettrie in the English language, but it is, furthermore, an extremely well-executed critical edition of what constitutes La Mettrie's most significant work, and one that has played a vital and often misunderstood role in the history of the French Enlightenment.

In the detailed "Introductory Monograph," consisting of six chapters, we are first offered a brief but admirable biographical sketch of the singularly bold, scandalously irreverent, gaily impudent and intellectually provocative doctor, philosopher and hedonist who emerges as a far more complex and, at times, more enigmatic personality than is generally realized. Professor Vartanian then plunges into an interpretation of the meaning and importance of *l'Homme machine* in relation to the eighteenth-century background of which it is such an integral part.

A study which, in the French sense of the word, is as *dense* as this cannot be adequately summarized in a handful of words. It is presumably the responsibility of each interested reader to seize upon and digest for himself the wealth of information and the intricacy of detail thus made available.

Chapter II is specifically entitled "Interpretation of *l'Homme machine*." From its pages emerge important analyses of major themes and subsidiary features of La Mettrie's masterpiece that have often been either entirely neglected or quickly passed over in previous studies. As Mr. Vartanian himself remarks: "The critical appraisal of *l'Homme machine* has . . . suffered generally from the resolve to find in its pages to the exclusion of nearly all else, a system of materialism" (p. 31). This has frequently resulted, we are told, in a tendency to dismiss as irrelevant, trivial and frivolous many of its extraphilosophical traits which, as the present monograph proves, are both pronounced and curious.

Chapter III, which outlines the development of La Mettrie's thought, stresses in particular—as might well be expected—the evolution of his materialism, a materialism which, in a most thoroughgoing way brings about the divorce of biology from both metaphysics and theology. In all this, Professor Vartanian has much of interest to say concerning the good doctor's theories on such states of being as happiness, remorse and the like, but entirely within the framework of naturalistic science.

In Chapter IV we are afforded a highly illuminating historical and intellectual background for *l'Homme machine* itself. Here the reader

sees, perhaps for the first time, that La Mettrie's handling of the man-machine idea puts this new mid-century version into a class apart with respect to depth and originality. More particularly, it is here that Mr. Vartanian lingers over La Mettrie's contributions especially in the domain of muscular irritability as well as in that which we now call psychiatry. This too is of no small interest to one working in the history of ideas.

Chapters V and VI bring to an end an impressive and most helpful introduction to La Mettrie's own text as they take up critical reactions to *l'Homme machine* from 1748 on, and end with some provocative pages on the originality of La Mettrie's thought in relation to the present-day science of cybernetics. By way of conclusion to this part, we read: "Cybernetics, in opening up new avenues of investigation for mechanistic psychology, has been merely the most recent and, in some ways, the most convincing illustration of the persistent vitality and indefinite promise that were present from the first in the thesis of *l'Homme machine*" (p. 136).

Thanks to Mr. Vartanian's efforts we are now ready to read with new ease and increased understanding the fifty-six or so pages of the text itself in the 1751 edition of the *Œuvres philosophiques*. This reading will, furthermore, be enhanced by copious notes that are, at times, of rare piquancy.

A good piece of work should be acknowledged as such, and the one at hand is outstanding. In treating La Mettrie's place in the history of ideas, a twentieth-century critic has here offered us a fresh and sorely needed appraisal. We are, moreover, spared all moralizing, all subjectivism as, in page after page, the facts appear clearly expressed and in orderly array. Mr. Vartanian is master of his material, and for this too we are grateful.

Columbia University

OTIS FELLOWS

Richard B. Grant: *Zola's Son Excellence Eugène Rougon, an Historical and Critical Study* (Durham, N.H. C.: Duke Univ. Press, 1960. 146 pp. \$4.00). ZOLA'S one political novel has remained relatively obscure, eclipsed by *L'Assommoir* during his lifetime, and usually passed over rapidly in general studies. Now to the increasing number of books on individual novels of the *Rougon-Macquart*, R. B. Grant brings a careful and frequently illuminating examination of *Son Excellence Rougon-Macquart*.

Grant is at his best as he uses Zola's *Ebauche* and worksheets to test the historical worth of his tableau of politics under the Second Empire and to clarify the creation of the novel's characters. It becomes much clearer than before that Zola took as his starting-point various personages of the Second Empire: Rouher, (despite the denials of Paul Alexis) for Rougon; Mme de Castiglione for the adventuress Clorinde. But it is at this point, after Grant has carefully established Zola's use of the known

characteristics of various real persons, that one would have welcomed some consideration of the process of artistic transformation. Unfortunately, we find little attempt to deal with the intricate relationships between documentation and the creative process. A case in point is the frigidity and narcissism of la Castiglione, which parallels that of Clorinde Balbi. Grant writes that "Zola reverted once more to history" (p. 76). Yet Zola hardly needed a historical model for such traits: they are typical of the Fatal Woman, they are present, for example, in *Nana*, and probably derive from Zola's personal concept of the Courtesan which belongs, in large measure, to Romantic tradition. Of Rougon himself, the heavily-lidded man whose somnolence conceals limitless reserves of power, an early prototype is the embezzler Douglas in Zola's first work based on documents, the pot-boiler *Les Mystères de Marseille*.

Not only is the important weight of literary tradition ignored, but the author frequently gives an erroneous impression of the novelist's aims. Despite Zola's reliance on historical accounts we have no evidence that he intended his novel to be a *roman à clef*. For this reason, the whole discussion of Zola's "success" in composing an "historical novel" raises more questions than it answers. Can we really assume that he aimed at a balance between biographical exactness, historical authenticity, and fictional originality? Grant does, and then declares that a "danger" of this method is that the novelist may "make a mistake" by attributing to a character traits he did not possess. Having shown that Mme de Castiglione was an agent of Cavour, whose support of Italian unity was in opposition to Papal policies, he can then conclude that Zola "erred in the case of Clorinde" (p. 92). Because he presents her both as extremely religious and a fervent admirer of the Pope. As to the central character's undeniable power, Grant appears content with the biographical explanation: "Zola has poured his own very real repressed urges into Rougon" (p. 93).

Fortunately the perceptive final chapter on the novel as art helps to mitigate, if not to dispel our fears concerning the author's critical method. He skilfully shows, for example, Zola's symbolic contrasts—torpor and alertness, blurred and clear vision—relate the characters to the novel's alternating rhythms of lethargy and energy. Many more aspects of *Son Excellence Eugène Rougon* would have benefited from Grant's analysis; as it is, his book provides a useful basis and many valid starting points for a thorough critical study.

One regrets that a number of misprints and mistakes in spelling (pp. 8, 67, 89, 103, 112) mar the book's attractive appearance; lapses in style also occur, e.g.: "Zola who feared and did not understand provocative women, yet was strongly attracted to them underneath" (p. 90); "Lulled by their nullity" (p. 96); "regrettable as it may be, Zola has not exaggerated much" (p. 102); "Eugene and Clorinde are . . . in a state of tension" to each other" (p. 123).

Fritz Ernst and Kurt Wais, *Forschungsprobleme der Vergleichenden Literaturgeschichte* (Tübingen: Max Niemeyer, 1958. VIII + 199 pp.). THE centrifugality of the twelve components of this volume makes a knowledgeable review difficult. Yet, the richness of the topics treated and the high competence of the contributors demand careful recapitulation and discussion.

Fritz Ernst's "Entdeckung der Volkspoesie im 18. Jahrhundert" (pp. 1-6) is preceded by homages to him from Kurt Wais and Daniel Bodmer. The refreshing tone of Ernst's essay, which leads from Montesquieu and Mallet (translator of the *Edda* into French) via Percy to Herder, its communicative *élan* deepen our sorrow at the untimely passing of the effervescent occupant (since 1948) of the chair for Comparative Literature at the University of Zurich.

Elizabeth Wilkinson's "Coleridge und Deutschland, 1794-1804" (pp. 7-23) shows us how exciting a rigorously philological safari can be — a healthy lesson in our days when philological thoroughness is sometimes equated with mechanistic externalism. Miss Wilkinson presents us with some of the fruits of her analysis of that part of Coleridge's notebooks (unpublished until 1957) written in German or referring to Germany. We learn that immediately upon his arrival in Hamburg (September 1798) Coleridge rushes out to buy the works of Luther, Lessing, Herder, Klopstock, Bürger, Matthieson, Müller, and Stolberg, whose respective prices he jots down to the last penny, but whose thoughts do not elicit a single solitary comment from the traveling author. Even Coleridge's extensive notes on Lessing are restricted to his life and his theology. Miss Wilkinson muses: "Vielleicht interessieren sich Dichter nur selten für das Werk anderer Dichter, selbst in ihrer eigenen Sprache. Sie kümmern sich nur um ihr eigenes Werk und um das, was ihnen in den Dichtungen anderer brauchbar erscheint: um Themen, die zu entlehnen und anzueignen wären um Kunstmittel, die sich nachahmen und womöglich besser machen lassen" (p. 10). A startlingly unromantic but thought-provoking observation! Equally sobering is Coleridge's failure to travel to Weimar, where he might have seen Goethe and Schiller, because he was frightened at the possible expense of the trip. This unhappy decision does not prevent Miss Wilkinson from carrying through a judicious comparison between Coleridge's and Goethe's thought, in which she detects affinities (e.g., coupling of ideology with psychology, interest in the creative artistic process, emphasis on productive rather than destructive criticism, the cathartic effect of music), though the deeply imbued moralist Coleridge esteemed Schiller much more highly than Goethe whose sinful way of life filled the Englishman with horror. Coleridge's German boners are hilarious, and his *fantaisies étymologiques* (some of which he owes to Adelung) weave a philological net of which, says the irreverent Miss Wil-

kinson, any existential philosopher could be proud: "thousand" is seen as a combination of "thou" and "sand" ("sand" being, of course, equivalent to "a large number"), or the associations: "eat-hate-essen-hassen-odio-edi." Nevertheless the acuity of Coleridge's comparative observations on the philosophy, psychology, and uniqueness of language (see e.g., his attempt to introduce the expressive German prefixes *ver-* and *zer-* into English) can, despite obvious aberrations, not be denied. The notebooks further prove Coleridge's familiarity or acquaintance with Kant, with Eschenburg's *Charaktere*, with Lessing's *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*, with Schiller's *Über naive und sentimentalische Dichtung*, and strengthen Willoughby's hypothesis that "emotion recollected in tranquillity" may have come to Wordsworth from Schiller ("aus der sanftern und fernenden Erinnerung mag er dichten") via Coleridge.

The late Ernst Merian-Genast (Basel) gives us, in less than fourteen pages, a comprehensive and incisive account of "Französische und deutsche Übersetzungskunst" (pp. 25-38); its concreteness and fairness suggest again that the touchier comparative questions involving France and Germany are sometimes best handled by third parties, especially the Swiss. He distinguishes between assimilation, *of* and *to* the original, the former more characteristic of French, the latter of German translators, compares Luther's bible translation of 1522 with Amyot's Plutarch translation of 1559, probes into the advantages and dangers of the French criteria of clarity and smoothness, into the insoluble problem in verse translations presented by the Procrustean bed of the French alexandrine, and presents entertaining examples of the desperate attempts of French translators to circumscribe such shocking words as "Esel" and "Taschen-tuch." Voltaire's remarkably faithful translation of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, apparently an act of "summa fides," is actually "summa perfidia," for through his naked translation he wanted to expose this rival dramatist to the expected censure of the French reading public. German backwardness in literary language and tradition in the eighteenth century had the advantage of preserving a linguistic and literary flexibility that stood their translations in good stead and made Germany the translating country *par excellence*, thus ensuring her a central mediating position: "Wer die deutsche Sprache versteht und studiert, befindet sich auf dem Markte, wo alle Nationen ihre Ware anbieten" (Goethe). Herder and Schlegel raised the postulate of metric translation of verse, which demands a co-genial translator: "Les bon poètes seuls font de bons traducteurs" (Theuriet). And so we have Goethe, Schiller, George, and Rilke as 'poetic' translators (of these, George's rendering of the *Fleurs du mal* seems, to the reviewer, the climactic achievement); the French 'poets' who translated did so, characteristically, into prose (Leconte de Lisle-Homer, Baudelaire-Poe, Gide-Shakespeare).

A subtle if somewhat strained example of the "new" comparatism is furnished by Walter Höllerer's "Die Bestie und das Lächeln" (pp. 39-58). Balzac's *Une passion dans le désert* (1832) and Goethe's *Novelle* (1828) are the cornerstones of this original sample of literary phenomenology: the smile of Honorio in Goethe's exquisite story is interpreted as "ein grossartiges, zusammenfassendes Schlussbild eines Zeitalters" (p. 57), the smile of Balzac's veteran as "das aufblitzende, faszinierende Anfangsbild eines andern Zeitalters" (*ibid.*). This piece is, apart from minor additions and omissions, literally identical with the chapter "Rückblick und Ausblick" in Höllerer's *Zwischen Klassik und Moderne* (Stuttgart, 1958, pp. 379-393); it is somewhat surprising that in neither publication there is any reference to this fact.

Hansres Jacobi's "Sainte-Beuves Bemühungen um den deutschen Geist" (pp. 59-65) merits only one major criticism which amounts to implied praise: it is too short. Sainte-Beuve's efforts to appreciate German thought and literature seem illustrative of the situation among a good many of his French contemporaries: much interest in, much good will toward, but little firsthand knowledge of Germany. Among Sainte-Beuve's judgments of Goethe there are, however, some excellent ones: he admires his unflagging curiosity for "Menschen" and "Dinge" and his uncanny capacity of drawing poetry from everything, his ability to see life through the double prisms of reality and ideal, his representativeness as the fusion of all traditions, and the inexplicable distance that Goethe maintains even when he involves the reader most directly.

The co-editor of the volume, Kurt Wais, demonstrates in his "Das Schrifttum der französischen Aufklärung in seinem Nachleben von Feuerbach bis Nietzsche" (pp. 67-110) not only his stupendous "Belesenheit" and power of organization, but an extraordinary gift of deriving conclusions from a mass of material including much half-forgotten primary and secondary literature. One must be particularly grateful to Professor Wais for having delved into the impact of French rationalism on nineteenth-century Germany, a subject so badly neglected, because in the shadow of Rousseau and Romanticism, as to appear practically "taboo" to generations of literary scholars. The attempt (perhaps a hopeless one) by Strauss, Feuerbach, Hettner, Raumer, Rosenkranz, Herman Grimm and others to inject into a Germany dominated by Weimar's classicism and Hegelian idealism an understanding of XVIIIth century French materialism and scepticism results, on the one hand, in a more differentiated picture of German *Geistesgeschichte*, but, on the other, in a greater awareness of the (in Germany, particularly fateful) gulf between enthusiasm and scepticism, between the adherents of Shaftesbury and of Bocaccio: a gulf last bridged by Diderot and Goethe. No total treatment of German literary and intellectual history from the 1830's to the 1870's

can henceforth afford to overlook Wais' overdue rectification. Beyond this, it is to be hoped that his study will precipitate a reassessment (bound to result, in part at least, in a rehabilitation) of such eighteenth-century German rationalists as Nicolai and Voss, far too long and too often seen through the highly prejudiced, polemical distortions of their prestige-laden opponents.

It is because Wais' synthesis may (and should) become a model for opening up new vistas on literary *Geistesgeschichte* that we wish to call attention to some minor disagreements and a bibliographical omission. It is not fair to say of Heine (nor probably of Börne) that "sie das deutsche romantische Schrifttum, dessen wertbeständige Gehalte ihnen entgingen, als abgetan proklamierten" (p. 73). Heine's brief "Die Romantik" (*Sämtliche Werke*, Insel, Leipzig, 1914, V, 173-176) suggests the contrary: that he distinguished much more clearly than most of his contemporaries between the marginal, ephemeral features and the essential, lasting values of Romanticism; and even his strongly slanted, journalistic "Die Romantische Schule" is certainly more than a lampooning of Romanticism. Wais is giving too much credit to Karl Mager (1839), "der vermutlich erste Leser Stendhals, der zugleich mit einer treffenden psychologischen Analyse diesen zu 'lieben' erklärte und dabei gleichzeitig auf Stendhals geistige Herkunft von den Aufklärungsphilosophen Helvétius und Cabanis hinwies" (p. 78). Not only were there, since 1817 and thus prior to Mager, several intelligent German appreciations of Stendhal, including those of Goethe (see my "Goethe on Stendhal," in *Goethe Bicentennial Studies*, Indiana University Humanities Series No. 22, 1950, pp. 228-231), but Mager's entire Stendhal essay, excepting the bibliography of Stendahl's work given there, is only a reproduction of an article by Duvergier de Hauranne in the *Globe* of October 24, 1829 (according to Charles Simon, "Le Sillage de Stendhal en Allemagne," *Revue de littérature comparée*, VI [1926], p. 612). Finally it would have been desirable to call attention to the six volumes of Hans Fromm's *Bibliographie deutscher Übersetzungen aus dem Französischen, 1700-1948* (Baden-Baden: Kunst und Wissenschaft, 1950-1953), an invaluable source upon which Wais has presumably drawn; it constitutes an indispensable tool for the scholar dealing with French cultural influences in Germany.

A Sicilian disciple of Balzac and Swedenborg, correspondent of Heyse and Edouard Rod, and translator of Ibsen is introduced in Dino Otter's "Luigi Capuana als Mittler" (pp. 111-122). In a soberly discerning essay yielding gleanings rather than a harvest, Marius-François Guyard shows (pp. 123-134) that Maurice Barrès had little interest in English life, language, and landscape, but admired Shakespeare, Scott, Byron, and Carlyle; his works show few traces of these predilections. Thus Barrès strengthens Guyard's thesis that the French novel from 1914 to

1940 is indifferent to English life but curious about English literature. Similarly weak are the echoes of the German novel and German lyrics in French periodicals preceding World War I, according to Johannes Höse, "Die deutsche erzählende und lyrische Dichtung der Jahrhundertwende im Spiegel französischer Zeitschriften von 1900 bis 1914" (pp. 135-153). Höse concludes rather melancholically that the lyrical poetry of Germany was accessible only to a narrow circle of *germanistes*, and that the limited interest in Thomas Mann lagged behind French preoccupation with Sudermann, Schnitzler, Frenssen, Georg Hermann, and Clara Viebig. But the picture is not quite so discouraging in details: there are Vernot's translations of Hofmannsthal (1905), Mme. Mayrisch's (alias Saint-Hubert) pioneering appreciation of the *Malte Laurids Brigge* (1911), and Charles Andler's penetrating essay on Liliencron (1909). The benevolent attitude toward "un-Prussian" Austrian literature is less surprising than the indifference to Stefan George.

Daniel Bodmer pays a pleasantly unfulsome tribute to the engaging figure of the Swiss-Alsatian-American comparatist, Louis P. Betz (pp. 155-171). A van der Lee traces a vigorous picture of "Komparatistik im niederländischen Sprachraum" (pp. 173-177), and Werner P. Friederich does the same for the United States (pp. 179-191). The Index of Names is particularly welcome in a volume so rich in references. Only one serious misprint was noted: the top sentence on page 185 wandered onto page 184.

The reviewer must admit that he is somewhat sceptical about books with a supposedly unified title which contain a motley array of articles that have very little in common except the binding. But since the title of this volume claims only the broadest possible common denominator, and inasmuch as its disparate contents are held together by remarkable quality, he will limit himself to the wish that the next volumes of the *Forschungsprobleme* may each be devoted to invited contributions on one crucial topic in Comparative Literature, for it is abundantly clear by this time that some of the most significant problems in this field can only be solved by coöperative effort.

Indiana University

HENRY H. H. REMAK

Anton Lübbering, "Für Klopstock": Ein Gedichtband des Göttinger "Hains", 1773 (Tübingen: Max Niemeyer Verlag, 1957. 191 pp. DM 14). THIS is a further edition of important material from the Klopstock papers which in 1950 were acquired by the Hamburg State and University Library and from which Hermann Tiemann in 1956 published *Meta Klopstock's letters*. The volume here to be discussed reproduces a manuscript

collection of poems presented to the author of the *Messias* by his young admirers in Göttingen and containing contributions by Hahn, Hölty, Johann Martin Miller, Gottlob Dieterich Miller, the younger Cramer, the Stolberg brothers and Voß. The laconic "Für Klopstock," incidentally, would seem to echo the equally laconic "An Bernstorff" with which the Master himself had in 1771 dedicated his collected odes to the German-Danish statesman and *grand seigneur* who was his patron and friend.

The book consists of three main parts: (1) the text itself in a (supposedly) diplomatic reproduction (pp. 7-85) (2) a general "Einführung" (pp. 87-154); (3) notes on the individual authors and their poems (pp. 155-180). On p. 181 we find a list of those items which here appear in print for the first time and on pp. 182-87 a full, eminently useful bibliography.

When in Hamburg, I checked the text of twelve poems against the manuscript itself. In two instances the only point to be criticized was the replacement of an (obviously needed) hyphen by a (meaningless) dash (pp. 58, 83). In all the other ten, more substantial miscopyings were noted. I will here limit myself to three items: Hahn's "An Hölty, bey der Eiche des Bundes" (pp. 10 ff.), F.-L. Stolberg's "Der Hartz" (pp. 64 f.), and the same author's "Die Freiheit" (pp. 62 f.). The first of these contains the following errors: "Morgenherrlichkeit" (correct: "MorgenHerrlichkeit"); "wolfern ihr gehet / Süßen Liedes" (correct: ". . . gehrt . . ." = begehrt); "wofern ihr gehet / Hochgesanges" (correct again: ". . . gehrt . . ."); "Sang empor sich" (corr.: "Rang . . ."); "im Falle" (corr.: "im Fall"); "verhüllt" (corr.: "verhüllt"). In Stolberg's "Der Hartz" we find "Wolkenhöhnende" (corr.: "Wolckenhöhnende"); "deinen erhabenen / Nacken schattet" (corr.: "deinem . . ."); "dir himmlische Freiheit sang" (corr.: "die himmlische . . ."); "danklos" (corr.: "dancklos"). Similarly, in "Die Freiheit" *k* appears in three places where the manuscript clearly has *ck*.

As we turn from the text to the "Einführung," we find that the complex historical position of the collection is set forth clearly (albeit not without stylistic lapses): "Es sind Gedichte von Jünglingen, gerade im Durchschnitt 21 Jahre alt. die 'Sturm und Drang' sein wollen, ohne schon zu wissen, wie sie es [=?] nennen sollen. Sie sind noch ganz verhaftet im ihnen als vorbildlich Erscheinenden der Vätergeneration. Etwas Neues liegt in Geburtswehen [confused image: it is not the new-born baby that is in labor!], hier und da bricht es durch, dann wieder wird es überdeckt von Früherem und Angelesenem, Halbverstandenen und Nachgemachtem" (p. 99). Or again: "Manches entstammt noch der ersten Hälfte des 18. Jahrhunderts, ist Mischung aus Pietismus und Rationalismus oder Minnekostüm auftretende Anakreontik" (p. 134). We do indeed, have here a "Grenzsituation" (p. 135). Be it noted, however, how easily the Stolbergs in 1775 established contacts with Goethe, Klin-

ger, Lenz, and how readily even such an anemic sentimentalist as Johann Martin Miller fell in with, and was accepted by, the "Löwenblutsäuer" Klinger when they met in that same year. Obviously the consciousness of age-group kinship was very strong. In this connection it should be said that constant attention to the implications of chronological factors (such as birth dates) is a praiseworthy feature of Lübbering's book.

Rightly he emphasizes the fact that Hahn, the Stolbergs, Cramer were the main promoters of Klopstock's influence in Göttingen. Unfortunately we find nothing about the latter's grandiose plans for an expansion of the *Bund* into a nationwide league of youth for the regeneration of Germany; these plans should have been discussed here, or at least mentioned, despite the fact that they belonged to the year 1774 and thus came slightly later than the collection *Für Klopstock*.

The passage on the rationalistic and the sentimental strands in the eighteenth century (p. 91) strikes this reviewer as resulting in oversimplified and somewhat unclear generalizations, that on anacreonticism (pp. 99 ff.) as needlessly long and rambling. It appears uncertain to what extent the detailed statistics regarding the numerical distribution of genres, meters, etc. on pp. 121 ff. are significant; in any case, they would be much more instructive if percentage figures were given as well as absolute ones.

Some individual points are questionable or incorrect. Is the historical perspective adequate when anacreonticism is compared to *Minnesang* as "eine neue und ähnliche lyrische Welle aus dem Westen" (p. 101)? Is the quarter-century "von 1748 bis in die siebziger Jahre" really a "'Klopstock-Zeit' im eigentlichen Sinne" (p. 89)? I would say that the period of Klopstock's early literary supremacy lasted from the appearance of the first three cantos of the *Messias* in the *Bremer Beiträge* (1748) to the two-volume publication of I-X in 1755 (although Lessing's *Sinngedichte* of 1753 already answer the question "Doch wird ihn jeder lesen?" with an unequivocal "Nein"!), and that a second period of prominence comprises the years 1768-74 (1768: *Messias* XI-XV; 1769: *Hermanns Schlacht*; 1771: the collected odes; 1773: completion of the *Messias*; 1774: *Gelehrtenrepublik*). On p. 93 Klopstock is termed an "offenbarungsgläubiger Aufklärer," while on p. 95 we read of his "Dunkelheit," flowing "aus religiöser, aus mystischer Quelle"; the two statements obviously call for modification and mutual adjustment.

Especially with regard to the Stolberg brothers (about whom I happen to be best informed) I find some factual errors (pp. 168-71). Friedrich Leopold's choice of an administrative career is not adequately explained by his status of a younger (and hence, Lübbering implies, landless) son; Christian, the older brother, was likewise originally landless and had to take what the eighteenth century called "eine Bedienung." The statement describing Friedrich Leopold as being in "lübischen und oldenburgischem Staatsdienst" misleads the reader: the poet's sovereign was the (secular)

Prince Bishop of Lübeck, who, without jurisdiction over the Free City of Lübeck, ruled over small enclaves in eastern Holstein and over the Duchy of Oldenburg. The brother-in-law of the Stolbergs, Andreas Peter Bernstorff, was the nephew, not the cousin, of Klopstock's patron, Johann Hartwig (better than: Hartwich) Ernst Bernstorff. The original edition of the *Gesammelte Werke der . . . Grafen zu Stolberg* appeared in Hamburg (Perthes), 1820-25; the Vienna edition of 1821 is a partial reprint. And a matter of interpretation: I cannot accept the opinion that the revolutionary ardor of the young Fritz Stolberg is to be understood as "politisch-akut," as "um mindestens eine Stufe dem Politisch-Realen näher gerückt" in comparison with Klopstock's enthusiasm for freedom.

Some miscellaneous points: — Can Goeth's lyrical style, in contrast to Klopstock's, be simply described as "geschmeidig und glatt" (p. 95)? Inaccurate titles appear on pp. 106 (Gebner) and 111 (Mallet). A sentence on p. 112 mentions kings of Holland (there were none before the Napoleonic age), refers to those of Sweden as "Pfälzer" (the Wittelsbach line had ceased to rule there in 1720), and claims that the emperor in Vienna was "als ungarischer König halber Ausländer" (Joseph II?). On p. 180 "Latien" should preferably be "Latium."

The notes are, on the whole, quite satisfactory. On pp. 77 f. explanations for "Ludewigs Büchersäle" (Louis XIV owned the *Manessesche Handschrift*) and "Ausonisch" (South Italian) would seem to be desirable.

Unfortunately it must be added that stylistically the book is less than perfect. The reference of pronouns is often vague, the use of tenses inconsistent. Careful reading will discover a variety of serious flaws in the following: "in der und für die geistig führende Schicht" (p. 90); "Voß behielt die Oberhand im Bund, Boie war . . . vom Jahrgang 1744, so alt wie Herder, derselbe Abstand wie zwischen Herder und Goethe" (p. 98); "daß Klopstock . . . des 'mäonisch'-homerischen Ohres, mit dem er zu dichten gedachte, gedenkt" (p. 104); "die Zulassung Cramers als vollberechtigtes Mitglied" (p. 117); "solange eben Zwanzigjährige einmal wieder den Kalk der Jahrzehnte verstäuben müssen, damit nach reinigendem Gewitter ein neuer Frühling und Sommer mit erntendem Herbst folgen können" (p. 119); "und so ist der bardischen Begeisterung kein Halten mehr" (p. 151); "Höltys Einführungsge-dicht in den Bund" (p. 159); "das Feuer, was sich hier aussprechen soll, brennt nicht so recht" (p. 172). Annoying I find the use of the zero sign for *Chr. Geb.*, as on p. 107, where we read that Theocritus was born "305 vor 0."

Regardless of a number of shortcomings the book has its merits. It adds distinctly to our knowledge and understanding of the Göttingen group, which presents one of the most puzzling (and of the most neglected) aspects of the *Geniezeit*.

Albert Bettex, *Spiegelungen der Schweiz in der deutschen Literatur 1870-1950* (Zürich: Max Niehans Verlag, 1954. 223 pp.). SWITZERLAND, her land and people, her history and folklore, her political and social institutions, have long been of interest to German writers and philosophers. Goethe's favorable opinion of the Swiss and the *Schweizerbegeisterung* of many eighteenth century writers are well-known; equally well-known is the important role played by Switzerland in the revolutionary and refugee writings of the mid-nineteenth century. The common language and the common cultural ties have made the small republic a favored spot for many Germans as well as an object of their curiosity and serious observation.

In the present book Dr. Bettex has made an attempt to trace and analyze the image of Switzerland in Germany since the establishment of the Second Reich. With many well-chosen quotations from novels, essays and poems—in dramatic literature Swiss topics seem to be lacking—the author shows that many writers saw in that country an enviable land of freedom and *Erdverbundenheit*, that many others found in it a confirmation of their own ideals of *Weltoffenheit*, that some of them however despised it as an *Egoistenparadies*. The reader will find many familiar names because many were the great writers who temporarily (some permanently) settled in Switzerland, from Nietzsche to Wedekind and Hauptmann, from Rilke to Hesse and Thomas Mann, as well as the names of some less well-known writers, such as Ricarda Huch and Otto Flake, who devoted much of their writings to Swiss topics and consequently receive considerable attention in this book. The favorite city of German authors, it seems, has always been Zürich, but the Swiss intellectuals who were most discussed and who had the greatest influence on German authors, Bachofen, Burckhardt and Böcklin, were all from Basel.

To arrange and present the vast material, two methods could be used: the chronological method, i. e. the manner in which different writers, one after another, saw Switzerland, or the topical method, i. e. how the various aspects of Switzerland were seen by the German writers. Bettex has chosen a combination of the two methods, with the result that his study lacks a certain consistency of viewpoint. By the same token, the term "German literature" is used in a somewhat arbitrary way: it applies, in this book, to all authors writing German (including the Austrians and Alsations) with the exception of the Swiss.

It seems unfortunate that Dr. Bettex has not devoted more space to those few authors who seriously tried to analyze the basic gap that separates the two nations. Only in the footnotes, in the appendix, do we find a few references to the keen psychological observations made by F. T. Vischer and others—the observation, for example, that the frequently anti-German attitude of the Swiss is not so much hatred as it is the small nation's envy and fear of her powerful neighbor.

R C

I
cri
ne
rai
cré
qu
" r
t-el
ron
" a
" r
l'ac
7
tai
cer
l'us
ou
un
coh
et
l'us
flex
de
tiq
doi
I

DÉLIMITATION DU GENRE ROMANESQUE

ROBERT CHAMPIGNY

Les usages du mot "roman" sont si épars qu'ils n'offrent pas de critère permettant de distinguer ce qui est romanesque de ce qui ne l'est pas. Je lis, dans un panorama de la littérature contemporaine: "A la limite, le roman ne peut se définir que comme la création d'un monde autonome, particulier, dont le sens n'est jamais qu'implicite, comme celui des couleurs et des sons." Au mot "roman," substituez "poésie" ou "drame": la phrase s'en porte-t-elle plus mal? Il faudrait déterminer quel type de monde est romanesque. On peut voir dans l'introduction récente de l'étiquette "anti-roman" une tentative de restreindre l'application du mot "roman." Mais comme ce dernier terme demeure indéterminé, l'addition du terme antithétique ne fait qu'ajouter à la confusion.

Toute définition de base est en quelque mesure arbitraire, autoritaire. Pour être justifiée, une telle définition doit satisfaire à certaines exigences. Elle doit d'abord concorder en partie avec l'usage, ou du moins avec un usage. Elle peut restreindre cet usage ou l'élargir, mais non le négliger: sinon, il vaudrait mieux choisir un autre mot ou en inventer un. La définition doit ensuite être cohérente et suffisamment précise, de façon à pouvoir être comprise et appliquée. Elle doit enfin être utile: elle doit permettre à l'utilisateur de "mordre" dans le domaine d'exploration et de réflexion, au lieu de simplement l'effleurer: elle doit pouvoir servir de base à une analyse. Il s'agit ici de délimiter un genre linguistique: de la "chimie" confuse des usages de la langue, la définition doit dégager un "corps simple."

En dehors de la critique littéraire, l'usage ordinaire du mot

"roman" manifeste deux caractéristiques. La première est celle-ci: qui dit roman dit narration, récit, histoire. La seconde caractéristique est négative: qui dit roman dit parole ou écrit dénué de valeur cognitive: une histoire dépourvue de valeur historique. A cette caractéristique négative on peut substituer une caractéristique positive: un roman est un récit destiné à être apprécié esthétiquement. Dans ses divers usages du terme, la critique littéraire postule cette caractéristique esthétique: ainsi la définition citée plus haut parle d'une monde *autonome*. La critique littéraire postule une autre caractéristique que j'adopterai également: un roman est destiné à être lu. Nous parvenons de cette manière à la définition suivante: un roman est un écrit de mode narratif destiné à être lu et à être apprécié esthétiquement.

Sans doute, on peut trouver à tel ou tel ouvrage romanesque un intérêt autre qu'esthétique. Ce qui brille esthétiquement peut révéler de manière voilée certaines autres valeurs. Mais de telles possibilités n'ont pas à figurer dans la définition: elles doivent simplement y être impliquées. Leur examen ne peut être entrepris en bonne forme que sur la base d'une analyse du genre, elle-même basée sur la définition. Lors des Jacqueries, les paysans s'armaient de fourches. Il n'en reste pas moins qu'une fourche est à définir comme un outil et non comme une arme.

A la manière d'une règle du jeu, le mode narratif permet de distinguer le genre romanesque d'autres genres esthétiques et linguistiques: essai, poésie, drame, qui mettent respectivement en valeur le mode analytique, le mode musical (au sens large) et le mode gestuel (la parole comme geste). Le fait que le roman est destiné à être lu le différencie encore du poème, qui est destiné à être prononcé, et de la pièce de théâtre, qui est destinée à être représentée. Elle le différencie de cet alliage de roman, de poésie et de théâtre qu'était l'épopée, ou la chanson de geste: combinaison du mode narratif et du mode musical destinée à être prononcée en public, pour un public. Enfin l'exigence esthétique permet de distinguer le genre romanesque des récits destinés à être appréciés selon des valeurs autres qu'esthétiques: reportages, documentaires, biographies, mémoires, études historiques.

Cette même exigence esthétique modifie ou précise la seconde condition posée dans la définition. Pour être appréciée esthétiquement, l'œuvre romanesque doit être relue aussi bien que lue. On ne saurait apprécier esthétiquement le début d'un récit que lorsqu'on en connaît la fin. Pour apprécier pleinement le premier

usage d'un mot-clé, il faut connaître les usages subséquents, lesquels montrent qu'il s'agit d'un mot-clé. Pour apprécier pleinement la fonction d'un élément dans une figure, il convient de connaître déjà la figure. Ainsi, un effet de surprise n'a en soi rien d'esthétique. Mais la surprise peut se produire à l'occasion d'une modification de la situation qui concourt au développement d'une combinaison. A la seconde lecture, l'effacement de la surprise permet à la valeur esthétique, s'il y en a une, de se décanter.

Une œuvre esthétique doit apparaître comme un tout autonome: cohésif et cohérent. La cohésion est la condition de base: il convient que les pierres de l'édifice ne soient pas disparates. Cette cohésion est garantie par la règle du jeu: le mode narratif. La cohésion est une condition nécessaire, mais insuffisante. Il faut lui ajouter la cohérence, une cohérence de type esthétique. Il ne suffit pas d'appliquer les règles du jeu d'échecs pour obtenir une belle partie. Il ne suffit pas d'appliquer les règles implicites du mode narratif pour obtenir un beau roman. Mais c'est par l'explicitation de ces règles qu'il faut commencer l'examen et c'est de cela que je m'occuperai exclusivement dans les pages qui suivent.

L'adoption du mode narratif exige d'abord que les éléments atomiques de ce qui est signifié dans le roman soient tous des événements. Par événement, j'entends un phénomène dans la mesure où ce phénomène est situé dans un réseau chronologique. L'adoption du mode narratif exige de plus que tous les phénomènes soient rapportés, en tant qu'événements, à un seul et même cadre chronologique. Autrement dit, tous les événements qu'on trouve dans le champ romanesque doivent pouvoir être situés chronologiquement les uns par rapport aux autres. Ainsi est garantie la cohésion.

Dire que tous les phénomènes signifiés dans un roman doivent être des événements n'implique pas qu'ils ne doivent être rien que des événements. C'est en tant qu'ils ne sont pas seulement des événements qu'ils peuvent servir à former des figures, des combinaisons autres que chronologiques. Mais, encore une fois, je ne m'occupe ici que de la cohésion; je remets l'examen de la cohérence.

Les phénomènes sont signifiés par les phrases; mais il n'y a pas de concordance nécessaire entre phrase et phénomène. Ainsi, l'ordre des phrases à lire ne concorde pas nécessairement avec l'ordre chronologique des phénomènes à imaginer. Les phénomènes peuvent être indiqués de deux manières. Le procédé de la description sert à indiquer un phénomène non linguistique. Le

procédé de la citation, en style direct ou indirect, sert à signifier un phénomène linguistique, parfois aussi un phénomène simplement sonore. En tant qu'événements, les phénomènes doivent être situés temporellement et spatialement. La situation, qu'on peut considérer comme faisant partie de la description, s'accomplit de diverses manières: signes de ponctuation, conjonctions, adverbess, adjectifs, prépositions. Enfin, si je dis que le ciel est bleu, le nom "ciel" suffit à situer spatialement le phénomène.

Du côté du lecteur, la convention romanesque consiste à interpréter le texte comme description ou citation. Elle consiste de plus à reconnaître ce qui est indiqué comme situé dans un champ chronologique autonome. Le lecteur ne doit pas adopter une attitude cognitive: il ne doit pas s'attendre à ce que les événements indiqués s'inscrivent dans le cadre historique. Il ne doit pas non plus adopter une attitude religieuse: lire le roman à la manière dont un chrétien est censé lire un évangile. Il y a ainsi une sorte de contrat romanesque implicite entre le lecteur et l'auteur. La première clause serait celle-ci: le lecteur s'engage à interpréter les propositions comme des descriptions ou des citations; l'auteur s'engage de son côté à ne présenter que des descriptions et des citations.

J'essaie de donner ainsi une forme précise à des exigences qui se sont fréquemment manifestées. On dit encore assez souvent que le lecteur de roman doit pouvoir "croire" à ce qui est raconté. Je n'aime pas cette intrusion de la notion de croyance, au demeurant bien confuse, dans le domaine de la théorie esthétique: l'utilisation de ce mot tend en effet à dissiper la distinction fondamentale entre l'attitude esthétique d'une part, l'attitude religieuse ou l'attitude cognitive de l'autre. Mais j'adapterais cette exigence de "croyance" ainsi: l'auteur ne doit pas pénétrer sur le terrain de jeu; il doit faire en sorte que le champ romanesque se ferme sur lui-même. C'est l'exigence esthétique que nous retrouvons de cette manière: l'adoption de l'attitude romanesque est possible dans la mesure où le lecteur met l'auteur hors-jeu, sur la touche. Cette mise sur la touche est possible dans la mesure où tous les phénomènes signifiés sont des événements, décrits ou cités. C'est ainsi en effet que le champ romanesque peut avoir une autonomie.

Le principe selon lequel le romancier doit "montrer," et non pas expliquer, me paraît aller dans le même sens. Et c'est la même exigence que je discerne dans l'analogie que Flaubert établit entre le romancier et un dieu qui serait partout senti et invisible. Le

romancier est comparable à un dieu créateur: comme tel, en effet, il est éliminable; le lecteur porte son attention sur la création. Mais le romancier ne doit pas intervenir à la manière d'un dieu juge, ou d'un dieu incarné: comme tel, en effet, il serait "visible" et ne pourrait être éliminé. La rupture de contrat par le romancier se manifeste par une rupture de cadre dans l'œuvre: le lecteur se trouve lancé sur des significations qui ne posent rien qui soit situable dans le champ romanesque. Pour décider si l'on a affaire à un élément romanesque ou non, on peut s'interroger de la manière suivante: "Quand cela se passe-t-il par rapport aux autres événements? Qui parle? Qui se dit cela?" Donnons des exemples.

•

On peut noter d'abord les interventions flagrantes de la part de l'auteur qui, en quelque sorte, prend le lecteur à partie. Dans *Les Faux-Monnayeurs*, de Gide, je relève ce bref aparté: "Suivons-le," dit l'auteur au lecteur à propos d'un personnage. Un essayiste peut inviter sans dommage le lecteur à "suivre" une idée; un romancier qui invite le lecteur à suivre un personnage compromet l'autonomie du champ romanesque. Relisons maintenant le début du *Bal du Comte d'Orgel*, de Radiguet: "Les mouvements d'un cœur comme celui de la comtesse d'Orgel sont-ils surannés? Un tel mélange du devoir et de la mollesse semblera peut-être, de nos jours, incroyable même chez une personne de race et une créole. Ne serait-ce pas plutôt que l'attention se détourne de la pureté sous prétexte qu'elle offre moins de saveur que le désordre?" Ces phrases endimanchées ne décrivent aucun événement et ne citent aucun personnage. Ici encore on a affaire à un aparté.

On peut mentionner ensuite les hypothèses. En tant qu'événements, les phénomènes se distinguent de suppositions. Ce qui est posé par hypothèse prend place dans un champ logique et non spatio-temporel. Je pense en particulier au procédé de l'observateur hypothétique. En voici un exemple, tiré des *Célibataires*, de Montherlant: "S'il avait poussé plus loin son indiscrétion, l'observateur aurait remarqué que c'était de même une forte ficelle qui tenait lieu de toute ceinture à notre personnage, et que celui-ci ne portait pas de caleçon." (L'adjectif "notre" introduit de plus un aparté entre auteur et lecteur.)

Plus subtil est le cas de descriptions de phénomènes qui ne s'inscrivent dans la perspective d'aucun personnage situé: on a

encore affaire, mais implicitement cette fois, à un observateur hypothétique. La description de la maison Claes, au début de *La Recherche de l'absolu*, de Balzac, est faite ainsi du point de vue d'un observateur hypothétique implicite. Ici et là, toutefois, cet observateur prend forme. Interviennent ainsi spectralement un poète "qui aurait aimé quelques herbes dans les jours de la lanterne," un visiteur généralisé qui tire "le cordon de la sonnette de fer," un étranger qui, dès l'entrée, "pouvait embrasser l'ensemble de cette demeure," un connaisseur enfin au jugement duquel l'écrivain fait appel pour estimer "les trésors qui ornaient cette pièce." Pour qu'un phénomène se produise dans un champ romanesque et non dans un champ d'hypothèses, il faut qu'il se produise dans la perspective d'un personnage lui-même situé dans le champ romanesque.

Des hypothèses, passons aux thèses. J'entends par là des propositions de portée générale telles que: "Tous les hommes sont mortels"; "Toute mort est pour les autres une simplification d'existence"; "L'air est un mélange d'oxygène et d'azote"; "Les idées sont des succédanés des chagrins"; "La propriété, c'est le vol"; "La vraie vie, c'est la littérature"; "On ne parle que pour soi-même"; "On a souvent besoin d'un plus petit que soi." Du *Blé en herbe*, de Colette, j'extrait la phrase suivante: "Ainsi chargée, elle se hâta vers l'étroit et obscur royaume où son orgueil pouvait croire que la plainte est l'aveu de la détresse, et où les quémandeuses de sa sorte boivent l'illusion de la libéralité." D'où sortent ces quémandeuses et quand cette beuverie a-t-elle lieu? Les maximes, sentences, proverbes, slogans, n'introduisent pas seulement des éléments non situables dans le champ; ils compromettent encore la perspective dans laquelle est interprété le contexte. Les phénomènes décrits apparaissent comme des illustrations, des cas, des modèles. Il se produit un glissement vers la perspective de la fable, du sermon ou de l'essai.

Des événements, il faut encore distinguer les états, du moins les états abstraits, c'est-à-dire ceux que produit une analyse de données diverses. Les états concrets, eux, c'est-à-dire les états observables, extérieurement ou intérieurement, peuvent être présentés comme événements au moment où ils se manifestent. Un personnage humain apparaît: il est loisible, dans une perspective romanesque, d'écrire qu'il est vêtu pauvrement et qu'il a un regard honnête, mais non qu'il s'agit de quelqu'un de pauvre et d'honnête. Je lis, dans *Vol de nuit*, de Saint-Exupéry: "Rivière était sorti pour

marcher un peu et tromper le malaise qui le reprenait, et lui, qui ne vivait que pour l'action, une action dramatique, sentait bizarrement le drame se déplacer, devenir personnel." Ne-vivre-que-pour-l'action est présenté comme un trait de caractère abstrait, non comme un aspect de ce qui est en train de se passer. L'effet de telles notations abstraites sur le contexte peut être analogue à celui noté il y a un instant: le trait de caractère peut se comporter à la manière d'une thèse et l'on ne sait plus si la base sémantique est l'événement ou l'abstraction. La conduite du personnage tend à apparaître comme une illustration du caractère. Or un personnage romanesque est ce qu'il fait; plus encore, il est ce qui lui arrive. Il doit tirer sa substance des événements, et non d'un caractère. (Un personnage dramatique serait, lui, une formation de gestes, de réactions gestuelles à des stimuli gestuels.)

La notion d'habitude est intermédiaire entre celle d'état abstrait et celle de phénomène concret. Elle s'exprime dans l'œuvre par des procédés de survol, de résumé, de raccourci. L'auteur somme des événements semblables et les présente agglomérés en une sorte de fait cumulatif. La physionomie de chaque événement singulier est sauvegardée, du fait de la similitude entre les phénomènes, mais une série régulière n'est pas un événement. La question de savoir si le procédé est romanesque ou non est à régler à la lecture. Selon les cas, selon les contextes, le procédé de sommation compromettra ou non la cohésion, l'intégrité du champ romanesque. Voici la première phrase d'*Un Coeur simple*, de Flaubert: "Pendant un demi-siècle, les bourgeois de Pont-l'Evêque enviaient à Mme Aubain sa servante Félicité." Il m'apparaît qu'ici le côté abstrait l'emporte sur le côté concret, du fait du verbe "envier" et de la fonction surplombante de la phrase. En revanche, la description de la routine hivernale, dans *Madame Bovary*, s'inscrit d'heureuse manière dans le cadre du champ romanesque: "Puis elle remontait, fermait la porte, étalait les charbons, et, défaillant à la chaleur du foyer, sentait l'ennui plus lourd qui retombait sur elle." L'imparfait d'habitude est ici presque équivalent à un imparfait d'état concret.

Les thèses, les états abstraits, les survols, pourraient être versés au chapitre des procédés d'explication. En tant que l'explication s'établit sur une base sémantique propre, c'est-à-dire en dehors de la description ou de la citation, elle est un procédé non romanesque. C'est ce qui se passe à l'occasion de tournures causales. Un événement est par définition contingent. En liant deux phénomènes par une relation causale, en les présentant comme cause et effet, je les

prive de leur contingence. Les deux phénomènes ne sont plus fondamentalement des événements, mais des applications d'une loi causale liant deux *classes* de phénomènes, classes dans lesquelles se rangent les deux phénomènes en question. Sans doute, décrire un phénomène singulier implique l'usage de généralités: si je dis qu'un homme apparaît au coin de la rue, la classe "homme" est mise à contribution. Mais le plan des généralités n'est pas ici la base sémantique.

La causalité n'est pas une propriété observable; c'est un outil de l'analyse et de la prévision. Il convient par suite de se méfier de l'expression "enchaînement logique" qui est encore parfois employée pour caractériser le déroulement d'un récit. Il faut spécifier que, pour être romanesque, la logique des phénomènes, la cohérence de l'œuvre, doit être de type esthétique: développement des combinaisons, des figures. Cette cohérence doit respecter le caractère contingent des phénomènes, s'établir en tension harmonieuse avec lui, et non pas l'escamoter. Cette cohérence ne doit donc pas avoir l'allure d'un enchaînement causal. Un cadre spatio-temporel ne renferme pas de généralités et ce sont des généralités qui peuvent être causalement liées. Il ne faut pas confondre roman et science, ou pseudo-science.

De la causalité, il faut cependant distinguer la puissance, non pas l'énergie abstraite et quantifiée des physiciens, mais la force comme aspect de ce qui est éprouvé. Si je dis qu'un chat fait tomber une assiette ou qu'une boule de billard en pousse une autre, je ne fournis pas une explication causale: la proposition décrit un seul et même événement. Alors que la relation de causalité séparerait les termes (cause et effet), l'évocation de la puissance éprouvée les unit.

Il faut de même faire une distinction entre causalité et finalité, entre la cause et l'intention. L'intention; ou du moins l'intentionnalité, *peut* s'éprouver aussi bien que la puissance et concourir à l'évocation de l'événement concret. Dans ce cas, elle n'est pas une catégorie analytique (ce qu'elle peut être aussi), mais la différence entre l'impression d'avoir affaire à une conduite et l'impression d'avoir simplement affaire à des mouvements. Des verbes comme "se nicher," "se dépêcher," "parler," expriment à eux seuls l'intentionnalité. Et je ne trouve pas non plus gênantes, dans une perspective romanesque, des notations d'intention telles que celle-ci, extraite de *La Condition humaine*, de Malraux: "Ils se regardèrent haletants, chacun voulant d'abord entendre l'autre." En revanche,

les fins à long terme, les buts ultimes, les "raisons profondes," "ce qu'un auteur a voulu dire," appartiennent à l'équipement de l'analyse et non de la description. C'est que, dans ce cas, on n'a plus affaire à des intentions en acte, mais à des états abstraits.

Ces considérations sur la causalité et la finalité n'impliquent pas de dogme ontologique. Un métaphysicien pourra, s'il lui plaît, dénier la finalité aux choses, mais l'accorder aux êtres humains, ainsi que, s'il est d'humeur généreuse, aux animaux, du moins aux animaux supérieurs. Mon point de vue est différent: je m'intéresse à l'évocation de la finalité éprouvée, non à la thèse de la finalité dans le général et l'abstrait. Un romancier, s'il lui chaut, peut fort bien dire d'une auto qu'elle attend et d'un homme qu'il stationne. L'impression d'intentionnalité se pose où elle veut.

De même que la relation de finalité, la relation d'analogie peut normalement être englobée dans une description. Voici une comparaison extraite de *L'Espoir*, de Malraux: "La lueur de l'incendie frémissait sur les murs, comme les reflets des rivières ensoleillées frémissent en été au plafond des chambres." Sans doute, ces frémissements de reflets de rivières estivales ne sont pas des événements appartenant au champ romanesque. Mais aussi bien, ils ne sont pas à interpréter comme événements. Ils sont à interpréter comme aspect d'un phénomène qui, lui, a lieu dans le champ romanesque: la lueur de l'incendie. Cette assimilation du terme comparant à un adjectif qualifiant le terme comparé est généralement aisée. Ici, le terme comparant commande toute une proposition, ce qui ne facilite pas la "digestion" romanesque. Cependant, même dans cet exemple, qui est un cas-limite, l'analogie me paraît avoir un effet moins disrupteur que l'appartenance à une classe, relation que nous avons rencontrée à l'occasion des quémanteuses de Colette.

L'intégration des emprunts historiques et géographiques au champ romanesque est plus délicate. Je parle de tels emprunts, de telles greffes, en liaison avec l'analogie, car, s'ils peuvent être assimilés, c'est à la manière d'expressions comparatives. A fin du *Père Goriot*, de Balzac, Rastignac, personnage romanesque, lance un défi à Paris, entité géographique. A la fin du *Sursis*, de Sartre, Daladier, personnage historique, débarque d'un avion romanesque. Dans *La Condition humaine*, de Malraux, Tchen, personnage romanesque, essaie d'assassiner Tchang-Kai-Chek, personnage historique. N'y a-t-il pas, dans ces trois cas, rupture de cadre?

Dans l'exemple d'analogie cité plus haut, la naturalisation romanesque parvenait à s'effectuer, étant donné que les frémisses-

ments de reflets n'appartenaient quère qu'au champ sémantique de la langue française. En revanche, Paris, Daladier et Tchang-Kai-Chek sont des entités singulières qui ressortissent au champ historique et géographique, le champ même, soit dit en passant, auquel le lecteur et l'auteur appartiennent en tant qu'objets. La naturalisation romanesque des emprunts historiques et géographiques peut se faire dans la mesure où ces emprunts sont interprétés comme désignant des qualités plutôt que des entités individuelles, dans la mesure, autrement dit, où il y a une analogie au sein même du nom de l'entité. Ainsi, en ce qui concerne *Le Père Goriot*, on pourrait dire que Rastignac défie une ville très-parisienne, une ville qui, de surcroît, porte le même nom que le Paris géographique. Un tel aménagement me paraît moins praticable dans le cas de Daladier ou de Tchang-Kai-Chek. Notons d'ailleurs que, dans le cas du Paris de Rastignac, l'intégration n'apparaît possible que parce que l'exemple est examiné en dehors du contexte. (Bien entendu, cette question des emprunts ne se pose en fait que si le lecteur est historiquement et géographiquement informé.)

•

Certains des éléments signalés jusqu'ici comme n'étant pas romanesques peuvent le devenir grâce à ce qu'on pourrait appeler la mise entre guillemets: l'auteur fait endosser à un personnage la responsabilité de ces ingrédients. Ce qui n'est pas descriptif est porté par la citation, directe ou indirecte, de ce qu'un personnage dit ou se dit. En principe, on se retrouve donc de cette manière en présence d'un champ romanesque pur. Notons pourtant certaines tendances.

D'abord, il se produit facilement un glissement de la voix du personnage à celle de l'auteur. Je lis, à la fin de *L'Espoir*, de Malraux:

Autrefois, Manuel se connaissait en réfléchissant sur lui-même; aujourd'hui, quand un hasard l'arrachait à l'action pour lui jeter son passé à la face. Et, comme lui et comme chacun de ces hommes, l'Espagne exsangue prenait enfin conscience d'elle-même,—semblable à celui qui soudain s'interroge à l'heure de mourir. On ne découvre qu'une fois la guerre, mais on découvre plusieurs fois la vie.

Il faut beaucoup de bonne volonté pour interpréter ces phrases, et surtout la dernière, qui a l'allure d'une maxime que l'auteur cherchait à placer, comme exprimant des réflexions du personnage nommé Manuel. Le texte suggère d'ailleurs que Manuel est mainte-

nant privé du luxe de la réflexion. La mise entre guillemets reste ici douteuse. Voici maintenant un passage de *Thérèse Desqueyroux*, de Mauriac:

"Ah! songe Thérèse, il n'aura pas compris. Il faudra reprendre depuis le commencement . . ." Où est le commencement de nos actes? Notre destin, quand nous voulons l'isoler, ressemble à ces plantes qu'il est impossible d'arracher avec toutes leurs racines. Thérèse remontera-t-elle jusqu'à son enfance? Mais l'enfance est elle-même une fin, un aboutissement.

Ici il n'y a pas de doute: ce qui suit la citation directe ne saurait être attribué à Thérèse, mais à un orateur d'outre-tombe, ou plus exactement d'outre-roman. L'intégration n'est pas accomplie. Elle est du reste à peine cherchée.

Il faut noter ensuite que la mise entre guillemets encourage la prolifération des citations, qui tendent ainsi à supplanter les descriptions comme base sémantique de l'ouvrage. C'est ce qui semble se passer dans bien des œuvres du XX^e siècle, dont les auteurs, pour éviter sans doute les interventions voyantes qu'on trouve dans les analyses romancées, font un usage massif du style direct libre (monologue intérieur) et du style indirect libre, qui sont des manières commodes de mettre entre guillemets.

La prolifération des citations affaiblit la charpente: ce sont les événements décrits qui peuvent ancrer les paroles, extérieures ou intérieures, dans un champ romanesque. Le lecteur de roman ne dispose pas de l'intermédiaire offert, dans le cas d'une pièce, par la représentation sur scène. Dans la mesure où les événements décrits ne fournissent plus de base de référence aux paroles, la chronologie des paroles citées tend à se ramener à la chronologie des phrases lues, à la chronologie extra-romanesque de la lecture. La profondeur esthétique, ou "distance," s'évanouit.

C'est que l'établissement d'un champ chronologique repose sur la diversité des événements. Le réseau des relations de simultanéité et de succession se développe selon un va et vient entre des événements hétérogènes, entre des séries distinctes. Une série homogène d'événements (rotation de l'aiguille des secondes, monologue, course, rêve) ne peut s'établir par elle-même comme chronologique. Elle a besoin pour cela d'être mise en parallèle avec d'autres séries, d'autres événements concomitants. Sinon, il y a mouvement, durée, et peut-être ordre dialectique, mais pas succession. Dans un roman, les événements décrits, non les paroles citées, peuvent offrir une

diversité permettant l'établissement d'un champ chronologique autonome. Notons simplement que les paroles citées peuvent contribuer à cette diversité en apportant un élément.

La prédominance de la citation sur la description nous fait dériver du roman au monologue ou au dialogue. Ainsi, *Le Square*, de Marguerite Duras, ne comporte que quelques phrases descriptives, qui apparaissent comme des indications scéniques pour une pièce à deux ou trois personnages. Dans *La Chute*, de Camus, tout est citation: on a affaire à un monologue oratoire, proche d'un monologue expressément dramatique, tel que *La Voix humaine*, de Cocteau. *L'Innommable*, de Beckett, serait plutôt caractérisable comme un monologue méditatif, ou ruminatif: c'est une méditation, comme les *Méditations* de Descartes, mais d'un esprit anti-cartésien. *Le Planétarium*, de Nathalie Sarraute, est un ensemble de monologues se recoupant les uns les autres par endroits.

Dans bien des ouvrages, un narrateur présent raconte des événements passés. Le plus souvent, le narrateur conte une histoire centrée sur lui-même comme personnage. Dans ce cas, l'histoire est normalement racontée à la première personne. Toutefois, dans *La Modification*, Butor donne sa préférence à la deuxième personne. On peut également trouver des mélanges de première et de troisième personnes, comme dans *Le Sang des autres*, de Simone de Beauvoir. Quant au chroniqueur de *La Peste*, il se présente à la troisième personne. Le narrateur peut introduire un autre narrateur: trouver un manuscrit, rapporter des paroles. En principe, dans tous ces cas, il semble qu'on ait affaire à un monologue: les descriptions, la narration sont intérieures à la citation. En fait, tout dépend de la manière dont se comporte le présent du narrateur.

Supposons d'abord que le narrateur, parlant à la première personne, se contente, sans commentaire, de décrire des événements. Du coup, l'aspect présent de la première personne disparaît. Cette première personne équivaut à une troisième et le narrateur (donc son présent) est éliminé de l'équation, selon la convention romanesque.

Supposons maintenant que le narrateur ne soit pas un pur conteur, mais commente et juge. On aura tout de même affaire à un roman si, à la lecture, les événements racontés s'affirment pour eux-mêmes, si, autrement dit, ils se libèrent des guillemets auxquels ils sont théoriquement soumis. Il faut en outre que les commentaires, eux, soient mis entre guillemets; il faut qu'ils apparaissent comme des événements. Pour cela, le commentateur doit être situé;

son présent doit être concret, établi par des descriptions. Ainsi le présent du narrateur et le passé raconté peuvent s'inscrire dans un même champ chronologique. Cette fois, le présent du narrateur n'est pas éliminé; mais il est intégrable dans le champ romanesque.

Dans *A la recherche du temps perdu*, de Proust, on trouve des commentaires de deux sortes. Certains peuvent être interprétés comme exprimés ou pensés par les personnages pris dans le passé, en particulier par le personnage désigné, comme le narrateur, par le pronom de la première personne. Mais d'autres commentaires ne peuvent être attribués qu'au narrateur et celui-ci n'est pas situé: il plane dans le présent intemporel des philosophes et des essayistes. Un tel "présent," du point de vue romanesque, ne peut être ni éliminé, ni intégré.

Dans *La Chute*, de Camus, un autobiographe disert est censé faire des confidences à un voyageur rencontré dans un bar. Le présent de ce narrateur, qui est aussi et surtout un commentateur, ne me paraît ni éliminable, ni intégrable: les allusions qui sont faites aux lieux et à l'interlocuteur manquent d'indépendance. Si nous voulons résumer le livre, nous sommes tenus de faire reposer les indications d'événements présents ou passés sur une expression telle que: "Selon le parleur." Le sens du livre ne peut d'ailleurs se dégager de manière satisfaisante que si le lecteur n'adopte pas l'attitude qui conviendrait à l'appréciation d'un roman. Le parleur donne lui-même un avertissement: "Ne vous y fiez pas." Il convient de considérer ses paroles dans une perspective quasi dramatique: fondamentalement comme gestes et non comme rapport sur des événements. On trouve un cas semblable, plus net encore peut-être, dans *Le Bavard*, de Des Forêts. La structure de ces deux monologues est dérivée du paradoxe du menteur.

•

Les exemples d'éléments non romanesques que j'ai présentés sont tirés d'ouvrages communément étiquetés romans. La découverte d'éléments non romanesques dans de telles œuvres n'entraîne pas nécessairement de jugement esthétique défavorable. Délimitant le genre romanesque, je délimite évidemment le roman pur. Je cherche, somme toute, à isoler un corps esthétique simple. A l'occasion des écrits qui présentent une importante composante narrative et qui sont destinés à être jugés esthétiquement, il s'agit de décider si l'on a affaire à un alliage qui soit esthétiquement

viable ou seulement à du minerai de roman: dans ce dernier cas, les éléments non romanesques compromettent la valeur esthétique.

Une seconde remarque, pour terminer: ce que j'ai appelé "monologue" n'est pas un genre, n'est pas un corps esthétique simple. Un genre esthétique se reconnaît à une règle du jeu qui assure la cohésion, une autonomie esthétique. Rien de tel n'est impliqué par l'étiquette "monologue." L'écrivain qui rejette la règle du jeu romanesque et se lance dans un monologue est tenu d'inventer, à l'occasion de l'œuvre particulière, une règle du jeu particulière. Mais il est difficile, dans un tel cas, de faire une distinction entre cohésion et cohérence, entre règle du jeu et figures.

Indiana University

THE ARTIST IN THE LABYRINTH: DESIGN OR *DASEIN*

RICHARD MACKSEY

I

The growing point of the novel as a stubbornly polymorphic energy can be seen only as the recurrent antithesis of earlier postures and postulates. Out of a rejection of existing plot-conventions have come new forms of narrative, and out of the destruction of presuppositions about the unity or stability of character have grown new methods of investigating character. In fact, the "end of the novel" so often announced in gleeful or lugubrious tones, is almost as difficult to locate as its ambiguous origins. Never wanting for threnodists or grave-diggers, the genre has evolved from its own self-negation. History did not have to wait on Sartre's revival of the term "anti-roman"¹ or Claude Mauriac's coinage "alittérature"² to reveal the dialectical character of the novel's development. Cervantes, one of the first modern opponents of "literature," orders the antithetical structure of his novel on the paradox of a fiction questioning its own imaginative assumptions: the mood of *desengaño* implies its artistic counterpart. As early as 1627 Charles Sorel had hit on a subtitle, to characterize his good-natured assault on fictional conventions, which overtly acknowledges the dialogue of the novel: *Le Berger extravagant, ou l'Anti-roman*.

Inciting the novelist to such violence against earlier forms of the genre, there may well be a more radical disruption in his view

¹ Jean-Paul Sartre, *Introduction to Portrait d'un inconnu* by Nathalie Sarraute (Paris: Gallimard, 1947).

² Claude Mauriac, *Alittérature* (Paris: Editions Albin Michel, 1958).

of things. The world of Tristram Shandy exposes a profound change in European thought and tradition, marking the final disintegration of the objective cosmic orders which had formed the community between reader and author.³ The members of Tristram's household, mounted on their individual hobby-horses, pursue a frantic compulsion to impose their own private unity on things and events where traditional patterns have disappeared. The results suggest the comic changes which can be rung on cosmic incongruity. In his attack on the ambiguities and inadequacies of language, on the conventions of writing itself, Sterne questions the very possibility of communication; in his heroic dramatization of the impossibilities of Tristram's undertaking—to hold in check and record *thought*—he puts in doubt the very underpinnings of fictional character existing in time. A sentence is interrupted for five chapters and, with a shrug at the illusion, hopelessly resumed.

In the "period of dissociation" marked off by successive revolutions and romanticisms, the metamorphoses of the novel illustrate the more general paradox of the artist's soaring claims to knowledge and his increasing distrust of his own utterance. Revelation had replaced imitation as the artist's duty. Yet the inadequacy of literature to a task which became increasingly more oppressive, to translate the world into the self, to create values where values had been withdrawn, early found a human paradox in Rousseau, who, as Jean Starobinski⁴ has remarked, was "un homme de lettres plaidant contre les lettres." The act of writing completed the alienation of thought from the authentic self and cemented the dubious complicity with a society of strangers. At first the novelist could preserve the privacy of the hero's knowledge by introspective devices such as the *journal intime*, but the conventions soon wore thin in the anxious pursuit of originality, the need to invent an art to affirm the artist's identity. He came to doubt even his own depths, which were to have revealed the novelty which Baudelaire sought in his plunge. The prophetic claims and objectives of the nineteenth-century artist were ironically punctuated

³ Cf. Earl R. Wasserman, *The Subtler Language* (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 1959), pp. 169-188.

⁴ Jean Starobinski, *Jean-Jacques Rousseau: La transparence et l'obstacle* (Paris: Plon, 1957). Rousseau inaugurates an era where the very act of writing is a source of *ennui*: "Rien ne me fatigue tant que d'écrire, si ce n'est de penser."

by Rimbaud's silence, by Mallarmé's paradox of creative sterility, "le transparent glacier des vols qui n'ont pas fui."

This final block of Symbolist poetry, fiction tried to skirt through the cultivation of the ironic mirror (Laforgue's Hamlet), or through the stratagem of anonymity (Flaubert's vanishing author). The ironist dies in a paroxysm of self-consciousness—*qualis artifex pereo*—and at the expense of literature. The heroine of the "anonymous" novel is atomized into artful patterns of images correlative to an alternation of moods. But in his search for "neutrality," Flaubert's invisible author became paradoxically implicated in his own production. The task and fate of Daedalus serve as exemplum of the artist's vocation. As *construction* became more and more tyrannical in determining the life of the novel, the artist-architect who imposed the autotelic pattern built the labyrinth which was to be his own prison. Thus Baudelaire's "haunted mirror" and Flaubert's "Madame Bovary, c'est moi!" Joyce, the forger of words and parer of fingernails, finds himself engaged in a life-long portrait of the artist; Musil, who gives the novel a hero "ohne Eigenschaften," is caught in the historical mirror of his own Faust. The bondage of the author to his work only grew more absolute with the progressive deterioration of the classic, coherent character. The vacuum left at the center of the work by the disintegrating "anonymous" hero in his utter poverty sucked in the "anonymous" author.

The image of oppressive enclosure, of burial alive, haunted the imaginations of artists as different as Poe, Melville, and Kafka. And yet in each case the work of art meant an inescapable involvement and entombment. Each writer moved toward epistemological identification with the obsessions and point of view of his characters.

With the involvement of the novelist in his creation came an increasing restriction in his freedom of action. In the second chapter of the *Poetics*, Aristotle proceeding from the media to the objects of imitation, makes the controversial division of "men in action" into *σπουδαῖοι* and *φᾶνλοι*. The dichotomy is probably moral, though hardly in a Platonic sense.⁵ Northrop Frye uses such a distinction based on elevations of character to develop a modality of fictions classified by the hero's power of action (in relation to his

⁵ Cf. *Nicomachean Ethics* 10:6. 1176b27–1177a11.

audience): the divinity of the mythic hero, superior in kind to man and environment, declines to the decrepitude of the ironic anti-hero, unmanned and trapped in the machinery.⁶ Frye sees the center of gravity during the last fifteen centuries of European literature moving inevitably through his five phases from myth to irony, from action to paralysis. A similar trajectory can be found in the authority of the artist himself, in his power to control his fictional world; from the situation of an author supremely free to create potent characters in a hierarchical universe, a critic of Frye's persuasion could trace the fortunes of the novelist to the present moment, which Nathalie Sarraute has called "l'ère du soupçon."⁷ The author is no longer allowed the prerogatives of creation; as Jacques Tournier remarks, "Plus personne n'ose avouer qu'il invente."⁸ Mme Sarraute adds, "Enfin, M. Tournier a raison: [le lecteur] se méfie de tout . . . Il a si bien et tant appris qu'il s'est mis à douter que l'objet fabriqué que les romancier lui proposent puisse receler les richesses de l'objet réel."⁹ Where neither plot nor character can any longer be created *ex nihilo*, the "decline of the hero" (more than a sociological phenomenon) has been mirrored by the disabilities of his secret brother, the author. (The divine attributes—creation of character and plot—have been transferred to the makers of movies.) The values of a unified world and the coherence of the characters in it are denied the writer. Zarathustra has delivered his message. The magic resources of "literature" are profoundly in doubt. The characteristic activity of the novelist in the twentieth century is no longer a form of metaphysical or ethical investigation, as it was for his uneasy predecessors one hundred years earlier; the novelist's job has become more strictly an epistemological problem, a question of hyperbolic doubt.

But the nineteenth century furnishes an emblem for the twentieth. The self-contradictions of the narrator in Part I of the *Notes from the Underground*—liar, invalid, prophet—announce the tone

⁶ Northrop Frye, *Anatomy of Criticism: Four Essays* (Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press, 1957), pp. 33-35. Frye's five modes of the hero are in descending order: myth, romance, high mimetic (most epic and tragedy), low mimetic (most comedy and realistic fiction), and ironic.

⁷ Nathalie Sarraute, *L'Ère du soupçon* (Paris: Gallimard, 1956), pp. 53-77.

⁸ Jacques Tournier in *La Table Ronde* (January 1948), p. 145; cited by Mme Sarraute, *op. cit.*

⁹ Sarraute, *op. cit.*, pp. 64-65.

of his seedy descendents in the literary generations that follow. The concentric labyrinth of St. Petersburg ("the most abstract and premeditated city in the whole world") suggests the maze of his own self-consciousness, where, like Katerina Ivanovna of *The Brothers*, he constantly tries to "invent" himself. The reader is exposed to a speaking voice, shaking with paroxysms of rage and self-laceration, which habitually confuses subject and object, a voice which seems to be in search of an author. "Of course I have myself made up all the things you say. That, too, is from the underground . . . I have invented them myself, there was nothing else I could invent."¹⁰ The anonymous underground man is immured in his self-consciousness, and the *ennui* bred of it. As he rages against the utilitarian order of the Crystal Palace and its transparency, he attacks the possibility of literary lucidity as well:

But can you really be so credulous as to think that I will print all this and give it to you to read too? And another problem: why do I call you 'gentlemen,' why do I address you as though you were my readers. . . .¹¹

The doubt of his own identity which the narrator exacerbates in the monologue denies both the ordering hand of an author to give him a purpose and the existence of an audience to judge him. (His inheritors will include Camus's trapped narrators, from Meursault to Clamence.)

In his compulsive images of vermin, clothing, and enclosure as well as in his basic predicament, the underground man anticipates the profoundly dubious and uneasy heroes of Kafka. Whether the narrative is cast in the first person or in the equally restricted *style indirect libre*, Kafka's isolated heroes are set adrift without compass and soundings. The anonymous animal of "Der Bau" suggests the double trap which his own imagination and insecurity have created:

Die Pein dieses Labyrinths muss ich also auch körperlich überwinden, wenn ich ausgehe, und es ist mir ärgerlich und rührend

¹⁰ *Three Short Novels of Dostoevsky*, trans. Constance Garnett, revised and edited by Avrahm Yarmolinsky (Garden City, N. Y.: Anchor Books, 1960), p. 213. The English translation necessarily loses some of the economy and paradox of the first frantic assertion of the underground man which opens the *zapiski*. The initial contradictions of his attempt to define the voice which speaks can be literally rendered: "I man sick . . . I spiteful man. Repulsive I man."

¹¹ *Ibid.*, 213.

zugleich, wenn ich mich manchmal in meinem eigenen Gebilde für einen Augenblick verirre und das Werk sich also noch immer anzustrengen scheint, mir, dessen Urteil schon längst feststeht, doch noch seine Existenz-berechtigung zu beweisen.¹²

The anxious confusion in point of view between the artist and his object has implicated the reader as well. One measure of the profound metaphysical and epistemological agnosticism of Kafka is the extraordinary diversity of critical opinion and explanation. The critic, too, has been caught in the contradictions and uncertainties of the labyrinthine burrow.

What the hero of Kafka's fiction possesses, however, and what his later incarnations lack (as in Samuel Beckett), is a controlling coherence of purpose. This gives him a "project" which, despite all his other afflictions, holds him together. Beckett has himself summarized: "The Kafka hero has a coherence of purpose. He's lost but he's not spiritually precarious, he's not falling to bits. My people seem to be falling to bits . . ." ¹³ The quest may be always in doubt, the goal never attained (unlike Proust's), but the commitment to the quest itself simplifies the hero and gives him a tenuous continuity. But this very commitment becomes his trap; like the underground man, he can only affirm himself by running his head against the wall. There is affirmation but no meaning.

The epistemological cage of twentieth-century narration is strikingly that of the first person. *A la recherche du temps perdu* and *Die Aufzeichnungen des Malte Laurids Brigge* can serve as examples, however different in other respects, of fiction in which the alienated and dislocated "quest hero" seeks his way through the labyrinth to some sort of recomposition of the self. The itinerary takes the form of a return to the lost paradise of the hero's own affective origins; the figure is that of Proust's pilgrim of Combray or Rilke's Prodigal Son. The narrative technique allows the cal-

¹² Franz Kafka, "Der Bau," *Gesammelte Werke, V: Beschreibung eines Kampfes* (New York-Frankfurt: Schocken Books, 1946), pp. 181-182. Cf. the cage in "Ein Hungerkünstler," where the anxious isolated artist eventually becomes his own jailer, or the "architecture of Babel" in "Beim Bau der Chinesischen Mauer."

¹³ Quoted by Ruby Cohn, "Watt in the Light of the Castle," *Comparative Literature*, VIII (1961), p. 154. Cf. "K. stakes his future, and finally loses his life on his quest. Watt reduces his life to the logical mind that breaks down on his quest . . ." (p. 166).

culus of a constant *dédoublement* of the self, a narrator seeking a protagonist. In both examples the recovery of the self is the seal of the artist's vocation. Constantly threatening the quest are the alienating encounters with masks of the self objectified; thus Malte represents his confrontation with his own masked face: "eine fremde, unbegreifliche monströse Wirklichkeit, mit der ich durchtränkt wurde gegen meinen Willen: denn jetzt war er der Stärkere, und ich war der Spiegel."¹⁴ For Marcel the chasms between successive aspects of himself open up as "les intermittences du coeur."

While Proust and Rilke record a successful reconstitution of the artist, the same point of view could destroy fictional illusion. In a work such as *Paludes* (1895), Gide had used the device of a first-person narrator, again the trapped artist, in an act of demolition on the remaining props under the conventions of the "psychological novel" of the nineteenth century. Unamuno, in *Niebla* (1914), also attacks the illusion behind all fiction by shuffling the multiple narrative ambiguities on which his story depends. The author loudly intrudes, like Gide in *Les Caves du Vatican*, but is vaporized along with the hero.

Clearly not all authors could see salvation in the reunited self, a first-person narrator saved through the intervention of memory. Henry James bequeathed the twentieth century not only the massive example of his novels, but a grammar for the criticism of fictional modes. The burden of James's "art of fiction" is the enormous vigilance demanded of the novelist to limit and control the *point of view*. One measure of the magnitude of James's artistic achievement is the rigor and flexibility with which he managed through "the principle of successive aspects" to attain a formal command of his characters and situations. Georges Poulet, in his profound study of James's spatial imagination,¹⁵ sees in the replication of shapes of the consciousness a constant need to manage and contain what the novelist saw as "the terrible fluidity of self-

¹⁴ *Die Aufzeichnungen des Malte Laurids Brigge* (Leipzig: Insel-Verlag, 1952), p. 130. As well as his masked "actor-self," Malte confronts his "amputated self," (as in the experience of the disembodied hand). The dynamics of his alienation is based on a principle of alternation: two landscapes (Paris and Denmark) and two inscapes (the present and childhood).

¹⁵ *Les Métamorphoses du cercle* (Paris: Plon, 1961), pp. 455-472. Cf. "La choix d'une conscience est pour James le choix d'une forme . . . L'espace du roman est ce qui est enclos dans un champ visuel et mental déterminé" (p. 462).

revelation."¹⁶ The danger was that the consciousness would move out formlessly like an oil spot on water into past and future time. For James the problem of authorial control, in the rapidly contracting circle of possible conventions, was to tie the action to the present moment through "scenic" and "pictorial" narration; the point of view must be focused and trained on the richness of surfaces, on objects which could afford some center to the imagination. Although James did not deny to his "intelligences" rather elaborate excursions into ratiocination, he often analogized his task to that of a painter (of Cubist tendency) preparing surfaces for the eyes of his "reflectors": "Life is, immensely, a matter of surface . . ." ¹⁷ In this sense James as the geometer of point of view would seem to anticipate the more radical experiments of Robbe-Grillet. At the center of both worlds is an absolute clarity of vision: illumination and affirmation.

For James, memory and its resurrections are not, as for Proust, a guarantee of the continuity and authenticity of the self. As Poulet has demonstrated, time was a constant threat which could mean the *loss of self* in the multiplicity of memories, stories, and verbal traps which, in their extreme, might be represented today by the self-digestion of Samuel Beckett's time-trapped heroes. When James is perversely drawn, like many great artists, into the deep water he feared, first-person narration, we can see most clearly the epistemological ambiguities he was trying to avoid by establishing objective "systems of narration." In narratives such as *The Turn of the Screw* and *The Sacred Fount* the reader is in darkest James; the relations of appearance to reality are manifold, but all of them

¹⁶ *The Art of the Novel: Critical Prefaces*, edited by R. P. Blackmur (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1946), p. 321. The entire passage (from the Preface to *The Ambassadors*) enlarges James's recurrent image of the "point of view" as a cage: "The 'first person' then, . . . is addressed by the author directly to ourselves, his possible readers, whom he has to reckon with, at the best, by our English tradition, so loosely and vaguely after all, so little respectfully, on so scant a presumption of exposure to criticism. Strether, on the other hand, *encaged* and *provided for* as *The Ambassadors* encages and provides, has to keep in view proprieties much stiffer and more salutary than any our straight and credulous gaze are likely to bring home to him, has exhibitional conditions to meet, in a word, that forbid the terrible *fluidity* of self-revelation."

¹⁷ *Partial Portraits: Essay on Daudet* (New York: Macmillan, 1888), p. 207. Note the organizing importance which art objects achieve as centers of the moral action; although they may promise depths they stubbornly remain systems of surfaces.

are oddly warped and ambiguous. Again, as in the case of Kafka, the shift toward the dubious narration of the obsessed *voyeur* has trapped the critics as well as the narrating hero or heroine; the detective who tries to put together the story from within and the reader working from without are both thwarted and baffled. In a letter to Hugh Walpole the novelist suggests the recurrent nightmare of formless self-consciousness: "Form alone takes and holds and preserves, substance—saves it from the welter of helpless verbiage that we swim in as in a sea of tasteless tepid pudding . . ." ¹⁸ The world of Beckett's *L'Innommable*, trapped in his Cartesian cage of thought, in a sense incarnates James's prophetic pudding.

In *The Sacred Fount*, especially in the "Portrait Scene," the first-person narrator confronts himself, like the masked Malte Laurids Brigge, and is incapable of recognizing himself. He usurps all the prerogatives of the artist, trying to impose his patterns on external reality. The final confusion of his proliferating consciousness with objective relations is dramatized in the scene in the garden labyrinth at Newmarch; the narrator is bathing in "the joy of intellectual mastery of things unnamable, that joy of determining, almost of creating results":

I had thought it all out, and to have thought it was, wonderfully, to have brought it. Yet I recall how I even then knew on the spot that there was something supreme I should have failed to bring unless I had happened suddenly to become aware of the very presence of the haunting principle, as it were, of my thought. This was the light in which Mrs. Server, walking alone now, apparently, in the grey wood and pausing at the sight of me, showed herself in that clear dress at the end of the vista. It was exactly as if she had been there by the operation of my intelligence, or even by that—in a still happier way—of my feeling. ¹⁹

The narrator is taken in by the trap of his own vanity; what he styles his "palace of thought" Mrs. Brissenden energetically disposes of as "a house of cards." Narrative authority without structural control has foundered; what began as a social tale of erotic

¹⁸ Letter to Hugh Walpole, *The Letters of Henry James*, Percy Lubbock (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1920), II, 237. Cf. letter to Mrs. Humphrey Ward, July 26, 1889, on the shifts in "standpoint and centre" of Tolstoi and Balzac, I, 327.

¹⁹ *The Sacred Fount* (New York: Grove Press, 1953), p. 99.

vampirism has become a solipsistic parable with an artist *manqué* as vampire.

II

Most of the novelists associated in one canon or another with the *nouveau roman*, however diverse and even antithetical their methods and interests, share a common distrust of the classical conception of "character" in fiction. Each has demonstrated the impossibility of objectively penetrating the motives of others. Thus Michel Butor's *Emploi du temps* (a careful reworking of the labyrinth myth), Nathalie Sarraute's *Portrait d'un inconnu*, Robbe-Grillet's *Les Gommages*, and even Beckett's *Watt* present aspects of the detective story, with the doubting, doubtful search directed toward the sureties of the old novel of psychological analysis. In each case, however, the detective is thwarted at every effort to attain to the vantage of an omniscient narrator and all his conclusions must be reflexive. From the empirical origins of the modern novel, the narrator inherits the solitude of what is to be his epistemological prison cage.

Two examples of the enactment of self in the contemporary novel will serve to illustrate both the discontents of the artist and two contrasting dissolutions of "character." The experiments involve the repudiation of psychological artifices which have stiffened toward paralysis, and a heroic restriction of point of view. In both cases the self at the center is immured like Daedalus in the work of art. The first instance, Beckett's trilogy, dramatizes the extremity of the subject turned in upon itself, the lamp in the mirror; the second, Robbe-Grillet's *Dans le Labyrinthe*, can stand provisionally for the author's well publicized program of "objectivism." Beckett collapses the self in a maze of mirror images and verbal echoes. Robbe-Grillet would replace the unity of character by the coherence of objects. And for Robbe-Grillet objects are seen in series, primarily through the category of *relation* (which is denied Beckett's men). This method distinguishes Robbe-Grillet's use of objects from that of Sartre or Ionesco, for whom the category of knowledge is, respectively, qualitative and quantitative.

Beckett and Robbe-Grillet, at the two extremities of epistemologic experiment in the contemporary novel, can together be seen as the unnatural children of Marcel Proust, whom they both repu-

diate. In the "moment privilégié," Proust strives to combine or superimpose the two faces of the self: consciousness and self-consciousness. The guarantee of the narrator's identity and continuity rests in his ability to entertain both the *content of consciousness* (the immediate sense impression) and the *consciousness of content* (the "perspective" afforded by the replication of sensations). In the course of seeking the reconciled poles of experience and memory, Proust contributes an extended negative demonstration, the destruction of the coherent and stable character, seen as "the other," which was the *donné* of the psychological novel. As reluctant inheritors of Proust's adventure, Beckett and Robbe-Grillet seem to push one or the other aspect of the Proustian man to its epistemological reduction. Both are presenting "quest heroes," but in each case the "hero" is radically diminished. Beckett's polymorphic "M's" are projections of the central "innommable" reflecting on itself, hopelessly but interminably immured in its own self-consciousness. The labyrinth through which the compulsive voice wanders in the trilogy is a maze of mirrors.

Since the temporal trap, as we shall see, becomes increasingly a matter of language, the labyrinth is also a babel of echoes of former and future selves. The surrounding objects are merely the silence against which Beckett's compulsive voices press, naming, inventing, repeating. Malloy is still enough in touch with the outside to assert: "Ramener le silence, c'est le rôle des objets." Robbe-Grillet, on the other hand, renounces all pretensions to "depth" in the perceiving character just as rigorously as in the objects which compose his cinematic world. The unreflected content of consciousness in all its irreducible opacity forms the labyrinth of his vagrant hero—"the absent I" or "je-néant," in Bruce Morrissette's phrase. Life in the novel, for Robbe-Grillet as for James, must be immensely a matter of surface, not of depth; the discontinuous time of motion picture images. Both Beckett and Robbe-Grillet build their patterns from seemingly disconnected repetition, whether of verbal refrains or visual images. If Beckett turns his narrators into a choir of voices, Robbe-Grillet manages his recurring and subtly changing images in the manner of Eisenstein—to suggest the principle of selectivity ordering the montage, as in *La Jalousie*.

Images of immurement and progressive constriction crowd Beckett's work, from Murphy's London box, "a medium-sized cage of north-western aspect commanding an unbroken view of medium-

sized cages of south-eastern aspect,"²⁰ to the ash-cans enclosing the old folks at home in *Fin de Partie*. After the labyrinth of Murphy's asylum comes the claustral house of Mr. Knott. Unlike Kafka's quest hero, in constant probation, Watt is within the mystery, but still knows not. In the trilogy the quest leads the protean hero in an ever-diminishing spiral toward total immobility and containment. Molloy has at first his compensatory bicycle, Hugh Kenner's man-machine or Cartesian centaur.²¹ As his members fail him, he enlists objects as extensions of his disintegrating self, as crutches, but comes at the end of his painful journey (which is the beginning of the circular novel) to the stasis of his mother's bed. "Je suis dans la chambre de ma mère. C'est moi qui y vis maintenant."²² Even vestigial locomotion is denied; the final collapse of external space comes with the approach of blindness. Moran's equally difficult route mirrors Murphy's and finally coincides in the paralysis of identity. Malone has slipped even further into the labyrinth of self; stunned by a blow on the hand (received perhaps by his earlier avatar Watt), he finds himself, like Proust's sleeper awakened, empty and immobilized at the center of a vertigo of confused images. But these images are only projections of possible, flickering selves. Malone, prisoner of time and death, lingers on his bed in a room which is little more than the cage of his own skull. His powers of extension are so restricted that he must rely on his stick to draw the few objects in the cell nearer to him. (His primitive self seems to depend, like Maine de Biran's model, solely on resistance in order to assert itself.) Senses fail him, but not his self-consciousness. "Je vois et entends fort mal. Le large n'est plus éclairé que par reflets, c'est sur moi que mes sens sont braqués. Muet, obscur et fade, je ne suis pas pour eux. Je suis loin des bruits de sang et de souffle, au secret."²³ Alone, in the dark of his own self-consciousness, he enters (with the help of his other extension, the pencil stub) on the artist's journey. "Je vais peut-

²⁰ *Murphy* (New York: Grove Press, 1957), p. 1. Cf. "How should he tolerate, let alone cultivate, the occasions of fiasco, having once beheld the beatific idols of his cave? In the beautiful Belgo-Latin of Arnold Geulinx: *Ubi nihil vales. ibi nihil velis*" (p. 178).

²¹ "The Cartesian Centaur," *Perspective* 11 (Autumn 1959), pp. 132-141. "The Cartesian Centaur is a man riding a bicycle, *mens sana in corpore disposito*." (p. 134).

²² *Molloy* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1951), p. 7.

²³ *Malone meurt* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1951), pp. 20-21.

être me trouver abandonné comme autrefois, sans jouets, sans lumière. Alors je jouerai tout seul, je ferai comme si je me voyais . . . Je pense que je pourrai me raconter quatre histoires . . ." The project, however, like the death is interminable and unsatisfactory.

With *L'Innommable*, Beckett's metamorphic hero reaches a state of absolute poverty and utter self-consciousness annihilating all hope of action or definition. "Où maintenant? Quand maintenant? Qui maintenant?"²⁴ The immurement is complete: an earthen pot becomes the voice's enormous womb, the echo-chamber of the fragmented self. In his solitude he is surrounded by his creations, Malone, Malloy, and the rest of the gallery. The center of labyrinth and of doubt has been reached: "Tout est possible, ou presque. Mais le plus simple vraiment est de me considérer comme fixe et au centre de cet endroit, quelles qu'en soient la forme et l'étendue."²⁵ Finally, the maze is a construction not of objects external to the hero, but of his own language: "les mots sont partout: je suis l'air, les murs, l'emmuré comme une bête née en cage . . ."²⁶ In this extended Cartesian meditation, paradoxically, Descartes' crowning metaphor of sight has been annihilated; language and thought are identified only to repudiate thought in the final collapse of language. The compulsive artist-hero avenges himself on words in helpless jabber or murmur. The final paradox of *L'Innommable's* fall is enacted in the utter poverty without (which denies the possibility of a rational theory of knowledge), and in the uncontrollable superfetation of language within (which reduces to meaninglessness any rationalist theory of consciousness, such as Descartes').

In presenting the transformations of "M" into the most primitive state of *L'Innommable*, Beckett (a perversely brilliant critic of Proust) achieves a grotesque parody of the narrator-artist's quest

²⁴ *L'Innommable* (Paris: Editions de Minuit, 1953), p. 7.

²⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 15. Cf. "Et les objets, quelle doit être l'attitude vis-à-vis des objets? . . . Le mieux est de ne rien arrêter à ce sujet, à l'avance. Si un objet se présente, pour une raison ou pour une autre, en tenir compte. Là où il y a des gens, dit-on, il y a des choses. Est-ce à dire qu'en admettant ceux-là il faut admettre celles-ci? . . . Ce qu'il faut éviter, je ne sais pourquoi, c'est l'esprit de système. Gens avec choses, gens sans choses, choses sans gens, peu importe, je compte bien pouvoir balayer tout ça en très peu de temps" (p. 9).

²⁶ *Ibid.* p. 26. The posture of *L'Innommable* as the fictions of Malloy, Malone, Mahood, Worm (the names are given and revoked) orbit about his dreaming head is still that of Dante's Belacqua.

in *A la recherche du temps perdu*. Molloy and Moran strive to meet each other and to coalesce, even as the two faces of Marcel—one living, the other telling—strive to coincide in the last moment of Proust's novel. Molloy's prospect founders in Maman's bed. Malone (ghost of the cork-lined room in the Boulevard Haussman), frantically pushing his pencil stub against time, tries to finish his complementary stories, but fails—in mid-sentence—even to continue one of them. Finally, the very situation of *l'Innommable* in his existential jar echoes painfully the Proustian image of the past moment of experience as a "vase clos." Beckett's time is closer to a Bergsonian *durée* than to Proust's atomized moments; consequently the "vase" is a single monad rather than one of a long series as in the original case.

If Beckett's trilogy can be seen as the extreme right wing of experiment in recent fiction, the utter immurement in self-consciousness, Robbe-Grillet's novels can stand for the left wing of *chosiste* fiction, the total commitment to the surfaces of things and to the present moment (the "maintenant" which Bruce Morrisette has seen as a key to the novelist's montage). Like the Beckett novels Robbe-Grillet's plots are rigorously circular. Those of the latter's critics who, in the wake of Roland Barthes, have taken his fiction as refusing "plot" as well as "character," have probably conceived the first term in too narrow a sense. In contrast to the shattered excursions of Beckett's world, the plots of Robbe-Grillet's fiction are magnificently *there* along with the objects. Bruce Morrisette has perceived the ideal trajectory of Robbe-Grillet's fiction in the author's first novel, *Les Gommages*: "an isolated protagonist completes a Vicoesque cycle which returns him to the point of departure, where, beneath an appearance of identical outcome, destiny has been irreversibly altered."²⁷ The critic suggests the Gnostic serpent Ouroboros swallowing his own tail; the discrete plot elements form the scales of the body. The circular shape and return are also clearly aspects of the labyrinth which Robbe-Grillet evokes in his most recent novel.

Although the labyrinthine circle suggests a basic structural similarity between the work of Beckett and Robbe-Grillet, their meth-

²⁷ "Oedipus and Existentialism: *Les Gommages* of Robbe-Grillet," *Wisconsin Studies in Contemporary Literature*, I (Fall 1960), p. 43. Cf. Morrisette, "Lecture de *La Jalousie*," *Critique*, 146 (July 1959), pp. 579-608.

ods are diametrically opposed. If Beckett's trilogy can be viewed as a narrator in search of an adequate plot, Robbe-Grillet's fiction can be taken as a plot in search of a narrator. The final function of narration, temporal depth, is supplied in the last instance only by the reader. Unlike the Bergsonian flux of Beckett's world, time in Robbe-Grillet's labyrinth is simply measured by displacement in space. The successive but achronological scenes of *Dans le labyrinthe* are measured within by the sifting dust, without by the falling snow. The "I" of conventional récit narration is purged of all past and future, reflection and expectation, so that it becomes the eye of the camera (an instrument which dynamizes space and spatializes time). The combinations and conclusion from the montage of surfaces must be constructed and sustained by the reader; it is he who finally supplies the temporal direction. (In threading his way to the end of the novel, the reader has some help from the vanished author, now standing in the wings of the action: the novelist supplies the brief outline of the *couvre-livre*.) The technical "point of view," that of a physician attending the soldier, is barely hinted at.

The blind "I" of Beckett's world (Murphy staring into the unseeing eye of Endon and finding only himself) is replaced by the infinitely hungry eye of the lens. Beckett's tape machine of echoing selves is countered by a cinematic camera presenting discrete objects, their coherence undisturbed by any intrusion of what Robbe-Grillet calls "metaphysics," the digesting human mind. (He instinctively rejects metaphor, although through the dubious argument that the image falsely claims to "tell something more" about the objects, implying that all men use roughly the same metaphors. Certainly a basic use of metaphor—as explored by Proust—is precisely to distinguish the maker of the metaphor from all other consciousnesses. What metaphor pretends to tell about then is the viewer, not the object.) In both novelists, then, autonomous characters existing in space and time are exploded; but Beckett seems to use self-consciousness ultimately to destroy extension, whereas Robbe-Grillet, in flattening his point of view to the present instant, removes time and the old guarantees of the continuity of self. Characteristically, Robbe-Grillet's "objectal" prose is one of statement; Beckett's self-eroding monologues are cast in the form of endless, self-canceling interrogation.

III

Whereas Beckett immures the narrator and reader in the endlessly reflexive consciousness of a story-teller, Robbe-Grillet walls the reader within the unreflecting content of his story, in the rôle vacated by a narrator. The pressure of life in the latter case is not mediated (save by the inescapable convention of language itself, however bare). This basic distinction between the two versions of artist as Daedalus can perhaps be clarified by a reference to an earlier novel in the tradition of the doubting first-person narrator, Sartre's *La Nausée*. There Roquentin is led to speculate on the difference between "living" and "having adventures" by questions about his past and his post-card photographs. All at once Roquentin senses a great privation: "Je n'ai pas eu d'aventures . . . Je viens d'apprendre, brusquement, sans raison apparente, que je me suis menti pendant dix ans. Les aventures sont dans les livres."²⁸ An adventure is in part a matter of form imposed on time by a narrator. "Il aurait fallu d'abord que les commencements fussent de vrais commencements." As with the insinuating jazz tune which orchestrates all of Roquentin's meditations on artistic "closure," an adventure has form, *design*. "Quelque chose commence pour finir . . ." An adventure can be seen as such only when it is over, "morte." As in musical duration, "chaque instant ne paraît que pour amener ceux qui suivent." "Et puis tout d'un coup quelque chose casse nette. L'aventure est finie, le temps reprend sa mollesse quotidienne." Life (so viscous to Sartre's imagination), as contrasted with the adventure, is for Roquentin, as for Heidegger and Robbe-Grillet, supremely a matter of *Dasein*.

Roquentin's conception of an adventure has come to resemble the closed structure of a piece of music, *Blue Sky* [sic], something ordered and inevitable which he can contemplate retrospectively:

Oui, c'est ce que je voulais—hélas! c'est ce que je veux encore. J'ai tant de bonheur quand une négresse chante: quels sommets n'atteindrais-je point si ma *propre vie* faisait la matière de la mélodie.

L'Idee est toujours là, l'Innommable. Elle attend, paisiblement.²⁹

²⁸ *La Nausée* (Paris: Gallimard, 1949), pp. 58-59. Cf. Proust on the temporal dimension of painting and music: *Contre Sainte-Beuve*, p. 302; *A la recherche du temps perdu*, I, 209; III, 890.

²⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 60.

Throughout his notebooks Roquentin aspires to achieve this self-denying Innommable, to be, as he says later, "au-dessus de l'existence" like a character in a story, to put his life at a certain distance. But to do so would involve a choice and a refusal:

... pour que l'événement le plus banal devienne une aventure, il faut et il suffit qu'on se mette à le raconter. C'est ce qui dupe les gens: un homme, c'est toujours un conteur d'histoires, il vit entouré de ses histoires et des histoires d'autrui, il voit tout ce qui lui arrive à travers elles; et il cherche à vivre sa vie comme s'il la racontait.⁸⁰

Since, as Roquentin observes, "quand on vit, il n'arrive rien," it is necessary to *invent oneself* as a character in a story (a particularly perilous undertaking for an author who was later to base his existential pathology on the concept of "mauvaise foi"). In short, Roquentin at this point in his quest seems to feel that he can opt for one exclusion or the other, for that of Robbe-Grillet with its constant opaque present, or for that of Beckett with its maze of fictions and temporal perspectives. "Mais il faut choisir: vivre ou raconter."

For Robbe-Grillet, to chose the infinite complexity of objective life is to renounce telling (and, to his mind, falsifying). The last vestiges of marginal life are sucked from Beckett's l'Innommable so that he may exist purely as a shattered telling. The extremities of these epistemological positions allow the two novelists to operate, in Nathalie Sarraute's image, like surgeons eyeing the exact spot on which the greatest effort is to be concentrated, iso-

⁸⁰ *Ibid.*, pp. 60-61. Sartre revises and concludes these speculations in the last pages of the novel, in language which often reads like a pastiche of Proust (pp. 246-251): "Mais derrière l'existant qui tombe d'un présent à l'autre, sans passé, sans avenir, derrière ces sons qui, de jour en jour, se décomposent, s'écaillent et glissent vers la mort, la mélodie reste la même, jeune et ferme, comme un témoin sans pitié" (p. 247). Cf. Thomas Mann's long meditations on the autotelic character of musical composition, freed from the "formlessness" of life, which are woven into the fabric of *Doktor Faustus*: "Alt oder neu, ich werde dir sagen, was ich unter strengem Satz verstehe. Ich meine damit die vollständige Integrierung aller musikalischen Dimensionen, ihre Indifferenz gegeneinander kraft vollkommener Organisation." (Berlin: S. Fischer Verlag, 1960), p. 205. Like Roquentin's malaise, the failure of Svevo's Zeno, the paradoxical invalid of self-consciousness, to record his *coscienza* results from precisely the same dichotomy which thwarts his attempts at the violin: the inability to bridge the living *tempo* and the recorded *note*; "Io mio pensiero mi appare isolato da me. . . ."

lating it from the sleeping body, which is doubly anaesthetized. (Mme Sarraute's own investigations are directed at yet another isolated area of being, the sub-auditory realm of *tropismes* and *sous-conversations*.) If the sleeping body in this image is taken to be the classic, coherent, and stable character à la Balzac, it is unlikely that the patient will ever recover from the anatomy lesson (begun by Flaubert and Proust). If on the other hand, the surgery of the metaphor is being performed on the novel itself, history argues that the genre will rise from the attentions of even the boldest surgeons, transformed perhaps, but virtually indestructible. At another moment of crisis in the development of the novel, Henry James, describing the labyrinth which he had prepared for Strether, reiterated his credo of which *The Ambassadors* was one of the works: "The Novel remains still, under the right persuasion, the most independent, most elastic, most prodigious of literary forms."

The Johns Hopkins University

THEORY AND PRACTICE IN THE WORKS OF ROBBE-GRILLET

BRUCE MORRISSETTE

Une technique romanesque renvoie toujours
à la métaphysique du romancier.

—J.-P. Sartre, *Situations*, I

Robbe-Grillet's earliest ideas on fictional content, form, and technique appeared in book reviews and critical essays written for the *NNRF* and *Critique* in 1953-54, following the publication of his first novel, *Les Gommès*. As I have noted elsewhere, Robbe-Grillet at that time displayed a singular interest in "novels and stories whose plots contained paradoxical reversals rebounding against their protagonists," such as Jean Duvignaud's *Le Piège*, the narrative of a beggar pursued for a crime that he has not committed, but only invented, yet which leads him to murder and death. The main point in the *NNRF* book reviews is almost always the ingenious structure of the plot, an emphasis that seemingly runs counter to later declarations by Robbe-Grillet (eagerly seized upon by critics and interpreters not only of Robbe-Grillet but of the whole alleged "school" of the *nouveau roman*, the *école du regard*, *alittérature*, and the *anti-roman*) to the effect that in modern fiction the plot becomes unimportant, assumes forms of pure convention, or disappears altogether. That the latter view hinges upon a definition of plot in the conventional or "conditioned" sense, and does not apply to formally structured action, is made evident not only by Robbe-Grillet's early admission of fascination with puzzlelike *intrigue*, but by the baroque plot of *Les Gommès* itself, the ambiguities of his later novels, and by the strict attention to the

narrative values of plot revealed in the *prières d'insérer* printed on the back covers of Robbe-Grillet's novels from the beginning of his career. There compact *résumés* always trace the outline of a definite story, guiding the prospective reader and encouraging him to penetrate into a fictional universe with implications of suspense, shock, surprise, anguish, and—often—the mystery of murder.

Two essays of 1953 show that Robbe-Grillet was already developing principles of fiction and ideas about the future path of literature. His study of *En attendant Godot* (*Critique*, February 1953) praises Beckett for his attack on the literature of *ideas*, lauds his "régression au-delà du rien," and extols not only his negation of meaning in general, but also his rejection, through the use of amorphous protagonists and other devices, of "personality" and identity. (In a later piece on Beckett, written in 1957, Robbe-Grillet returned to these themes as illustrated in *Fin de partie*.) In an essay on Joë Bousquet (*Critique*, October 1953), Robbe-Grillet identifies specific surrealist influences on that author, doctrines and techniques capable, by modification and extension, of furthering the purposes of a new generation of writers. Since Robbe-Grillet has often, in interviews and lectures, referred to surrealism as one of the main sources (along with Kafka, Roussel, Joyce, and Faulkner) of the *nouveau roman*, his single written treatment of the subject deserves some attention.

Robbe-Grillet foresees the emergence, from what he terms the "faux sommeil du rêve" of the surrealists, of techniques of description suggestive of the "objectal" style that Roland Barthes soon was to identify with Robbe-Grillet's own hyper-real renditions of objects. Despite the "fantasmagories et charlatanisme poétique" of some surrealist efforts, Robbe-Grillet writes, André Breton's movement has at least had the merit of expressing "la netteté anormale avec laquelle apparaissent, dans les rêves les plus anodins, une chaise, un caillou, une main, la chute d'un débris quelconque . . . comme si le fragment s'était éternisé à l'état de chute . . ." (Later Robbe-Grillet was to attribute this same *réalisme de la présence* to objects shown in films.) Another idea prophetic of fictional structures in Robbe-Grillet's future novels (particularly arrangements of objects serving as correlatives of mental states) may be discerned in remarks on the surrealist *hasard objectif*, "qui éclaire . . . les rapports énigmatiques qui lient la vie quotidienne à ce que devrait être l'art." Fascination with objects seen in the hallucinatory style of magic realism ("Les phénomènes les plus

ordinaires seront en fin de compte les plus merveilleux"), obsession with arrested or frozen movement (cf. all the "scènes figées" in Robbe-Grillet, from *Les Gommages* to *L'Année dernière à Marienbad*), discovery in the outside world of object-signs which acquire functions in our *contenu mental*: all these aspects of literary art, fully as relevant to the author's future novelistic practices as the points later stressed in more widely circulated articles, are present in the early piece on Joë Bousquet. Rarely will Robbe-Grillet state so explicitly the role of objects in fiction as in this passage from the 1953 essay:

Nous devons enfin nous garder des constructions allégoriques et du symbolisme. . . . Chaque objet, chaque événement, chaque forme, est en effet son propre symbole. . . . L'univers de Bousquet—le nôtre—est un univers de signes. Tout y est signe; et non pas de quelque chose d'autre, quelque chose de plus parfait situé hors de notre portée, mais signe de soi même, de cette essence qui demande seulement à être révélée.¹

And for the revelation of this essence, which Robbe-Grillet (following the existentialist terminology popularized by Sartre) will shortly call the "*être-là* des objets," there exists one truly effective device, "qui est le corps de la parole et de l'écriture, *le langage*."

Following the publication of, and controversy over *Le Voyeur* in the spring of 1955, a number of important French critics made serious attempts to analyze and evaluate Robbe-Grillet's possibly revolutionary theories and procedures. Among others, Roland Barthes, Bernard Dort, Maurice Blanchot, Jean-Michel Royer, Jacques Brenner, Luc Estang, Bernard Pingaud, and Gerda Zeltner sought to state the implications of *Le Voyeur* and Robbe-Grillet's doctrines in terms applicable to a new school of novelists, thus laying the foundations for the category of the *nouveau roman* which is now the subject of widespread scrutiny and debate. (The past few years have seen dozens of round tables, polemics, radio discussions, TV programs, series in the press, academic congresses, and the like devoted to the subject.) Robbe-Grillet joined the discussions by publishing in *L'Express* during the winter of 1955-56 a series of nine pieces called "Littérature d'aujourd'hui." These were succinct, forceful expressions of simple, yet basic, views. Making point after point in a disarmingly declarative fashion, Robbe-Grillet set

¹ *Critique*, Oct. 1953, p. 828.

about undermining with the rhetoric of Cartesian logic many beliefs and assumptions on which the conventionalized novel rested. Speaking now in the name of "un nouveau réalisme," he put before the public a number of propositions skillfully presented as if they were self-evident truths:

The novel must evolve, for reasons both inherent (or purely literary) and external (or sociological).

Repetition of past forms means the death of art.

No new style is born of a void.

The conception of unconsciously produced masterpieces is no longer valid, since it implies an "*au-delà* métaphysique."

The author must cease intervening in his works (as Gide did, for example, in *Les Faux-Monnayeurs*). Instead of psychological or ideological commentaries on the behavior of their characters, today's novelists must be "intelligent," must recognize that the old Balzacian realism was an art of social and emotional meanings in a simplistic context, must design novels in accordance with contemporary thought and intentions, concentrating on internal relationships among objects, gestures, and situations.

The cinema reflects the modern view of reality of objects, and may influence the future novel.

The fact that so many (too many!) people "read" makes it difficult for the new author to find a public that is not already conditioned by outmoded or obsolescent conceptions of the novel.

Commitment or *engagement* for the writer should be not political, but artistic. For the "committed" writer, literature is the most important thing in the world, its own justification and end.

The new realism must scrape away the "crust" of interpretations and hidden meanings. The damage done by those who seek allegories and symbols everywhere is illustrated by what has happened to Kafka, whose very admirers have discredited him with their metaphysical interpretations. Kafka's stairways may lead elsewhere, but, in the text, they are only *there*.

In literature, there is no place for an *au-delà* or beyond for humanity. Any explanation can only be *de trop*, confronted with the *thereness* or reality of situations, gestures, and objects.²

Many of these ideas, with revisions, additions, and significant changes in phraseology, were incorporated into Robbe-Grillet's first real manifesto, the celebrated article "Une Voie pour le roman futur" (*NNRF*, July 1956) that established him as the foremost

² Paraphrased from *L'Express*, Oct. 1955-Feb. 1956.

theoretician of the new novel. Long passages on the realism and *présence* of objects in the movies, the avoidance of a false *au-delà* behind things and gestures, and the rejection of "interpretations" of characters in the novel were retained almost unaltered. They were supported now, however, by two terms (possibly suggested by the writings of Nathalie Sarraute) destined to become permanently associated with Robbe-Grillet's doctrines: *surfaces* and *profondeur*.

Robbe-Grillet's position emerged in the new article as a radical, *tabula rasa* scraping away of the "croûte" of old forms, preconceived aims, and conditioned responses to fiction. Psychological habits acquired chiefly from the reading of literature have, Robbe-Grillet writes, constructed a sort of mental and emotional grill filtering all our reactions, preventing us from seeing things and our situation among them "avec des yeux libres." Conditioned man insists on incorporating everything into this pseudo-"understanding"; and anything which seems to him nonrecuperable he appropriates anyway by cataloguing it as "absurd." We—since we all suffer from this conditioning—project psychology, sociology, morals, religion, politics, and all other kinds of "meaning" into everything. And yet, if existentialism and modern ontology have taught us everything, it is that:

. . . le monde n'est ni signifiant ni absurde. Il est, tout simplement. . . Ouvrant les yeux à l'improviste, nous avons éprouvé . . . le choc de cette réalité têtue. . . Autour de nous . . . les choses sont là. Leur surface est nette et lisse, *intacte*. . . Toute notre littérature n'a pas encore réussi à en entamer le plus petit coin, à en amollir la moindre courbe. (Page 80.)

The principal task for the writer of fiction is the destruction of the old myths of hidden depths of meaning lurking beneath the phenomenological reality of the world we inhabit. Modern thought has partly accomplished this revolution; now, in the wake of its disciples, novelists must cease depicting the fictional world as man's private property to fit human needs and purposes. "Nous ne croyons plus," writes Robbe-Grillet confidently, "à cette *profondeur*."

By failing to reiterate the positive aspects of the program outlined in the *Express* series, such as his remarks on constructional principles, and by increasing his emphasis on the negative aspects of divesting fiction of its untenable bonds with the past, Robbe-Grillet furthered in many quarters the view that he was, in truth,

an "anti-novelist." (The effect on recent criticism of Sartre's use of the term *anti-roman* in his preface to Sarraute's *Portrait d'un inconnu*, leading to such misnomers as Claude Mauriac's doctrine of "*alittérature*" and to the recent fruitless polemics over the *anti-roman* by Jean Bloch-Michel, Pierre-Henri Simon and others in *Preuves* and elsewhere, deserves a separate study.) Though Robbe-Grillet had attacked not psychology itself but, specifically, "*la sacro-sainte analyse psychologique*," the general tone of his essay nevertheless suggested a rejection of all interiority, including psychological states and reactions. The ambiguity of Robbe-Grillet's position with respect to psychology constitutes perhaps the most difficult point of his doctrine, and his attempts at clarification of his views have failed to satisfy his critics. Though a careful reading of the text proves that he is asking only that the novelist refrain from injecting into the novel any *commentary* or explanation relating to possible psychological interpretations of his characters, the impression remains, in reading "*Une Voie pour le roman futur*," that the writer would willingly deny the very existence of psychic life itself.

Further apparent evidence for the charge that Robbe-Grillet wished to abolish psychology *per se* from the novel was found by critics in his article on Nathalie Sarraute's *L'Ère du soupçon* (in *Critique*, August-September 1956). After fully endorsing Mme Sarraute's strictures on the outmoded formalism of the conventional novel, her argument that the day had passed when the novelist's task was to invent "unforgettable characters" in the Balzacian tradition, and her reservations concerning the attempt of so-called behaviorist works to eliminate outworn psychological or moral attitudes only to leave them present by implication (as in Camus's *L'Étranger*, a work which Robbe-Grillet was himself later to identify as an historically important failure in the development of a deconditioned fiction), Robbe-Grillet proceeded to oppose Mme Sarraute's own search for new depths of psychology. By her insistence upon interior monologues mixed with "subconversations" and surrounded by inexpressible surges of psychic magna, in her attempts to erase the boundaries separating the vocal from the subvocal, Mme Sarraute is in her turn reverting to the doctrines of interiority and inner depths that have plagued the novel. Robbe-Grillet's defense of the clearcut presentation of spoken dialogue (in reply to Mme Sarraute's attack on typographical indications, phrases like "dit-il," and the like) is worth nothing, especially in

view of his most recent use of audible speech superimposed on motionless lips in *L'Année dernière à Marienbad*:

Il y a dans la phrase prononcée une *présence* solide, monstreueuse, définitive, qui la sépare radicalement de toute pensée, surtout des pensées-éclair, dont nous entretient volontiers Nathalie Sarraute, noyées dans leur mouvement et leurs perpétuelles mutations. Rien ne sera donc trop fort pour isoler cette *parole*, pour lui rendre ses faces vives et ses arêtes.³

The case of Nathalie Sarraute, Robbe-Grillet concludes, is striking proof that the "vieux mythes de la profondeur" are far from dead.

It was inevitable that critics should find discrepancies between Robbe-Grillet's theory and his practice. Nothing in his doctrine seemed to explain, for example, either the distorted "visions" of Mathias in *Le Voyeur* or the apparent proliferation of "symbols" in that work. Was the novel a study in psychopathology or not, and if so, did it not repose on interior psychology? How could one speak of the *réalisme*, new or otherwise, of manifestly false scenes, pseudo-memories, and erotic imaginings? If Robbe-Grillet's objects existed without reference to man, why all these arrangements of figure-of-eights, tangent circles of coiled rope, curling cigarette smoke, eyeglass forms on door panels, and the like? As for *La Jalousie*, was it not either (as some maintained) a dehumanizing of the novel, through a reducing of emotion to "camera eye" visual descriptions, or (as others protested) a "betrayal" of the author's own principles because it sank deep into implied psychology and covert symbolism, if not, as one critic asserted, into allegory?

Robbe-Grillet, concerned over the need of further clarifying his position, especially with respect to the apparent symbols in his work, wrote to me at this time, "Vous m'avez sauvé du symbolisme en inventant la corrélation objective." I had not of course invented the objective correlative, but I did, first in the *French Review* (April, 1958) and later in *Critique* (July, 1959), propose this conception as a more accurate one than symbol, both for the objects of *Le Voyeur* and the complicated system of interlocking constructs (including the famous centipede image) of *La Jalousie*. Meanwhile Robbe-Grillet had made a new effort to define his views on inner form and design relationships within the novel, especially in the

³ *Critique*, August-September 1956, p. 701.

article "La Forme et le contenu," published as part of a five-part series in *France-Observateur* in the autumn of 1957. His next major statement, and his most important contribution thus far to fictional theory and philosophy of literature, appeared in the *NRF* of October 1958, under the title "Nature, Humanisme, Tragédie."

Here Robbe-Grillet set out to free the novel as he saw it from an apparent impasse of nonsignificance. Some important questions needed answers. If the novel must divest itself of the "prétendues richesses" of references to psychology, sociology, politics, and the rest, through the exclusive depiction of a phenomenological universe of "surfaces," how could it avoid becoming a sterile game, a true *anti-novel*? If even such a "cleansed" or "emptied" work as *L'Étranger* was "betrayed" by an ending that restored moral significance to a no longer "absurd" hero, what kind of novel *could* now be written, and what purpose could it serve? Furthermore, since it was evident that a work like *La Jalousie* was more than an interplay of surface designs, was Robbe-Grillet not in fact proposing one kind of novel while writing another?

The essentials of Robbe-Grillet's tightly conceived answer to these attacks may be summarized as follows. At the bottom of most objections to his doctrine lies a false *humanism*, a humanism which is in reality a transcendental metaphysics by which man is linked to *nature* through mystical correspondences, anthropocentric images and metaphors, symbols, and the like. Even when man is envisaged as "separated" from one-ness with nature, it is only because those who see him thus wish to exploit this division in the name of *tragedy*. Tragedy, along with humanism, implies the possibility of man's "recuperation" into a divine or quasi-divine scheme of potential one-ness. But modern man must, says Robbe-Grillet, say "No" to tragedy, and accept existence in an *objectively meaningless* universe before he can turn his attention to his own humanity in a genuine humanism untainted by emotional and ideological projection or by the belief in metaphysical "beyonds."

Without naming it, Robbe-Grillet defends *La Jalousie* against the charge of dehumanization. How can a novel be *inhuman*, when it follows, from scene to scene, a man's every step, describing "ce qu'il fait, ce qu'il voit, ou ce qu'il imagine"? This last phrase is a clear indication that the techniques of surfaces and hyper-real descriptions may be applied to imaginary scenes, as had already been done both in *Le Voyeur* and *La Jalousie*. Discussing specifically the role of objects, Robbe-Grillet explains how, though they

are unrelated to man, indifferent to his emotions, unaffected by his glance, totally nonsymbolic, they may nevertheless acquire the psychic "charge" that they obviously carry in many passages of the author's novels:

(L'homme) refuse d'entretenir avec elles (les choses) aucune entente louche, aucune connivence; il ne leur demande rien; il n'éprouve à leur égard, ni accord ni dissentiment d'aucune sorte. Il peut, à l'aventure, en faire le support de ses passions, comme de son regard. . . . (Mais) sa passion . . . se pose à leur surface, sans vouloir les pénétrer puisqu'il n'y a rien à l'intérieur.⁴

In allowing objects to function as the *support* of passions (another way of saying objective correlative), Robbe-Grillet made a necessary concession, if not an actual reversal. (In "Une Voie" he had written that *things* "ne seront plus le vague reflet de l'âme vague du héros, l'image de ses tourments, le support de ses désirs.") The way was now clear for the novel to *express* significances within a system of formal relationships between object-signs, structured situations, and optically or sensorially depicted surfaces.

It is a system that accommodates a wide range of novelistic purposes, from that of objectified psychological motivations (*La Jalousie*, for example) to the "roman sans romanesque" or pure novel projected in *Dans le labyrinthe*. The latter work almost fulfills Flaubert's ideal of "un livre sur rien . . . sans attache extérieure." Interferences, displacements, reinforcements, in an elaborate interplay of objects, motions, signs, positive and negative images, repetitive or contradictory situations, etc., create the esthetic tensions and resolutions that serve to validate a nominal, if not, from the psychological viewpoint, virtually "empty" plot.

In a recent issue of the *Revue de Paris* (September, 1961), under the title "Nouveau Roman, Homme Nouveau," Robbe-Grillet reiterates various points of his doctrine in the guise of a "reply" to false views of the new novel, as widely circulated by its detractors. Some critics (among them Jean-René Huguenin in *Arts*, September 27-October 3, 1961) regard this new manifesto as a "softening" of Robbe-Grillet's views, and a retreat from earlier positions; but such is hardly the case. It would be easy to show (by citing, for example, the list of grievances against the *nouveau roman* in André Fossard's article "Technique du rien" in *Candida* of July 13-20, 1961) that

⁴ *NRF*, Oct. 1958, p. 583.

Robbe-Grillet's description of a certain critical "image" of the new novel is in no way exaggerated. Nor is there anything concessive in Robbe-Grillet's counterstatements: that the *nouveau roman*, being a "recherche," seeks no absolute laws for fiction; that it does not wish to "faire table rase du passé," but to *evolve* from the best of the past; that it does not turn aside from man, but rather adopts his true situation in the present world; that it seeks no "impartial" objectivity, but rather places its "objects" on a more human, even *subjective*, level than that of the omniscient Balzacian narrator; that its dechronology and other apparently disconcerting aspects are closer to real psychic life (as in "notre propre mémoire, qui n'est *jamaïs* chronologique") than the false and formalized "psychology" inherited from the past; that its rejection of predetermined meanings only parallels the discoveries of modern science and philosophy; and that the writer's commitment cannot be to anything other than literature itself. Perhaps the one new phrase used is "subjectivity"; for Robbe-Grillet does state that "Le nouveau roman ne vise qu'à une subjectivité totale." But this idea is, as we have seen, already present, if not inherent, in Robbe-Grillet's fictional system.

Further evidence of this basic concept of "objectified subjectivity" which underlies the very structure of Robbe-Grillet's fictional creation is found in the preface to his latest work, the scenario of the film *L'Année dernière à Marienbad*. This "ciné-roman" is a multivalent work of chronologically and spatially displaced images, with dialogues, at once "mental" and "real." The author calls it the "histoire d'une persuasion, . . . une réalité que le héros crée par sa propre vision." In Robbe-Grillet's ontology, thoughts and emotions *are* the mental images of their "subject" or "content." Dialogue is a description or expression of these images (or, sometimes, an attempt to modify or control them); hence, conversation is not the uttering of words so much as a confrontation of "views" in the minds of those speaking. The cinema, Robbe-Grillet claims, is especially well adapted to the projection of images, real or false, memories, anticipations, or imaginations; and in the flexibility of its transitions and nonchronological sequences it can closely parallel or embody psychic life or reality as it is (according to contemporary phenomenology). In this regard, Robbe-Grillet's ideas rejoin those of such estheticians of the cinema as Edgar Morin (in *Le Cinéma ou l'homme imaginaire*, 1956) and Jacques-Bernard Brunius. The latter writes:

Le cinéma apparaît comme l'instrument inespéré de l'objectivation de l'*acqua-micans* mental. . . . L'écran lumineux (est) . . . la surface mitoyenne de l'objectif et du subjectif. . . . La disposition des images de l'écran *dans le temps* est absolument analogue au *rangement* que peut opérer la pensée. . . . Ni l'ordre chronologique ni la valeur relative des durées ne sont réels. . . . Il est impossible d'imaginer plus fidèle miroir de la *représentation mentale*.⁵

That *L'Année dernière à Marienbad* should exhibit not only a Pirandello-like ambiguity of situation and personal identity, but should also bear a completely noncommensurable relationship to the "logical" order of conventional films or novels; that it should be irreducible to a linear "story line," is then inevitable, desirable, and esthetically *correct*. The point cannot be overstressed: the constructions of an evolving art must not be judged by obsolescent criteria. The task of the new novel, and of the new cinema, is to break with the empty formalism of imitative repetitions, to decondition readers and spectators. Men must be set free to respond, "aves des yeux libres," to the *creative formalism* of novels and films whose significance is not intended to be documentary, ideological, psychiatric, or propagandistic, but whose meaning arises only from their form and structure as *art*. Not art for art's sake, if that phrase has any precise meaning, but, as I have said elsewhere, art—since man is most certainly an *esthetic* animal—for *man's* sake.

University of Chicago

⁵ *En marge du cinéma français* (1954), reprinted in Pierre Lherminier, *L'Art du cinéma* (1960), pp. 334-36

ALBERT CAMUS, STONE-MASON

WALTER A. STRAUSS

Nous requérons faveur nouvelle pour la
rénovation du drame et la grandeur de
l'homme sur la pierre.

—Saint-John Perse, *Amers*,
"Strophe," II.

The preface of the 1958 re-edition of Camus' first book, *L'envers et l'endroit*,¹ contains the following observation:

Oui, rien n'empêche de rêver, à l'heure même de l'exil, puisque du moins je sais cela, de science certaine, qu'une œuvre d'homme n'est rien d'autre que ce long cheminement pour retrouver par les détours de l'art les deux ou trois images simples et grandes sur lesquelles le cœur, une première fois, s'est ouvert. (Page 33.)

What are these two or three simple and great images? The reader and the critic will not hesitate to name the sea and the sun and the earth. These three are certainly the recurrent features of Camus' landscape: they constitute his kingdom, in a sense even his paradise. But since all of Camus' work is a dialogue between the invincible summer and the inexorable winter, between the sea and the prisons,² between the kingdom and exile, it would conceivably be equally valid to devise two or three simple counter-images that the

¹ All quotations from Camus' works are based on the following editions: *L'envers et l'endroit* (Paris, 1958), *Noces* (Algiers, 1938), *L'étranger* (Paris, 1942), *Le Mythe de Sisyphe* (Paris, 1942), *La Peste* (Paris, 1947), *L'Homme révolté* (Paris, 1951), *L'été* (Paris, 1954), *La Chute* (Paris, 1956), *L'Exil et le royaume* (Paris, 1957). Page numbers in parentheses refer to these editions.

² See Albert Maquet, *Albert Camus ou l'invincible été* (Paris, 1955) and Roger Quilliot, *La Mer et les prisons: essai sur Albert Camus* (Paris, 1956).

heart refuses, or strives against: prison, exile, death.³ Both of these methods have gone far toward providing coherent interpretations of Camus.

But—it appears to me—these images have the disadvantage of being static: they begin to exert tension only in a dialectical pattern of thesis and antithesis. A different image, without a doubt also close to Camus' heart, has the advantage of being more pliable: the image of the stone. This configuration also enables us to move through the various stages of Camus' career, from *Noces* (1938) to the *nouvelle* "La Pierre qui pousse" (1957), and to register certain shifts of emphasis while at the same time retaining a basic continuity of movement.

Although *L'Envers et l'endroit* is Camus' first published book and serves as a kind of quarry from which a good deal of the later work is to be drawn, the next work, *Noces*, is our real starting point. It is Camus' "Nourritures terrestres," the first lyrical and pantheistic outburst of a young man bent on discovering an intimate link with the world of nature. The setting is the Mediterranean world, particularly the Algerian landscape, where Camus celebrates "les noces de l'homme et de la terre" (p. 70). The first paragraph of the first essay ("Noces à Tipasa") ends on the word "pierres":

Au printemps, Tipasa est habitée par les dieux et les dieux parlent dans le soleil et l'odeur des absinthes, la mer cuirassée d'argent, le ciel bleu écru, les ruines couvertes de fleurs et la lumière à gros bouillons dans les amas de pierres. (Page 11.)

Here, in one sentence, we have the repertory of Camus' favorite images—sun, sea, sky, rocks—but significantly in a completely pantheistic context. It is in this setting that Camus can take full cognizance of "une vie à goût de pierre chaude" (p. 19), and, as in his essay on the summer in Algiers, enter into "ce dialogue de la pierre et de la chair à la mesure du soleil et des saisons (p. 51, "L'Été à Alger").

C'est le grand libertinage de la nature et de la mer qui m'accapare tout entier. Dans ce mariage des ruines et du printemps, les ruines sont devenues pierres, et perdant le poli imposé par l'homme, sont rentrées dans la nature. (Page 14.)

³ For a convenient and useful summary of Camus' images and themes, see Germaine Brée, *Camus* (New Brunswick, 1959), p. 187.

Here we note for the first time the dual aspect that stone imagery has for Camus. The sun and the sea are forces that man cannot subdue; they are, in a sense, above and beyond man. But the earth is more to man's measure, and the stones are, for Camus, the key image for the bond between man and the earth. This does not mean, of course, that any stone that is hewn is a violation of the earth's sanctity, but rather that man uses stones to escape from the earth. Here, at Tipasa, the stones join in a "mélodie du monde" (p. 16) reminiscent of Jean Giono, and man celebrates "un jour de noces avec le monde" (p. 20).

But for this "endroit" there is also an "envers": the nuptials of man and the earth are not perpetual; the harmony is broken by a silence and a negation. The second essay, "Le Vent à Djémila," begins with a sober assertion that is the direct antithesis of the effusive opening of the Tipasa essay: "Il est des lieux où meurt l'esprit pour que naisse une vérité qui est sa négation même" (p. 29). In the first sentence of the first essay the nouns, the objects, had a marvelous concreteness; in this essay the weight is on the verbs, the process, and the nouns are abstract. The other side of Camus' pantheism, then, is man's confrontation with solitude, with nature's indifference, with death:

Et l'on se trouve là, concentré, mis en face des pierres et du silence, à mesure que le jour avance et que les montagnes grandissent en devenant violettes. Mais le vent souffle sur le plateau à Djémila. Dans cette grande confusion du vent et du soleil qui mêle aux ruines la lumière, quelque chose se forge qui donne à l'homme la mesure de son identité avec la solitude et le silence de la ville morte. (Page 30.)

Here the wind whips man into an identification with nature, and the result is not rapture but solitude.

Je me sentais claquer au vent comme une mâtresse . . . Comme le galet vernis par les marées, j'étais poli par le vent, usé jusqu'à l'âme. J'étais un peu de cette force selon laquelle je flottais, puis beaucoup, puis elle enfin, confondant les battements de mon sang et les grands coups sonores de ce cœur partout présent de la nature. Le vent me façonnait à l'image de l'ardente nudité qui m'entourait: Et sa fugitive étreinte me donnait, pierre parmi les pierres, la solitude d'une colonne ou d'un olivier dans le ciel d'été. (Pages 32-33.)

Thus, the two initial essays of *Noces* define, alternately, the experience of marriage with the world and divorce from the world. At

Tipasa: "Non, ce n'était pas moi qui comptais, ni le monde, mais seulement l'accord et le silence qui de lui à moi faisait naître l'amour" (p. 26). At Djémila: "Et jamais je n'ai senti si avant, à la fois mon détachement de moi-même et ma présence au monde" (p. 33). This contrast is registered by the stones; at Tipasa, "toutes les pierres sont chaudes" (p. 12); at Djémila the landscape is a "cri de pierre lugubre et solennel" (p. 37), where the visitor becomes "pierre parmi les pierres."

The fourth and final essay of the collection, "Le désert," attempts to bring the *envers* and the *endroit* together for the first time, and thus represents the first major keynote of Camus' early work. The essay, significantly enough, has its setting in Florence in the midst of Renaissance statuary. Here Camus asks himself,

Mais qu'est-ce que le bonheur sinon le simple accord entre un être et l'existence qu'il mène. Et quel accord plus légitime peut unir l'homme à la vie sinon la double conscience de son désir de durée et son destin de mort? (P. 94.)

And in seeking a formula for defining man's measure, he writes: "La mesure de l'homme? Le silence et les pierres mortes" (p. 95). A little later comes the passionate assertion "Le monde est beau, et hors de lui, point de salut." Camus' lay humanism is already in evidence here. Similarly, when Camus sees Piero della Francesca's "Resurrection," he finds no expression of happiness in Christ's features, "seulement une grandeur farouche et sans âme que je ne puis m'empêcher de prendre pour une résolution de vivre" (pp. 99-100). Camus is here responding to an aspect of the painting that also struck Aldous Huxley when he observed that Piero's Christ is "the resurrection of the classical ideal, incredibly much grandeur and more beautiful than the classical reality, from the tomb where it had lain so many hundred years."⁴ The fact that Camus should be fascinated in a very special way by this particular picture indicates an early orientation toward the theme of *human* regeneration; and in some ways this "résolution à vivre" projects Camus' own itinerary from *L'Envers et l'endroit* ("Il n'y a pas d'amour de vivre sans désespoir de vivre," p. 113) to the end of his brief career.

With *Noces* as the original center of affirmation-negation-resolution, Camus' next work shows the deep imprint of the imagery of *Noces*: in the climatic scene at the end of Part I of *L'Étranger*—

⁴ *On Art and Artists* (New York, 1960), p. 199.

which might, with a slight change of scenery, have been called "Meurtre à Djémila,"—the blinding sun, the sea, the desert, the boulders are mute witnesses to Meursault's murder of an Arab. The fracture of Meursault's life into two parts, the curtain brutally dividing his "amour de vivre" from the incipient "désespoir de vivre" leads him into prison and enforces upon him a growing consciousness of solitude, exile and absurdity. At one point, the prison priest says to him, "Toutes ces pierres suent la douleur. Je ne les ai jamais regardées sans angoisse" (p. 166).

In *Le Mythe de Sisyphe* the dualistic tension between Camus' paganism and his alienation is given precise delineation:

Ce monde en lui-même n'est pas raisonnable, c'est tout ce qu'on en peut dire. Mais ce qui est absurde, c'est la confrontation de cet irrationnel et de ce désir éperdu de clarté dont l'appel résonne au plus profond de l'homme. L'absurde dépend autant de l'homme que du monde. (Page 37.)

The conflict, in other words, lies between the world as it is and man's consciousness of the world. It is not so much the fact that the world is absurd, but that the encounter of the human intelligence with the indifference of nature is absurd. For Camus, the absurd is the awareness of a cleavage, "cette fracture entre le monde et mon esprit" (p. 74), a divorce (p. 48) counteracting the pagan nuptials. As the harmonious experience of Tipasa recedes into the background, the burden of destiny shifts to man. Camus now transmutes the image of the stone into the symbol of the touchstone of man's absurd condition, and at the same time into the witness of his liberation. Sisyphus in Hades, condemned eternally to roll a stone uphill, only to have it slip over the summit and tumble down the slope, is Camus' first mythical parallel of the absurd hero. Reviving the ancient myth ("Les mythes sont faits pour que l'imagination les anime," p. 164), he characteristically focuses on the closeness of Sisyphus and rock: "La joue collée contre la pierre" (p. 165); "Un visage qui peine si près des pierres est déjà pierre lui-même!" (*Ibid.*). But the question is: Can Sisyphus triumph over the rock? The answer is that sometimes, when the nostalgia for the images of the earth is too strong, the rock becomes too heavy and triumphs; but when Sisyphus becomes completely conscious of the meaninglessness of his situation and yet assumes its burden, and with it the responsibility for his own destiny, then he is victorious, and his descent is joyous.

... Sisyphe enseigne la fidélité supérieure qui nie les dieux et soulève les rochers. Lui aussi [i. e., comme Oedipe] juge que tout est bien. Cet univers désormais sans maître ne lui paraît ni stérile ni futile. (Page 168.)

With *L'Étranger* and *Le Mythe de Sisyphe* the first phase of Camus' development ends; the next phase elaborates and deepens certain implications of the notion of the absurd and the portrait of the absurd hero. With Sisyphus' gesture of contempt toward destiny and toward the gods, as earlier with Cherea's defiance of Caligula's inquisitorial logic, the theme of rebellion is born. The sequence of major works, covering approximately the first decade after the end of the Second World War, begins with *La Peste* and moves through the play *Les Justes* to the culminating statement about rebellion: *L'Homme révolté* (1951). The sequence of essays published in 1954, *L'Été*, provides a lyrical accompaniment and a kind of relief from the moral and intellectual intensity of the more important creations. Here, again, we find the matrix image of the stone reiterated in various contexts, all of them by now more or less familiar. Only several key passages need to be pointed out. In one of the most poignant scenes of *La Peste*, where Rieux and Tarrou seal their friendship in a solemn rite, the theme of *bonheur* becomes—inevitably, I am tempted to say—linked with stones. Here is the passage:

[La mer] sifflait doucement aux pieds des grands blocs de la jetée et, comme ils les gravissaient, elle leur apparut, épaisse comme du velours, souple et lisse comme une bête. Ils s'installèrent sur les rochers tournés vers le large. Les eaux se gonflaient et redescendaient lentement. Cette respiration calme de la mer faisait naître et disparaître des reflets huileux à la surface des eaux. Devant eux, la nuit étant sans limites. Rieux, qui sentait sous ses doigts le visage grêlé des hochers, était plein d'un étrange bonheur. (Page 277.)

Several essays in *L'Été* develop at greater length the imagery of petrification and confinement—always coupled with coldness and unfriendliness—that is characteristic of Camus' treatment of the modern city and its labyrinthine aspects. The most complete projection of the labyrinth will be the city of Amsterdam in *La Chute* (1956). The description of Oran is a case in point.

Oran est un grand mur circulaire et jaune, recouvert d'un ciel dur. Au début, on erre dans ce labyrinthe, on cherche la mer comme

le signe d'Ariane. . . . On ne peut savoir ce qu'est la pierre sans venir à Oran. Dans cette ville poussiéreuse entre toutes, le caillou est roi. (Page 29, "Le Minotaure, ou la halte d'Oran," 1939.)

Here, at Oran, the temptation is to give in to the stone, to become nothing, to succumb to the boredom of the city, to consent to the voracious Minotaure. Thus, for Camus, the Ariadne thread of liberation becomes the stone of submission. In a somewhat more gentle vien, Camus speaks of being in New York, "certains jours, perdu au fond de ces puits de pierre et d'acier où errent des millions d'hommes" (p. 169, "La mer au plus près, 1953). For Paris, he adapts the imagery of Plato's allegory of the cave:

Paris est une admirable caverne, et ses hommes, voyant leurs propres ombres s'agiter sur la paroi du fond, les prennent pour la seule réalité. Ainsi de l'étrange et fugitive renommée que cette ville dispense. Mais nous avons appris, loin de Paris, qu'une lumière est dans notre dos, qu'il nous faut nous retourner en rejetant nos liens pour la regarder en face, et que notre tâche avant de mourir est de chercher, à travers tous les mots, à la nommer. (Page 137, "L'énigme," 1950.)

The essay "Retour à Tipasa" (1952) marks a reaffirmation of the original lesson drawn from Tipasa in *Noces*: the rediscovery of the "été invincible" (p. 158) as an unalterable inner secret to set against the illusion cherished by the human family, "qui croit régner sur des villes riches et hideuses, bâties de pierre et de brumes" (p. 162). The strengthening of the original resolution goes parallel with a new thematic emphasis—from Sisyphus to Prometheus—and a metamorphosis of the stone imagery.

The emergence of Prometheus as the new hero marks a significant step. Camus' dedication to the theme is evident enough. He had adapted Aeschylus' tragedy for the stage (as yet unpublished); he quotes Lucian of Samosata on the subject, and at the time of the inception of *L'Homme révolté*, he sketched out rather extensively his conception of the arch-rebel of mythology in an essay entitled "Prométhée aux Enfers" (thus prolonging a modern tradition that goes back as far as Goethe and Shelley). Defining Prometheus as "ce révolté dressé contre les dieux" as "le modèle de l'homme contemporain," (*L'Été*, p. 81) he rebukes us, his contemporaries, for our deafness to his call for rebellion. In castigating his fellow-man, "privé de feu et de nourriture" (p. 82), unmindful

of the liberty that Prometheus also offered men along with fire—for technological advancement ought to have become an instrument of liberation if we had been willing to utilize it properly—Camus uses the same language that thoughtful men in our time, smarting under the daily parody of Christian ethics, have applied to Jesus: "En vérité, si Prométhée revenait, les hommes d'aujourd'hui feraient comme les dieux d'alors: ils le cloueraient au rocher, au nom même de cet humanisme dont il est le premier symbole" (p. 83). The unbinding of Camus' Prometheus demands no intercession of a Shelleyan Demogorgon, who casts Jupiter from his tyrant's throne—this would be rather a Sartrean variant of the theme—but the gathering up of inner strength: man's self-emancipation from the shackles of history, his own reinvention of the Promethean fire. "Le héros enchaîné maintient dans la foudre et le tonnerre divine sa foi tranquille en l'homme. C'est ainsi qu'il est plus dur que son rocher et plus patient que son vautour. Mieux que la révolte contre les dieux, c'est cette longue obstination qui a du sens pour nous" (pp. 89-90). This constitutes, in effect, the germ of the argument proposed in *L'Homme révolté*.

L'Homme révolté is an impassioned and somewhat diffuse meditation on nihilism and its consequences: the degeneration of rebellion into revolution and terrorism; art as rebellion and as a creative alternative to nihilism. The discussion of historical rebellion attempts to answer the question raised earlier in the book: "... Notre temps aime à se dire prométhéen. Mais l'est-il vraiment?" (p. 43). The answer, echoing certain arguments of Dostoevsky's "Grand Inquisitor," is, like its predecessor, a kind of prose poem:

Ici s'achève l'itinéraire surprenant de Prométhée. Clamant sa haine des dieux et son amour de l'homme, il se détourne avec mépris de Zeus et vient vers les mortels pour les mener à l'assaut du ciel. Mais les hommes sont faibles ou lâches; il faut les organiser. Ils aiment le plaisir et le bonheur immédiat; il faut leur apprendre à refuser, pour se grandir, le miel des jours. Ainsi, Prométhée, à son tour, devient un maître qui enseigne d'abord, commande ensuite. La lutte se prolonge encore et devient épuisante. Les hommes doutent d'aborder à la cité du soleil et si cette cité existe. Il faut les sauver d'eux-mêmes. Le héros leur dit alors qu'il connaît la cité, et qu'il est seul à la connaître. Ceux qui en doutent seront jetés au désert, cloués à un rocher, offerts en pâture aux oiseaux cruels. Les autres marcheront désormais dans les ténèbres, derrière le maître pensif et solitaire. Prométhée, seul, est devenu dieu et règne

sur la solitude des hommes. Mais, de Zeus, il n'a conquis que la solitude et la cruauté; il n'est plus Prométhée, il est Cèsar. Le vrai, l'éternel Prométhée a pris maintenant le visage d'une de ses victimes. Le même cri, venu du fond des âges, retentit toujours au fond du désert de Scythie. (Page 301.)

We note here that the Dostoevskian conflict Christ-Caesar has been re-interpreted as Prometheus-Caesar: the culture hero has made a pact with utility and expediency: Prometheus has fallen.⁵

The five-year period of virtual silence that following the publication of *L'Homme révolté* was terminated by *La Chute*, the first of two important works that constitute the brief final phase of Camus' creative career. *La Chute* shifts the focus from his concern with positive reconstruction—that "renaissance . . . par delà le nihilisme" proposed at the end of *L'Homme révolté* (p. 376)—to the critical dissection of the modern cosmopolitan man-about-town, with all his egotistical liberalism and suave pretentiousness. Jean-Baptiste Clamence, the false messiah, *clamans in deserto*, the inclement "juge-pénitent," embodies the unfree man, the very antithesis of the freedom-bringing Prometheus; he is the anti-Meursault, a man who "plays the game." The movement from *L'Étranger* to *La Chute* is equivalent to a shift of emphasis in Camus from Billy Budd to Ivan Ilych, from a naive unawareness on the one hand to the sophisticated awareness of modern servitude on the other (but in Clamence's case, without the final Tolstoian redemption). Just as Camus had in *L'Étranger* dramatized Meursault's loss of freedom by transplanting him from the stones of the Algerian beach to the anguished stones of the prison walls, so he correlates Jean-Baptiste's spiritual enslavement with the dank, infernal circles of Amsterdam's canals:

Après tout, c'est bien là ce que je suis, réfugié dans mon désert de pierres, de brumes et d'eaux pourries, prophète vide pour temps médiocres, Elie sans messie, bourré de fièvre et d'alcool, le dos collé à cette porte moisie, le doigt levé vers un ciel bas, couvrant d'imprécations des hommes sans loi qui ne peuvent supporter aucun jugement. Car ils ne peuvent le supporter, très cher, et c'est toute la question. (Page 135.)

This mockery of the traditional representation of John the Baptist (one thinks particularly of Leonardo da Vinci's painting here),

⁵ See Brée, p. 213.

with its accompanying echo of the "dürftige Zeit" motif from Hölderlin's *Brot und Wein*, is superseded in *L'Exil et le royaume* (1957) by the long story "La pierre qui pousse." Its central figure is a typical Camus protagonist—quiet, modest, haunted by an uneasy conscience, yet open and honest. His name is D'Arrast—a word suggesting the Spanish "arrastra" or "arrastre," meaning a drag-stone mill or haulage of cargo. Both the millstone and the cargo are relevant here. D'Arrast is a European engineer who has arrived in the small community of Iguape, in Southern Brazil, in order to supervise dike construction that will ensure greater security and prosperity to the town. (Here the new Prometheus and Goethe's second Faust are momentarily conjoined.) Shortly upon his arrival, D'Arrast meets a ship's cook ("le coq"), with whom he strikes up an immediate friendship. It is the eve of St. George's Day, and the community of Iguape celebrates on that day a local "fête du bon Jésus" with a procession to a sacred grotto containing a statue of Jesus that had been swept inland from the sea, and whose erection had miraculously caused a stone to grow in the grotto. It is the practice of the town's inhabitants to take hammers to this sanctuary and to chip pieces off the stone, which always miraculously grows back. D'Arrast joins the early stages of the festivities, but instead of observing a Christian ceremony, he witnesses an orgiastic pagan ritual involving trances and the descent of a satyr-god. D'Arrast, as an outsider, is excluded from the climax of the *macumba* and leaves—without any particular reluctance—but only after attempting first, unsuccessfully, to persuade his friend to leave with him. "Le coq" had, out of gratitude for being rescued from shipwreck, made a strange vow to carry on his head a stone weighing over a hundred pounds in the St. George procession the following day. The result of the "coq's" refusal to rest up for the ordeal is that on the next day he is quickly overcome by exhaustion and drops the stone. Up to this point, one may say that the "coq" has failed, *i. e.*, denied his promise to Jesus, in analogy to the "Pierre" chosen by Christ as the foundation of the Church. The critique implied here is not a critique of "le coq" as ill-qualified for keeping his vow, but rather of the meaninglessness of the promise: the "absurdity" of the Christian doctrine. This idea had been foreshadowed, though ironically, in *La Chute*, which had originally been intended for inclusion in *L'Exil et le royaume* and actually represents the pole of exile in contrast with "La Pierre qui pousse," which at least

announces the possibility of a kingdom. Near the end of *La Chute*, Clamence had perorated on the subject of Jesus:

Il voulait qu'on l'aime, rien de plus. Bien sûr, il y a des gens qui l'aiment, même parmi les chrétiens. Mais on les compte. Il avait prévu ça d'ailleurs, il avait le sens de l'humour. Pierre, vous savez, le froussard, Pierre, donc, le renie: "Je ne connais pas cet homme . . . Je ne sais pas ce que tu veux dire . . . etc." Vraiment, il exagérerait! Et lui fait un jeu de mots: "Sur cette pierre, je bâtirai mon église." On ne pouvait pas pousser plus loin l'ironie, vous ne trouvez pas? (Pages 133-134.)

The argument up to this point may be summed up as follows: "Le coq" is human-all-too-human, and the devotional severities of the miracle-god with horns are as inhuman and meaningless as those of the miracle-god with thorns. (That is the reason why the processional statue is described as "l'effigie du bon Jésus lui-même, roseau en main, la tête couverte d'épines, saignant et chancelant au-dessus de la foule," p. 223.) The denial of a Jesus requiring proofs of endurance does not really constitute a denial; the real Jesus demanded only the free and immediate offer of love and loyalty. If we now recall a passage from the First Epistle of Peter, we witness a startling dramatic and dialectic transformation of the scene. This is the passage:

For it stands in scripture: "Behold, I am laying in Zion a stone, a cornerstone chosen and precious, and he who believes in him will not be put to shame." To you therefore who believe, he is precious, but for those who do not believe, "The very stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner." and "A stone that will make men stumble, a rock that will make them fall;" for they stumble because they disobey the word, as they were destined to do. (2: 6-8, R. S. V.)

The stone, which has become a stumbling stone for the cook, is now picked up by D'Arrast, "presque sans effort," and by this action he spontaneously terminates his passive existence of outsider-observer and enacts the first gesture of self-renewal and participation. A new and humbler Prometheus is born. D'Arrast carries the stone toward the church, then veers off the path, walks around the church to the humble dwellings of the townsfolk, enters the shack belonging to the cook,

et, d'un seul mouvement, jeta la pierre au centre de la pièce sur le feu qui rougeoyait encore. Et là, redressant toute sa taille, énorme soudain, aspirant à goulées désespérées l'odeur de misère et de cendres qu'il reconnaissait, il écouta monter en lui le flot d'une joie obscure et haletante qu'il ne pouvait pas nommer. (Page 231.)

"Le coq" and his family, upon arrival, squat around the stone in the hearth and motion to D'Arrast to join them. "Les yeux fermés, il saluait joyeusement sa propre force, il saluait, une fois de plus, la vie qui recommençait" (p. 232).

Thus, the stumbling stone of the old *ecclesia* has become, in this parable, the chief cornerstone of the new *ecclesia*, deliberately laid upon the rediscovered hearthfire of the new Prometheus, who bestows his cultural blessings upon the dispossessed. In this way, the promise held out in *L'Homme révolté* and in "Prométhée aux Enfers" has been fulfilled. With the laying of the foundations of a truly human community, the individual too throws off the shackles of his alienation and is reintegrated into humanity and regenerated. "Hors du monde, point de salut." Remembering that "ekklesia" originally meant "a coming together," we can now virtually restore the original "hors de l'église (i. e., humaine), point de salut."

The theme of individual and communal regeneration with which "La pierre qui pousse" closes leads—presumably—directly into the "Premier homme" on which Camus was working at the time of his death. It is indeed curious that Camus' itinerary should begin with a Dionysian rapture at Tipasa and end with a new humanistic Adam; it is equally curious that an intertwining path should begin with a lapse from harmony at Djémila and end with a vision of secular redemption in Southern Brazil. Camus' themes illustrate the uneasy bifurcation of the modern religious intellect: the problems arise from the Judaeo-Christian tradition and from our sense of overriding history, which is, to enlarge Stephen Dedalus' remark, a nightmare from which we are all trying to awake. But the coordinates of Camus' conceptual framework remain pagan. It is perhaps not altogether futile to speculate that Camus' 1936 thesis (for the diplôme d'études supérieures de philosophie) on Plotinus and St. Augustine left an early imprint upon his mind. How else could he have come to the formulation of the absurd as "le péché sans Dieu" (*Le Mythe de Sisyphe*, p. 60)? How else explain the counter-thrust to the "péché" exerted by his consistent attempts to see the notions of soul, love, rebirth in strictly secular terms? Camus was indeed

serious when he stated in an interview, "J'ai le sens du sacré et je ne crois pas à la vie future, voilà tout."⁶ But it is certainly a sense of the sacred that speaks with the accents of immanence: "... Il y a peut-être une transcendance vivante, dont la beauté fait la promesse, qui peut faire aimer et préférer à tout autre ce monde mortel et limité." (*L'Homme révolté*, p. 319). This is really no more than a restatement of his earlier "hors du monde, point de salut," which, as we recall, had been precipitated by the feeling that the world is—in spite of everything—beautiful. Camus' sense of the sacred is limited by a pervasive aesthetic paganism that has been troubled and undermined by the historical and religious crisis of nihilism; it is a theology that is certainly more Greek than Christian.

And so the Greek themes acquire a new relief in the total view of Camus' work. At first, there was the Dionysian rapture, a kind of Orphic temptation to sing the praises of the harmonious universe, to make the stones speak and to understand their message. Seen from this perspective, Sisyphus becomes a figure displacing Orpheus, yet an Orpheus *à rebours*. Two passages in *Le mythe de Sisyphe* point in this direction. Recounting a legend according to which Sisyphus obtained Pluto's permission to return to life briefly in order to chastise his wife, who had neglected to give his body proper burial, Camus writes: "Mais quand il eut de nouveau revu le visage de ce monde, goûté l'eau et le soleil, les pierres chaudes et la mer, il ne voulut plus retourner dans l'ombre infernale" (p. 164). And earlier in the same book, he had noted that "au contraire d'Eurydice, l'absurde ne meurt que lorsque'on s'en détourne" (p. 76). The two sketches show an Orpheus who wants to go up, rather than down, an Orpheus who cannot relinquish the world, but who at the same time cannot ignore its absurd reality. Thus, having abandoned the myth of one culture-hero, Camus chose a figure situated between Orpheus and the Prometheus to come. The element missing in this intermediate model Sisyphus is the clear-cut commitment to mankind, and eventually the Titanic fire-bringer becomes the final hero in Camus' pantheon. Albérès shrewdly notes that "Sisyphe provoqua les dieux par son orgueil, Prométhée par son amour des hommes."⁷ It is precisely the qualities of love, loyalty and modesty that Camus emphasizes in D'Arrast, his last

⁶ Jean-Claude Brisville, *Camus* (Paris, 1959), p. 260.

⁷ R.-M. Albérès, *La Révolte des écrivains d'aujourd'hui* (Paris, 1949), p. 79.

portrayal of Promethean man, who also recalls, ever so slightly, the figure of Atlas, brother of Prometheus, and whose companion deity seems to be Nemesis, the goddess of measure and equity.

The progression from Orphic temptation to Promethean fulfillment has a profounder significance for the interpretation of modern culture. Herbert Marcuse throws light on the meaning of Orpheus-Narcissus and Prometheus in the modern world:

In contrast to the images of the Promethean culture-hero, those of the Orphic and Narcissistic world are essentially unreal and unrealistic. They designate an "impossible" attitude and existence. The deeds of the culture-hero are also "impossible," in that they are miraculous, incredible, super-human. However, their objective and their "meaning" are not alien to the reality; on the contrary, they are useful. They promote and strengthen this reality; they do not explode it. But the Orphic-Narcissistic images do explode it; they do not convey a "mode of living;" they are committed to the underworld and to death. At best, they are poetic, something for the soul and the heart. But they do not teach any "message"—except perhaps the negative one that one cannot defeat death or forget and reject the call of life in the admiration of beauty.⁸

The above passage points up the dilemma with which Camus' work begins and illuminates the goal toward which it moves. At the center of the dialectic is Camus' horror of the void; around this void, the sun and the sea define a fixed periphery. Camus' way through this landscape may be likened to the trajectory of a stone in flight across the ever-menacing abyss; it is the path of this trajectory that I have tried to plot.

Emory University

⁸ *Eros and Civilization* (Boston, 1955), p. 165.

ALBERT CAMUS AND HEINRICH BÖLL

THEODORE ZIOLKOWSKI

Readers have often been reminded, while perusing Heinrich Böll's books, of Albert Camus—so much, in fact, that several German critics, without specifying their contention, have been prompted to call Böll "the German Camus."¹ It is obvious to anyone familiar with the life and works of the French writer and his German contemporary that there are vast differences between the two men. And although Böll is acquainted with Camus' books, the relationship cannot be explained by so-called "literary influence." It is rather a more delicate spiritual affinity that emerges in their consciences as writers, in the texture of their fiction, and in their craftsmanship as artists.

Both Böll and Camus are basically moralists. Their works are characterized by an ideal that is implicit in every line, fictional or expository, that they have written, and this implicit ideal is the measuring stick for their moral judgments. Camus' ideal might be called the just society of liberal humanism, while Böll's is a state of practical Christianity.² These are not attitudes, of course, that are

¹ See, for instance, the review of *Billard um halb Zehn* by Hans Schwab-Fehlisch, *Frankfurter Hefte*, XV (February 1960), 1058-1060. The same phrase was used by Hans Egon Holthusen in a lecture on twentieth-century German literature at Yale University in January, 1960. This fact is surprising inasmuch as Camus has been generally misunderstood in Germany by public and critics alike; cf. my article "Camus in Germany, or the Return of the Prodigal Son," *Yale French Studies*, XXV (Spring, 1960), 132-37.

² I mean here, of course, the thoroughly un-Platonic ideal society outlined best perhaps in the essay "Ni victimes ni bourreaux" in *Actuelles I* (Paris, 1950). Böll's ideal, I believe, is evident to anyone who has read his novels and stories; I have tried to outline it in my article "Heinrich Böll: Conscience and Craft," *Books Abroad*, XXXIV (Summer, 1960), 213-22.

shared by Camus and Böll alone. They have certain affinities, for instance, with the moral values of Malraux and Saint-Exupéry in France or Karl Jaspers in Germany. But the precipitation of these ideas in their works is characteristic of them alone and unmistakably unique, and since the texture of a literary work is often more representative of a writer than the structure of his thought (which is frequently not original), these textural similarities deserve consideration.

For the sake of convenience let us make use of a few terms that have concerned Camus greatly and that are accepted as reasonably intelligible in the context of Camus criticism: the absurd, solidarity, exile, and revolt. We have just spoken of the ideal that is implicit in the writings of both men. It is precisely the incongruity between this ideal and reality that produces an awareness of the absurd. By way of elaboration it might be mentioned that this pattern of thought would be instantly familiar to Schiller, although he did not call it the absurd. Yet the consequences of the pattern are the same as they were in the essay "Über naive und sentimentalische Dichtung." When the author's eye is focussed more sharply on the ideal, with reality receding into the background, the result is the elegiac, nostalgic mood that we sense so often in Camus' essays on his youth in Algeria³ and in Böll's diary notices about Ireland or in the preface that he has written for a book of photographs depicting life in an old neighborhood of his hometown, Cologne.⁴ When, however, reality prevails over the ideal, we find mocking or tempered satire, as in Camus' novel *La Chute* or in so many of Böll's stories and novels. Both Camus and Böll, to use Schiller's useful terminology again, are "sentimentalische Dichter" who, dissatisfied with the world as it is, are constantly preoccupied with the absurd discrepancy between the real and the ideal; and as moralists they offer implicit solutions to the enigma in their works. What distinguishes the two from Schiller and what makes their works contemporary is their reaction to the absurd: they both diagnose our time as "a century of fear."

In an essay entitled "Le Siècle de la peur" (1948) Camus wrote: "Quelque chose en nous a été détruit par le spectacle des années que nous venons de passer. Et ce quelque chose est cette éternelle

³ E. g. "Retour à Tipasa," *L'Été* (Paris, 1954).

⁴ *Unter Krahnenbäumen: Bilder aus einer Straße*. Text von Heinrich Böll; Fotos von Chargesheimer (Köln, 1958).

confiance de l'homme, qui lui a toujours fait croire qu'on pouvait tirer d'un autre homme des réactions humaines en lui parlant le langage de l'humanité."⁵ Böll, responding to a query concerning his attitude toward Christianity, asserted:

Ich spüre, sehe und höre, merke so wenig davon, daß die Christen die Welt überwunden, von der Angst befreit hätten; von der Angst im Wirtschaftsdschungel, wo die Bestien lauern; von der Angst der Juden, der Angst der Neger, der Angst der Kinder, Kranken. Eine christliche Welt müßte eine Welt ohne Angst sein, und unsere Welt ist nicht christlich, solange die Angst nicht geringer wird, sondern wächst; nicht die Angst vor dem Tode, sondern die Angst vor dem Leben und den Menschen.....die Angst der Atheisten vor den Christen, der Christen vor den Gottlosen, eine ganze Litanei der Ängste.⁶

It must be emphasized that the world which Böll calls Christian is by no means Christian in the narrow dogmatic sense; he prefers it to a godless world "weil es in einer christlichen Welt Raum gibt für die, denen keine heidnische Welt je Raum gab: für Krüppel und Kranke, Alte und Schwache, und mehr noch als Raum gab es für sie: Liebe, für die, die der heidnischen wie der gottlosen Welt nutzlos erschienen und erscheinen."⁷ If we are willing to ignore the designation "Christian" for a moment, then this is a description that Camus would have embraced wholeheartedly; it is no more than a plea for a world that regards men as ends in themselves and not as means—a world, in other words, much like the one that Camus envisaged in *L'Homme révolté* and other essays. Camus' entire work is an ardent appeal for a just world in which men help one another to bear the burden of the absurd without self-righteousness and false judgment. In *L'Homme révolté* he violently rejects ideologies like those of Nietzsche and Hegel in which he senses a justification of inhuman action and deeds for the sake of an ideal in the future. Camus is interested in the alleviation of present suffering and fear, as he indicates in *La Peste*. And in *La Chute* he heaps satire upon the figure of the *juge-pénitent* who, guilty himself, judges others instead of trying to help them.

Böll's conception of practical Christianity enthusiastically includes non-Christians like Camus:

⁵ *Actuelles I*, p. 142.

⁶ In the anthology *Was halten Sie vom Christentum*, ed. Karlheinz Deschner (List Taschenbücher Nr. 105, München, 1957), p. 22.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 23.

Ein Ungläubiger, der 'Tauet der Himmel den Gerechten . . .' sang, während die Christen mit routinierter Gleichgültigkeit exakt ihre Litanei vollzogen, erschien mir wie einer der Weisen aus dem Morgenlande, die schließlich als Ungetaufte Christus anbeteten, ungetauft wieder davonzogen.⁸

And Camus, in an interview, once specified that his attitude does not exclude Christian thought; but that rather Christianity, which insists upon being a *total* religion, generally has no room for people like him. "Mais je prendrai l'Eglise au sérieux," he added, "quand ses chefs spirituels parleront le langage de tout le monde et vivront eux-mêmes la vie dangereuse et misérable qui est celle du plus grand nombre."⁹

The main characteristic of this century of fear, to use Camus' term, is the lack of solidarity among men, the inability to communicate from man to man, the absence of understanding among people torn apart by faith, by ideology, or by external circumstances. This nostalgia for solidarity is one of the main themes of *La Peste*: the inhabitants of Oran do indeed find a certain solidarity in the face of the plague, but the greatest grievance of this entire time, as the narrator repeatedly states, was a sense of separation and exile. "Il n'y avait plus alors de destins individuels, mais une histoire collective qui était la peste et des sentiments partagés par tous. Le plus grand était la séparation et l'exil, avec ce que cela comportait de peur et de révolte."¹⁰ The theme returns strongly in the six stories of *L'Exil et le royaume* (1957): for instance in "La Femme adultère," in which Janine, a sort of metaphysical Madame Bovary who has lost all contact with her prosaic husband, finds spiritual—and as a matter of fact physical—satisfaction only in nature; or in the story with the symbolic title "Les Muets," in which the workers in a small factory, so accustomed to the total lack of communication, are unable to find words of comfort for their employer even when they want to console him in a very human situation. And solidarity is the premise upon which the entire philosophical structure of *L'Homme révolté* is based: the slave rebels because he feels that his master has transgressed the limits of human dignity, while human dignity in turn presumes a bond that is common to

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 24.

⁹ Interview with Emile Simon, quoted in *Actuelles I*, p. 226.

¹⁰ P. 138. This and subsequent references to *La Peste* are taken from the pocketbook edition published by Gallimard (Paris, 1958).

all men. This same ideal pervades Böll's novels, although he does not make use of the shibboleth "solidarity." *Haus ohne Hüter* (1954) portrays the quest for solidarity on various levels. On the surface we see a group of characters revolving aimlessly around the emptiness left by a man who died in the war. Their existences are tangential, never fully meeting, and they all regard the memory of the dead husband, father, friend, as the factor that might bring them together again. On still another level of the same novel Böll depicts the total lack of communication and understanding between varying social levels, between generations, between political and religious groups. The book is like a fugue in which the fragmentation of existence is juxtaposed in counterpoint to the implicit ideal of solidarity, which would eliminate so much unhappiness and misery in the world. Similarly, a dominant theme of *Irishes Tagebuch* (1957) is Böll's belief that Ireland has preserved a semblance of the solidarity lost in Germany as a result of the war, the subsequent and all too rapid economic recovery, and the accompanying conflict of interests. In Ireland it is the poverty of the people, almost more than their non-intellectualized Catholicism, that has held them together, much as the citizens of Oran are united in their common effort to fight the plague in Camus' novel.

Yet the fact remains that solidarity is an ideal, while reality shows us only the grinning face of the absurd. In their books Camus and Böll are concerned primarily with the position of the individual, who is an exile in this world. Their sympathy goes out, first, to the little people who have to find some way of making their lives tolerable. Rieux, the narrator of *La Peste*, reflects at one point in his chronicle: "Oui, s'il est vrai que les hommes tiennent à se proposer des exemples et des modèles qu'ils appellent héros, et s'il faut absolument qu'il y en ait un dans cette histoire, le narrateur propose justement ce héros insignifiant et effacé qui n'avait pour lui qu'un peu de bonté au cœur et un idéal apparemment ridicule" (pp. 117-18). This man is almost an archetype for countless such little men in the works of our two writers; he is Joseph Grand, the government clerk (Camus repeatedly uses government clerks as examples of "little men"), who does his part to fight the plague by keeping the statistical records on its progress, while at night he goes home to work on his novel: one elaborate sentence that he has been recasting and polishing hundreds of times for years! In the same book Camus presents an old man whose whole existence is

centered around the hour each day when he steps out onto his balcony and, after baiting the local alley cats, spits down on them; when the cats disappear during the plague, the old man is shattered. These insignificant mortals need their "ridiculous ideals" in order to survive; without them they would be fully exposed to the absurdity of life. As it is, they manage to remain blissfully unaware of it, like the retired merchant in *La Peste*, who spends hours each day carefully transferring peas, one by one, from one pot into another.

For Camus these men are generally secondary figures; in some of Böll's stories they actually take over the central role. One thinks of the now famous story "Der Mann mit den Messern," whose hero is despondent until he finds his function in life in a variety show: "Ich war der Mann, auf den man mit Messern wirft . . .," he boasts in the last sentence.¹¹ Or the main character in the story "Dr. Murkes gesammeltes Schweigen," whose recourse from days consumed in editing cultural lectures recorded on tape for the radio, is to spend his evenings listening to the silence snipped from these same tapes. Or, finally, Glum in *Haus ohne Hüter*, who works faithfully in the factory all day—like Joseph Grand in his office—but who finds peace at night when he adds a few more lines to the gigantic scale-map of the world that he is painting on the wall of his bedroom. Böll's works are a veritable catalogue of obscure occupations and of the unsung hero, such as the professional mourner in the story "Es wird etwas geschehen," the candlemaker in "Eine Kerze für Maria," or the statistician—again like Joseph Grand!—in the tale "An der Brücke," whose performance in recording the number of people who cross the bridge daily is so satisfactory that he is promoted to the relative sinecure of counting only the horse-drawn wagons that pass by. Yet these products of Böll's febrile imagination must not be construed merely as the novelist's quest for the *outré*—more often than not, these bizarre occupations and pastimes fulfill a distinct inner need in the characters; they represent precisely what Camus calls "the ridiculous ideal" that makes life tolerable.

On a higher level of awareness we encounter the man who, conscious of life's absurdity and man's exile, seeks his solace in metaphysical rebellion and in the attempt to help others. We encounter him in several of Camus' works, but the model for all of these

¹¹ Heinrich Böll, *Erzählungen* (Opladen, 1958), p. 145.

figures is Dr. Rieux, the narrator of *La Peste*. "Nous travaillons ensemble pour quelque chose qui nous réunit au-delà des blasphèmes et des prières" (p. 179), he tells the priest Paneloux, who assumes that Rieux means salvation. "Le salut de l'homme est un trop grand mot pour moi. Je ne vais pas si loin. C'est sa santé qui m'intéresse, sa santé d'abord." Or in another place: "... la seule façon de lutter contre la peste, c'est l'honnêteté. ... Je ne sais pas ce qu'elle est en général. Mais dans mon cas, je sais qu'elle consiste à faire mon métier" (p. 137). And on the last page Rieux admits that his book has been primarily a chronicle of "tous les hommes qui, ne pouvant être des saints et refusant d'admettre les fléaux, s'efforcent cependant d'être des médecins." Rieux and his kind are rebels according to Camus' definition, for they refuse to accept conditions as they are. They revolt against the plague—that is, against this symbol of the absurd that afflicts mankind—by endeavoring modestly to help and to alleviate suffering. Like Sisyphus in Camus' early essay, they know that their job will never be done—the plague, whose germs are imbedded in the curtains and the furniture, will break out again—but the satisfaction lies in doing one's job and refusing to accept passively any infringement of man's dignity. These are ideas that Camus develops elaborately in his essays, but they appear in full strength in the person of Rieux, as well as in other of his fictional personages, such as D'Arrast, the hero of "La Pierre qui pousse" or the teacher Daru in "L'Hôte."

We find the very same man when we turn to Böll's fiction. He is Albert in *Haus ohne Hüter*, the only figure in the novel whose sympathies seem to transcend or cut through the numerous social and other barriers that divide the characters in this chronicle of postwar Germany; he is the narrator in the story "Auch Kinder sind Zivilisten" and elsewhere. But he emerges most clearly in the person of Robert Fähhmel, one of the main narrators in the recent novel *Billard um halb Zehn* (1959). Fähhmel confesses: "Ich bin nicht versöhnt mit der Welt, in der eine Handbewegung und ein mißverständenes Wort das Leben kostet. . . ."¹² A fatal gesture, a misconstrued word—these are symbols of the absurd, and Fähhmel's refusal to accept this world is metaphysical rebellion of precisely the sort that Camus outlines. Fähhmel's attempts to help Schrella,

¹² P. 248. This and subsequent references are taken from *Billard um halb Zehn* (Köln u. Berlin, 1959).

who was forced to flee from the Nazis, and his adoption of the hotel page-boy Hugo are two manifestations of his effort to translate this metaphysical rebellion into practical terms.

It is this spirit of revolt that makes of Camus and Böll severe critics of their society, and this common critical attitude brings them together at many points.¹³ Both men are patriots, but neither could be accused of the slightest degree of nationalism. As Camus wrote in his *Lettres à un ami allemand* (which were written in 1943 and 1944, but first published in 1945): "Non, je ne l'aimais pas [mon pays], si c'est ne pas aimer que de dénoncer ce qui n'est pas juste dans ce que nous aimons, si c'est ne pas aimer que d'exiger que l'être aimé s'égalise à la plus belle image que nous avons de lui."¹⁴ His editorials for the journal *Combat* after the war attest the sincerity of these words. In 1947, for instance, he attacked the resurgence of anti-Semitism and racist traits in France, writing angrily:

Trois ans après avoir éprouvé les effets d'une politique de terreur, des Français enregistrent ces nouvelles avec l'indifférence des gens qui en ont trop vu. Pourtant le fait est là, clair et hideux comme la vérité: nous faisons, dans ces cas-là, ce que nous avons reproché aux Allemands de faire.¹⁵

In the essays "Persécutés-Persécuteurs" and "Les Pharisien de la justice" (in *Actuelles II*) he writes in much the same tone. Böll's career began with an indictment of war and of the passivity that made Nazism possible—I am thinking especially of the early stories and the novel *Wo warst du, Adam?*—and this theme runs like a red banner through his works. *Billard um halb Zehn* is a jeremiad directed against the resurgence of conscienceless nationalism in the Germany of 1958. Schrella, one of the narrative figures, who fled from the Nazis in the thirties as a victim of religious persecutions and has just returned to Germany after an exile of over twenty years, confides his fears to his boyhood friend Robert Fämel: "Ich habe Angst, und die Menschen, die ich vorfinde—täusche ich mich, wenn ich sie nicht weniger schlimm finde, als die,

¹³ It should be pointed out that neither of them has made a profession of social criticism. There has developed within Germany, especially, since the war a whole literature of protest—what might be called Germany's angry middle-aged men. Yet almost all of these writers, including Gerd Gaiser in his recent popular success *Schlußball*, attack the more superficial manifestations of Germany's post-war prosperity.

¹⁴ *Lettres à un ami allemand*. Avec une préface inédite (Paris, 1948), p. 21.

¹⁵ "La Contagion," in *Actuelles I*, p. 128.

die ich damals verließ?" Robert, who went through the war in Germany and in the German army, answers: "Wahrscheinlich täuschest du dich nicht" (p. 294). The Fähmels are a family of dissenters who judge contemporary Germany against the ideal of a just Christian society that remains uppermost in their consciousness. During the war Robert, a demolitions expert, had purposely destroyed a monastery—the same one, by the way, that his father had built—as a protest against the acquiescence of the church to Nazism. And the shot that Mother Fähmel fires at the demagogue of the new "democratic" Germany in the last pages of the novel is Böll's most resounding symbol of his own protest.

Camus objects to Christianity and Catholicism on various philosophical grounds, yet he acknowledges in *La Peste* and in various essays that he can conceive of a meeting ground between his ideas and practical Christianity. His attack on the practical level is directed primarily against "les complaisances de quelques dignitaires religieux" ¹⁶ in the face of human suffering and against the growing tendency in the church to give up "la vertu de révolte et d'indignation qui lui a appartenu, voici bien longtemps. Alors les chrétiens vivront et le christianisme mourra." ¹⁷ This passage means that the spirit of practical Christianity will perish while the defunct institution remains—precisely what Böll attacked in his essay on Christianity: "Trauer und Sanftmut des Advents sind verlorengegangen, weil den Christen der Besitz ihrer Wahrheit wichtiger geworden ist als die Wahrheit selbst: Man ist nicht Christ, sondern gehört 'zum christlichen Lager,' man glaubt nicht an Christus, sondern 'macht im Christentum'." ¹⁸ In his books, from the earliest to *Billard um halb Zehn*, Böll demonstrates how true this criticism is, but perhaps nowhere more forcefully than in the novel *Und sagte kein einziges Wort* (1953), which is a denunciation of religious hypocrisy on all levels of society. And in *Billard um halb Zehn* Robert Fähmel has reached such a nadir of cynicism that he voices the fear: "... vielleicht wird man eines Tages entdecken, daß [die Bergpredigt] ein Einschießel ist und wird sie streichen" (p. 295). The fact remains, of course, that Böll accepts the Christian faith which Camus rejects, but in their criticism of practical Christianity they come as close as is possible for

¹⁶ "Rien n'excuse cela," in *Actuelles I*, p. 136.

¹⁷ "L'Incroyant et les Chrétiens," in *Actuelles I*, p. 215.

¹⁸ *Was halten Sie vom Christentum*, p. 22.

an atheist and a devout Catholic. And Camus repeatedly stresses the need, in our times, for what he calls the "dialogue croyant-incroyant."¹⁹ The list of issues on which Böll and Camus agree in essence and to which they react similarly could be extended almost indefinitely beyond nationalism, resurgent Nazism and religious hypocrisy to the plight of the worker, the horrors of totalitarianism in any form, and the position of the creative artist in our society. But these few examples should suffice to illustrate the spiritual affinity between the two men and the precipitation of their convictions in the texture of their fiction.

It is also possible to make a detailed comparison of the similarities in style and technique of the two writers: the classical lucidity of style, the irony of tone, the generally increasing complexity of structure. Both began with a conscious exploitation of Hemingway's techniques and then graduated to certain refinements and adaptations of Faulkner's fictional devices. Yet many of these particulars of craftsmanship, which are often startlingly similar, can be reduced basically to their definition of the conscience of the writer. In a speech entitled "Die Sprache als Hort der Freiheit" (1959) Böll said:

Es gibt schreckliche Möglichkeiten, den Menschen seiner Würde zu berauben: . . . aber als die schlimmste stelle ich mir jene vor, die sich wie eine schleichende Krankheit meines Geistes bemächtigen und mich zwingen würde, einen Satz zu sagen oder zu schreiben, der nicht vor jener Instanz bestehen könnte, die ich Ihnen nannte: Das Gewissen eines freien Schriftstellers.²⁰

And in his Nobel Prize acceptance speech Camus reiterated: "Whatever our personal frailties may be, the nobility of our calling will always be rooted in two commitments difficult to observe: the refusal to lie about what we know and resistance to oppression."²¹

Columbia University

¹⁹ "L'Incroyant et les Chrétiens," in *Actuelles I*, p. 212.

²⁰ Reprinted in *Der Schriftsteller Heinrich Böll: Ein biographisch-bibliographischer Abriss* (Köln u. Berlin, 1959), p. 22.

²¹ Reprinted in *The Atlantic Monthly* (May, 1958), p. 34.

GIDE'S *CAVES DU VATICAN* AND THE ILLUSIONISM OF THE NOVEL

WILLIAM W. HOLDHEIM

The title of Gide's *Caves du Vatican* is so strongly suggestive of the book's central conception that it should never have been changed in the English translation.¹ Only superficially does it refer to the "Vatican swindle," that criminal conspiracy which is merely the ostensible mainspring of the story. Actually the story should not be stressed at all. "Lafcadio's adventures" are important components of this book, but they are far from representing its basic conception. The image of the *caves*, suggesting imprisonment or hermetic enclosure, is much more appropriate. Moreover, we know that the Vatican cellars play a purely imaginary role. Thus we are made to feel that the primary theme of immurement is in some way fictitious or devoid of substantial reality.

Indeed the characters in the book are hemmed in by walls from which they cannot (or do not want to) escape. Instead of "cellars" let me speak of "systems," replacing the concrete image by a concept, for the sake of expository clarity. The earmark of a system is its closed nature, its perfect objective coherence that does not take account of subjective distinctiveness and spontaneity. Gide's characters are caught in systems that flatten their personal existence and strip them of individual substance. Anthime Armand-Dubois and Julius de Baraglioul are cogs in a mechanism, puppets without reality or density. The system may be social

¹ Dorothy Bussy's translation of *Les Caves du Vatican* was published by A. Knopf (New York) in 1925 under the title *The Vatican Swindle* and by Doubleday (New York) in 1928 under the title *Lafcadio's Adventures*.

or intellectual. That of the Vatican, to which Julius is subject, happens to be both, since the Church is a hierarchized socio-political power which offers a complete systematic explanation of life. Anthime has taken his position at the opposite pole. Intellectually, he is a free-thinker, illuminating the mystery of life by facile explanations that are as comforting as Julius' fixed universe of meaning; socially and politically, he is a member of the powerful organization of Freemasonry. Another system is that of established bourgeois morality, yet another that of traditional French literary psychology (Gide's *bête d'aversion*), which undermines subjective spontaneity by reducing man's mind to a consistent mechanism, intelligible in terms of unequivocal formulae. Catholic philosophy, bourgeois morality, and classical psychology all merge in the edifying *bien-pensant* novel as written by Julius, which is itself nothing but the systematic elaboration of pre-established formulae and which Gide parodies in his first chapter, the story of Anthime's conversion. Julius, the respectable novelist, will be rewarded by membership in the venerable social system called "Académie Française."

I said that an air of unreality adheres to the "cellars" of the title. The systems, just like the individuals caught in them, are characterized by a lack of density. They do exist, but what they stand for, the way in which they arrange or explain life, makes little difference. What counts is their coherence, their comforting consistence. This basic unsubstantiality is demonstrated by Anthime's conversion and renewed apostasy. He changes to and fro between Catholicism and freethinking with as much ease as if he were changing coats, and after each exchange we feel that nothing essential has taken place. The interchangeability of systems unites with the unreality of the characters to give this world its peculiar lack of gravity, so characteristic of Gide's *soties*. Quite obviously this is a parody of human inauthenticity, a familiar Gidian theme. And it is equally Gidian that the family, that "grande chose fermée,"² is the most important of all systems. It is, indeed, not just one more system, but the quintessence of all "systematic" life.

Let us look more closely at the characters, with their utter lack

² The old count De Baraglioul says this to Lafcadio. *Les Caves du Vatican* (Paris, 1922), p. 83. Further page references to this edition will appear in the text.

of lifelike spontaneity. It has been said that three of them at least—Carola, the old count, and Lafcadio—are not mere puppets, but living beings.³ But in the case of the first two, this impression of greater reality is purely relative, a negative rather than a positive phenomenon. Both characters merely serve to underscore the emptiness of a systematic mode of life in which they somehow fail to partake. Carola can be negatively defined as a woman who lives outside the system of established morality, the patriarch as a man who cynically uses the system of the family without permitting it to imprison him. About their own existence as such we know but little, and if they seem more alive, it is only by ironic opposition to the mechanical existence of the others. They are logical antitheses to an intellectual construction. Nor can Fleurissoire's ridiculous loss of his purity and his grotesque death be considered an irruption of "life." Fleurissoire takes his metaphysics seriously, and is consumed by anguish when his fixed universe of meaning, based on the Pope as supreme authority, begins to totter. His is an extreme version of systematic existence which fits into the basic conception of the book. Fleurissoire loves and dies, but the concrete reality of both events is dissolved into a falsely meaningful interpretation: he dies because the wages of sin are death, so he believes, and because the metaphysical world is out of joint. If he can encounter tragedy, it is not because he is "alive," but because he is extreme. Extremism and violence are always brothers.

And what of Lafcadio, the only one who creates an impression of freshness and spontaneity? As his illegitimacy indicates, he is conceived as the antipode of all systematic forms of existence. Lafcadio has to create himself, is not weighed down by any ballast, his point of departure is the *tabula rasa*—a fact amusingly symbolized by the shocking photograph in his room which shows him in the pristine state of nature. Therefore his "lifelike spontaneity" is in the first place a deliberate symbol, expressing his freedom from and antagonism to any system, his quest for authenticity. But the photograph stands not only for the authenticity of Lafcadio's *dénûment*, but also for the attractiveness of his nudity. It is in the last analysis this disquieting desirability which makes him more concrete as a character. A subtle irony lies in the fact

³ Cf. Claude-Edmonde Magny, *Histoire du roman français depuis 1918*, I (Paris, 1950), pp. 234-35.

that Lafcadio seems more "alive" than all the others, since his existence is in truth even more stylized and impossible than theirs.⁴ They, after all, represent modes of being that do exist in reality, although here in the exaggerated form of parody. But a creature that lives outside of all systems, that does not live "en situation," is inconceivable. Lafcadio's very existence, down to his spontaneity, is posited logically. He exists because the conception of the book required a personification of complete freedom, as an antithesis. He is a purely hypothetical being.

Lafcadio's vitality, therefore, is illusory. This fact is underscored by the crime he commits, the notorious "gratuitous act." It is conceived as a deed that is entirely his, an affirmation of his freedom and authenticity—an act in which the self and its expression merge in a living unity.⁵ But how could a deed that emanates from an artificial "self" be anything but artificial? This is not the psychologically credible action of a living character whose successive experiences mark an organic development: it is merely a logical necessity, for logic requires that a free being commit an act that is foreign to all systems. In fact, Lafcadio's crime must necessarily be precisely what it is. It must be a crime in order to be alien to the system of morality, and it must be unmotivated so that it may not be enmeshed by psychological consistency. Moreover, it is extraneous to the web of ramifications spun by the plot. Its spontaneity and concreteness is hypothetical. However, even this bloodless version of concreteness cannot be maintained. Lafcadio's act is drawn into a system of ramifications to which it was entirely foreign, and he ends up by being caught in the meshes of a well-organized society, the gang of criminals headed by Protos, with whose interests the murder of Fleurissoire happens to coincide. This murder, like the one of the Arab in Camus' *Étranger*, is falsely incorporated into a system of meaning.⁶ Can we draw the

⁴ Jean Hytier refers to this paradox when he declares, in chapter iv of his book on *André Gide* (Paris, 1945), that Gide does not show sufficient irony with respect to Lafcadio and has made him too seductive.

⁵ Cf. Léon Pierre-Quint, *André Gide* (Paris, 1952), pp. 101, 108-10. Pierre-Quint points out both the complete coincidence of Lafcadio with his act and the purely hypothetical character of the act.

⁶ The difference is that Lafcadio's act is an active, positive outburst of spontaneity, whereas Meursault's crime is merely a passive reflection of the absurdity of life. In the first case, therefore, the false system of meaning which society imposes upon the act constitutes a refusal to admit the autonomy of the indi-

existentialist moral that one is always "en situation" and has to accept the responsibility for one's actions and their consequences? We would unduly shift the emphasis by doing so. Lafcadio's crime is not appropriated by an opaque and lifelike reality, but by a thin, constructed mechanism, and what is stressed is the falsity of this mechanism. It takes control and dissolves everything into a comfortable explanation. The falsification becomes complete when Protos, the man with the motive, is held responsible. It is this explanation which counts, as Julius suggests to Lafcadio: a confession would merely disturb the restored equilibrium of the universe. If Lafcadio toys with the idea of a confession, it is out of protest against the alienation of his act.

Let us return to the crime as such, whose hypothetical concreteness goes with the hypothetical vitality of the criminal. The fascination with unreasoned action, with spontaneous criminality, is a constant in Gide's work. In his Dostoevsky lectures, he distinguishes three zones in the human psyche: that of the intellect, that of action, and that of mystical experience. The third plays no role in our context, but it is clear that Gide's sympathies lie with action rather than intellection—with Dmitri rather than Ivan Karamazof. Actually it is misleading to speak of the zone of "action," since Dmitri stands for both action and passion, for the untrammelled cathartic spontaneity of emotion, which is humanly superior to the cold, detached, diabolical corruption of the intellect. Gide's theory grows into a veritable creed of vitalist anti-intellectualism. Lafcadio's act has to be viewed in this light. It is symbolic of vitalism, of *life* that crashes through a constrictive maze of rationality. Raskolnikof—as Gide argues in his Dostoevsky lectures—is not a superman because his crime is not sufficiently irrational: he reasons it instead of naïvely committing it. Gide would have us believe, at least provisionally, that Lafcadio's crime has the required naïveté of execution. Julius the novelist, who has imagined a character like Lafcadio, reasons the deed, but Lafcadio protests: "C'est vous qui raisonnez son crime; lui, simplement, le commet" (p. 249).

This brings us to the paradoxical relation between freedom and *vidual*, in the second it expresses the fear of metaphysical senselessness. For Gide, "absurdity" and irrationality are rather positive phenomena. Cf. the present author's essay on "Gide's *Paludes*: the Humor of Falsity," in *The French Review*, XXXII, April 1959, pp. 406-07.

necessity which has been touched upon before, and which should be further clarified. At first sight, we can distinguish two forms of "necessity" which may be designated as "psychological" and "conceptional." The second form has been described: we saw that in terms of the basic conception of the story as a critique of systems, Lafcadio's act is precisely what it had to be. This necessity clashes with the theoretical freedom of an action that is supposedly the self-expression of a free being. But even in the relation between Lafcadio and his act—i.e., within the psychological sphere—this ironic vacillation between spontaneity and necessity is carried through. The crime, supposedly gratuitous, is paradoxically shown to be determined by Lafcadio's character, to flow from the playful richness of his nature. Gide wishes to establish that an unmotivated crime could be (had to be) committed by precisely such a man.⁷ "Je ne veux pas de motif au crime," says Julius in discussing his projected novel, "il me suffit de motiver le criminel" (p. 247).

This interplay of determinisms is exemplified by the first part of the last chapter, which contains Lafcadio's inner monologue in a railway compartment and culminates in the murder of Fleurissoire—an extremely close-knit section where every sentence has a function in building up the climax. From the outset, Lafcadio's thoughts reveal important elements that go into the shaping of the act: his desire for departure from European civilization, his joy in experimenting, his propensity to intervene in other people's destiny, and his wish to either embrace or strangle his fellow men. The arrival of Fleurissoire gives direction to these seemingly disjected components. Lafcadio wants to intervene in the destiny of this unknown newcomer, but after his failure to engage a conversation he is thrown back upon a childhood memory. He remembers an episode in which he acted out a fictitious burglary with his "uncle" Vladimir. When his thoughts, enriched by the reminiscence of this "crime play," revert to his unfortunate travel companion, the stage is set for the inevitable *dénouement*.

This account, incomplete as it is, shows that psychological motivation is not the only factor in the development. Among others, the symbolic theme of departure from a constrictively systematic

⁷ On this vacillation between determinism and freedom in the psychological sphere, cf. Jean Hytier, *op. cit.*, chapter 4.

civilization is primarily conceptional in significance.⁸ But it is fruitless to make a clear distinction between psychological and conceptional components, since all are inextricably intertwined and cleverly blended and balanced to prepare the final effect. Thus a schematic psychology and a schematic plot merge in an act that presents itself as a necessary *sequitur*. This is another way of saying that all elements are treated as literary themes. If we look at the work as a whole rather than in detail, it is this literary dimension which is primary. Both psychological and conceptional necessity are integrated into a third type of "necessity" which is *aesthetic* and which may be more appropriately designated as "coherence." This is not just one additional component, on the same level as the psychological and philosophical content, but the very form in which this content has to appear. This form determines its substance, since the fundamental dimension of the content is its place in the coherent aesthetic whole. In their very essence, all characters, actions, events, or ideas are themes that are balanced and blended with a view to creating an integrated configuration. This is so because a novel has to be in some way a coherent structure, subject to an immanent aesthetic necessity, if it is to be a work of art. In other words, the novel is another system, and whatever I have said about the *Caves* must be qualified and reinterpreted in this light. The book remains a parody of inauthenticity, a critique of systematic coherence, but first and foremost it is a critique of the one system in which all the others are here embedded and by which they were shaped: the aesthetic system of the novel. Julius the author wants to write a novel which defies such coherence and presents a breakthrough of life and spontaneity. Clearly a paradoxical enterprise, which can only be carried out in the form of irony. This is what Gides does in the *Caves*, the auto-critical novel. It is a perfectly organized construct that

* A clarification is in order at this point. It could be said that strictly speaking there is no genuine psychological motivation in the *Caves*. Lafcadio, as a constructed (a logically "conceived") character, has no real psychology, so that all "psychological" elements are in the last analysis conceptional in nature. This is true, and yet we have to distinguish between purely conceptional components such as the departure theme, which are more general and less personal in significance, and those elements which relate specifically to Lafcadio as a character. The latter may not be convincing as psychological traits, yet they exist and demonstrate Gide's *intention* of giving a "psychology" to his hero. Provisionally and as it were hypothetically, they have to be taken seriously. As a hypothetical character, Lafcadio has at least a hypothetical psychology.

paradoxically exalts the asystematic spontaneity of life—but in such a way as to ironically demonstrate the paradox.

Through its self-consciousness, Gide's construct is ideally suited for exposing a fallacy which has always been rampant in the criticism of the novel and has been virtually institutionalized by existentialist novelistic theories. Such an exposition serves the useful task of reaffirming the nature of aesthetic reality, for the error consists in underplaying or ignoring the aesthetic dimension of the work of art. It sees the novelistic world as a perfect *analogon* of reality to which the same cognitive processes can be applied. The actions and characters of the novel are treated as genuine, their mode of being is equated with true existence, and they are not recognized as components of an aesthetic context—a context that determines their very nature. In short, the "reality" of the novel is interpreted in ontological rather than artistic terms, so that we can properly speak of an "ontological fallacy." Gide's *sotie* plays havoc with the three principal aspects of this fallacy, the first two of which have been touched upon before: the density of the novel's world, the reality of its characters, and the relation between the author and his work.

It is a common demand that the world of the novel should have the density of life—a density in which the characters are plunged and in which they have to cut out their individual trajectories. We saw that this is certainly not true of the thin, constructed mechanism that is the "reality" of the *Caves*. But what is meant by "density"? My own reality is "dense" because it is not transparent, its pattern is not clear to me. In fact it has no pattern, for most of my experiences fail to be meaningful. My life is full of chance encounters that lead nowhere, of "false beginnings" and contingencies that have neither significance nor consequence. Aesthetically, these are pure ballast. My experiences refuse to fall into the handy pattern of a "plot." Clearly, such a chaotically unstructured kind of life cannot be presented by the novelist, who at the very least will have to choose between possible events according to some criterion of significance.⁹ But what about Dostoevsky,

⁹ We are reminded of Gide's attempt to overcome this basic limitation of the novelist by putting *everything* into his novel *Les Faux-Monnayeurs*. The contradiction between this desire and the necessity of formalization is one of the basic problems of this book—a problem which moves into the book itself, since it is also faced by Edouard, the novelist within the novel.

whose novels have been so highly praised, especially in France, for their lifelike opacity? The most extreme (though not artistically the best) example would be *The Raw Youth*, in the labyrinthine world of which neither the hero nor even the reader can find his way. This, however, is due to the baffling complexity of the plot. Complicated intrigues, dramatic events and melodramatic coincidences are inextricably intermingled, and somehow everything turns out to be connected with everything else. If we lose our way, it is surely not because there is no pattern, but because there is too much of a pattern. The lack of transparency does not, as in life, spring from insufficient integration, but from exaggerated integration. The reproduction of reality is an optical illusion. Gide, who always has Dostoevsky in the back of his mind, presents a similar pattern of integrated coincidences, but he consciously pushes it to the point of parody, thus bringing out its artificial character. He goes so far as to present the whole complex system of ramifications (symbolized by the chapter heading "Le Mille-Pattes") as a maze of inter-family relations! By thus exposing his own tricks, in fact he rejects the illusionism of lifelike reproduction. The world of the *Caves* is artificial because every novelistic reality is artificial.

This holds true for the reality of the characters as well. The ontological fallacy is exemplified when literary criticism is too exclusively concerned with psychological analysis. The characters are mistakenly imagined to be "real" whenever aesthetic prehension is equated with psychological cognition. Gide's "failure" to make Lafcadio's psychology convincing may well be intentional. Between the author's intention to motivate his hero and the hero's lack of psychological credibility, there exists an ironic tension which reveals the basic artificiality of any invented character. More generally, we saw that Gide's characters refuse to create the illusion of vitality. A related question is that of the emotional involvement of the reader: it can be said that a character is "living" when he attracts our sympathy. But Gide refuses to trap our feelings, he deliberately keeps us at a distance.¹⁰ The interest which his char-

¹⁰ According to Claude-Edmonde Magny (op. cit., pp. 236-37), the enlistment of the reader's sympathy is the aesthetic essence of the novel. Here she agrees with Sartre, who insists that the novel should "trap" the reader in its world. She argues that even the *Caves* becomes novelistic here and there: thus Fleurissoire becomes touching through his death. The present reader must disagree: to him, Fleurissoire's death is fully as ridiculous as his life.

acters arouse in the reader remains cerebral. The one exception may be Lafcadio's seductiveness, but its functional significance has been discussed. At the end of the book, Gide himself draws our attention to the conscious artificiality and cerebrality of his product. This is the account of Lafcadio's amorous adventure with Geneviève:

L'amour la pousse, l'élance vers lui. Lafcadio la saisit, la presse, couvre son pâle front de baisers . . .

Ici commence un nouveau livre.

O vérité palpable du désir; tu repousses dans la pénombre les fantômes de mon esprit. (Page 301.)

The dots after the first sentence, the double space that separates it from the second, emphasize that the book is not destined to contain this incursion of life. Besides, just how genuine is the incursion? We cannot overlook the dull, conventional formulation of this passionate scene. The "palpable truth of desire" is invoked in such a flatly rhetorical way that serious doubts are left as to its palpability. Could it be that all "palpability" of feeling in literature is a hoax, and that the "new book" may again be filled with "phantoms of the mind"?

Another important aspect of the novel, closely connected with the preceding discussion of the density of reality, is the novelist's relation to his world. This problem has vitally interested modern critics and is exhaustively discussed by Jean Pouillon, the chief exponent of the existentialist theory of the novel. The chaotic multiplicity of life could be fully meaningful only to a transcendent God who views and controls it from above. Modern humanity has largely lost its faith in such a God. But even if we are believers, we cannot hope to equal the clairvoyance of an infinite intelligence. Steeped as we are in the flux of life, our experience of reality cannot be his. The novel, on the other hand, has a creator who resembles us ordinary mortals and who has wrought a mechanism which he controls and which we can understand. Here lies a fundamental difference between reality and its symbolic representation. If we insist that the novel should reproduce our experience of reality, we are asking the novelist to conceal himself and his tricks — a reasonable demand perhaps, provided that we remember that the author's absence is an illusion. This is precisely what Pouillon forgets consistently. The climax of his bizarre

tendency to confuse the artifact with the real thing comes when he forbids the author to "foresee" his characters: only the bad author does this, so we learn, for since he is a bad psychologist, he must impose definite limits on his heroes for fear that they might evade his grasp.¹¹ The characters are taken seriously, as if they had a life of their own—a typical instance of the ontological fallacy! No novelist can help "foreseeing" heroes whom he has created; all he can do is cleverly hide the fact. And here again, Gide refuses to hide anything. This is one reason for his ironic vacillations between spontaneity and determinism. It also explains his personal interventions in the story, which reveal the very mechanism that is supposed to remain concealed. As Lafcadio passes by a house on fire, Gide indignantly addresses him: "Lafcadio, mon ami, vous donnez dans un fait divers et ma plume vous abandonne. N'attendez pas que je rapporte les propos interrompus d'une foule, les cris . . ." (p. 76). Later, when Lafcadio seems to be following Geneviève in the street, the author protests: "Lafcadio, mon ami, vous donnez dans le plus banal; si vous devez tomber amoureux, ne comptez pas sur ma plume pour peindre le désarroi de votre cœur . . ." (p. 89). Suggesting that Lafcadio might evade his control, Gide explodes the fiction of his character's autonomy by exposing its absurdity. He also uncovers his strongly aesthetic criteria: the simple love-story has really become too banal, while the *fait divers* has no place in the close-knit system of the novel. But the author can be reassured, for both episodes miraculously turn out to be meaningful coincidences. During the fire Lafcadio meets Geneviève, who is Julius' daughter and therefore another relative. All roads lead to the plot, and the coherence of the novel is not endangered.

A consciously constructed artifact with a mechanistic plot and puppets as characters, sabotaging the reader's emotional involvement: such a work is the negation of all "lifelike" representation. The dissolution of the *act*, that symbol of vitality, expresses the very essence of the work. Claude-Edmonde Magny may or may not be right when she insists that life, feeling, sympathy are essential to the "novel." But Gide's cerebral *sotie*, which exposes the illusory nature of novelistic "life," can tell us more about the novel than just another specimen of that genre. It is a novel stripped

¹¹ Jean Poulillon, *Temps et roman* (Paris, 1946), pp. 192-93.

down to its technical and formal elements, a parody of fiction, and Gide is "not a creator but a destroyer of fictional worlds."¹² This has sometimes been ascribed to a fundamental paucity of his creative powers—an explanation which does draw some support from his own theories. For Gide yearned for the creative richness of a Dostoevsky. In the psychological scheme of his Dostoevsky lectures, he places artistic creation in the vitalistic sphere of action, thus propounding a new version of the Romantic theory of inspiration: the artist's overflowing vitality finds cathartic expression in the vital abundance of the novelistic world. What a nostalgic theory, which affirms the novelist's emotional coincidence with his creation, and how different is Gide's practice! True, he was no Dostoevsky, but this fact hardly exhausts the problem of the self-conscious novel. A richer talent than Gide, Thomas Mann, likewise tended more and more towards the writing of parodies. So does Adrian Leverkühn, the composer-hero of his *Doktor Faustus*, who feels that at our late stage of civilization the artist can no longer naïvely shape harmonious structures. For him art and life have split asunder, and his problem is to weld them together again. Art is a frivolous game, a cheat, and he is too conscientious and too conscious to secrete the facile lie of aesthetic "meaning." His works are brilliantly subtle intellectual constructions, but how to fill them with genuine feeling? Like Gide, Leverkühn longs for a "breakthrough of life"—but he has to conclude a pact with the devil in order to recapture the inspiration of earlier ages. Such a breakthrough can only be violent and barbarous, as is schematically symbolized by Lafcadio's crime.¹³ For Gide as well stands at the exposed point where art can only maintain itself as a paradox. His awareness of this position as early as 1914 (the year of appearance of the *Caves*) proves his authenticity as an artist.

The Gide who wrote the *Caves* is truly the antipode of the image of the artist exalted in the Dostoevsky lectures. His sphere is not action but intellection, and he is not involved in his creation; his attitude is one of detachment and ironic play. "J'aime

¹² Germaine Brée and Margaret Guiton, *An Age of Fiction* (New Brunswick, New Jersey, 1957), p. 39.

¹³ This seemingly contradictory coexistence of sophisticated aestheticism and barbarism, of bloodless intellectualism and violent primitivism, plays an important role in *Doktor Faustus* and characterizes Leverkühn's composition *Apocalipsis cum figuris*. Cf. Erich Heller, *Thomas Mann, the Ironic German* (Cleveland and New York: Meridian paperback, 1961), especially pp. 265-70.

mieux *faire agir* que d'agir," Gide once admits to a disquietingly activist German¹⁴—a confession which makes him a typical "intellectual" as defined in the Dostoevsky lectures. The intellectual never acts, he formulates ideas but remains detached; it is Smerdyakov who draws the practical implications from Ivan's philosophy, to Ivan's horror. As for the writer, he dares to say almost anything because he knows that it is only literature. Julius does not shrink from venting his idea of a gratuitous crime "*puisque ce n'est que sur le papier*" (p. 246)—he feels that he remains uncommitted. So does Gide, who pokes fun at his own irresponsibility. It is the basic irresponsibility of every novelist, for no matter how much he may pretend to the now fashionable virtue of "engagement," he does not work in the dimension of reality. Is Julius supposed to be Gide? Only to the extent that he is a caricature of the writer in general. But there is another character in the *Caves* who is really much closer to Gide the artist: it is Protos, who epitomizes the spirit of the book and whose activities give it its uniquely picaresque flavor. He does not, like Lafcadio, try to crash through the walls of coherence through an act of pure self-affirmation: he floats to and fro between the various systems, refusing to be pinned down by any and using them all for his own purposes. He slips on and discards personalities at will and juggles with "realities" until we no longer know what is true and what fictitious. A play of disguises and mistaken identities, a confusion of truth and falsehood that implicates the very nature of reality—this is nothing unique in modern literature. We cannot help remembering Pirandello. Let us also think of Felix Krull, that other artist of life. The artist is the liar *par excellence*. Lafcadio prefers life to literature because it admits of no revisions and retouches (p. 94). Protos the artist, however, does not play his game on paper, he continually revises reality, just as he retouches Lafcadio's crime. Therefore he cannot maintain his playful detachment, at the end he is caught in his own game. So is Felix Krull, who writes his memoirs in a prison cell. Poor Protos and poor Felix! Yet no, we cannot feel too sorry for them: they should have written novels . . .

Brandeis University

¹⁴ "Conversation avec un Allemand avant la guerre." in *Incidences* (Paris, 1924), p. 144.

NOTES

A Note on the Lahure Edition of the Coup de Dés

In Valéry's *Ecrits divers sur Mallarmé*, in the course of one of several accounts of his last visit with the revered Master, he speaks of the *Coup de Dés*: "at Valvins, on the sill of a window opened onto the calm landscape, spreading out the magnificent proof-sheets of the great edition composed at Lahure's (it never appeared) he did me the new honor of asking me for my opinion about certain details" (page 16). Thibaudet, in *La Poésie de Stéphane Mallarmé*, adds this: "When he died, he had just corrected the proofs of a beautiful in-folio edition which did not appear and which the present edition replaces more or less adequately" and, in a footnote, "The publisher then sold these definitive proofs, with four lithographs by Odilon Redon which were to accompany the poem, to a collector, I don't know who" (page 417). In the September-October 1960 catalogue of Pierre Bérès, the Parisian rare book dealer, these "definitive proofs" were offered for sale along with proofs of the Odilon Redon lithographs (apparently only three were executed), and were acquired by an American, who has graciously granted me access to them.

In her *Odilon Redon* (I, 96), Rosalie Bacou informs us: "Mallarmé . . . asked Redon to illustrate the text with four plates. . . . Mallarmé and Redon dreamed of an extraordinary edition, such as had never been seen. Four lithographs were to accompany the poem" (the Bérès catalogue states that "Redon executed for *Un Coup de Dés* three lithographs"). It seems evident that these illustrations were not in any sense an integral part of the Work—which incorporates its own visual effects—but rather decorations probably intended to appear on end-papers. Redon was somewhat puzzled by his assignment; naturally enough, since, despite his affinities with Symbolism, he could hardly be expected to understand Mallarmé's deeper meanings any more than the poet closest to Mallarmé, Valéry, who has never spoken very clearly on the subject. In any case, the lithographs are of only secondary interest, though they have a considerable curiosity value (aside from their own intrinsic merit) to the Mallarmiste, especially since there has never been any account of them in print, so far as I know, and few appear to have seen them ever (John Rewald once told me he had seen copies at the Chicago Art Museum).

They turn out to be typical Redon. There are two large ones, the size of the poem's format: one is an unfinished sketch of a hieratic female bust with a helmetlike headdress from which emerges a mysterious clinging male figure; scattered about are two dice and other strange shapes; this plate probably illustrates the overall theme of the poem. The other large sketch depicts a rather Victorian or "art nouveau" siren, illustrating the "stature mignonne ténébreuse debout/ en sa torsion de sirène" of Page 8. A smaller one shows a child emerging from under a shadowy arch, with a confused, embryonic calf's head up above it; this illustrates, no doubt, the "quelqu'un ambigu . . . son ombre puérile" of Page 5.

The proofs of the poem itself are another matter, of surpassing importance. They constitute the one authentic source of our knowledge of how Mallarmé's Work was meant to be. I do not know where the original manuscript is (seen by Valéry; *Ecrits divers sur Mallarmé*, Page 14, etc.). It is likely at Valvins under the care of Mme Bonniot, Mallarmé's heir via his son-in-law, Doctor Bonniot. But, in any case, the poet's full intentions could only be shown in print since the type is an integral part of the enterprise; in a sense, he actually composed his poem on these sheets. Moreover the text itself is modified in a few places, with indications in the poet's handwriting. And since this is the only extant copy of the only full edition he worked on during his lifetime (the earlier *Cosmopolis* version is very tentative and incomplete)—these old disintegrating sheets of inferior paper (wood pulp) alone preserve for posterity the final form of what Gide has called "one of the highest points reached by the human spirit." This betokens a considerable responsibility for the present owner: at the merest turning of a page it threatens to tear. Fortunately, he has had the document photographed in large, clear format so that Mallarmé's intentions are now safely recorded for future scholars and editions. The proofs themselves—still very beautiful despite the wear, and of priceless value to some of us—have been put into the hands of a leading expert who is doing whatever is necessary to preserve them.

From these sheets, compared to the so-called "ne varietur" edition of the *NRF* (1914), a few interesting points may be gleaned immediately. On the whole the editors have followed reasonably closely the original to which they undoubtedly had access. Yet there are some discrepancies, which ought to be remedied.

The title page is in very different type; Mallarmé had printed "Un coup de Dés jamais n'abolira le Hasard" (large italics with capitals), whereas the *NRF* had solid capitals (I will henceforth call the two versions M and N respectively). On Page 1 (a Page is the unit of two facing pages), "UN COUP DE DÉS" is in a quite different type; this may not be very important but I see no good reason not to follow Mallarmé's wishes to the letter, considering how careful he was about such things. On Page 2, "l'Abîme" has been shifted approximately 5/16" forward

and up by N. This is important, as Mallarmé has indicated on the proof: after having changed the lower case *a* to an upper, he notes in his own hand: "En cas que l'intercalation de la majuscule *A* doive chasser un peu, faire que ce soit à gauche, le mot devant finir exactement ici." A possible reason for his insistence is that the ends of the words "SOIT/ que/ l'Abîme" form a straight oblique line. In this way a certain unity of the group of three words was obtained, which is in accord with the phrasing of the text: the words following this group are adjectives modifying the noun "Abîme" and form a second little group. Furthermore, in M the word "furieux" marks a slight movement forward past the "Abîme," which is in accord with the building-up wave-surge implied by the text, whereas N has it considerably behind.

We have noted already that Mallarmé made a minor text-change on this Page, adding a capital to "abîme"; he has done the same to "fiançailles" on Page 5.

On Page 4 there is only a minor discrepancy: the "des" should begin under the *r* of "partie" and not the *a*. There is a slight textual emendation: from "le Nombre unique" to "l'unique Nombre." In the *Cosmopolis* version the whole line had read "le nombre unique qui ne peut pas en être un autre."

On Page 5 there are no discrepancies but a major revision: from "la mer tentant par l'aïeul ou lui contre la mer" to "la mer par l'aïeul tentant ou l'aïeul contre la mer." The symmetry thus obtained is in the spirit of the "symphonic equation" which dominates the whole poem (see our *Œuvre de Mallarmé, passim*).

On Page 6, "précipité" should not begin under the final letter of "mystère" but under the space beyond it.

On Page 7, the series of double *f*'s makes a quite different impression in M where they are not joined. Mallarmé is very concerned about those *f*'s and jots down many requests for clear ones with curving tops which constitute, I believe, a crucial part of his effect: that of a fool's feather, as in the *folie* which introduced the whole mad, airy, italicized art section (Pages 6, 7, 8, 9).

On Page 8, Mallarmé asks for a bolder SI; perhaps the one in N represents an adequate response to this request, though it might be even bolder. But "au front invisible" has been displaced one letter to the (reader's) right, as has "une stature mignonne ténébreuse" (but not "debout"); "bifurquées" should finish under the *d* of "de" overhead . . . it is two letters off in N; "un roc" is likewise two letters too far to the right.

On Page 9, the second and third largest type present noticeably different effects in the two versions. There are numerous other discrepancies: "SE CHIFFRAT-IL" should begin under the *T* of "ET"; "sourdent" is two letters too far to the left; "enfin" should begin under the space

after "nié"; "par" should begin under the *e* of "que"; "évidence" should start one letter before "par," whereas N has located it three letters forward.

Worse, "pire" should be one full inch below "CE SERAIT"; N has located it only $\frac{1}{2}$ " down! Further, "flétie" ought to begin two letters before "jusqu'à" and not directly under. Mallarmé also specifies that the bottoms of "autant" and "LE HASARD" be on a straight line.

On Page 10, Mallarmé plainly requests that the end of the word "fût" should come under the *l* of "mémorable"; inexplicably, the editors of N have shoved it two letters farther to the right. A curious fact is that Mallarmé spells "évènement" [sic], both in type and in a written note beside it. The 1914 edition preserves this error(?) but not the seventh edition which is the only other one I have checked aside from the fifth, which is like the first. One other displacement on this Page: "eût" should begin under the space after "son."

On Page 11, "à l'altitude" ought to begin about two spaces after "EXCEPTÉ" if the same type is used as in M; and indeed it should be used.

In summing up, one must allow that Gallimard has done a quite good job of rendering Mallarmé's subtle intentions but nevertheless, considering the importance of the Work, they owe it to the public and themselves to eliminate the remaining inaccuracies. For this they ought to consult the proofs, or at least the photographic reproductions. Meanwhile, it is hoped that these somewhat provisional notes may be of interest to admirers of Mallarmé.

Stanford University

ROBERT GREER COHN

Plutarque et Shakespeare,

Sources possibles de deux présages Stendhaliens

Au cours d'un petit voyage qu'il fait pour voir sa mère, Fabrice décide de faire une visite à l'abbé Blanès. Il arrive à Grianta après le coucher du soleil et s'entretient avec l'abbé, qu'il trouve, comme d'habitude, dans son clocher. Lorsque l'abbé le quitte, Fabrice s'endort, mais son sommeil est agité de songes, "peut-être présages de l'avenir."¹ Il avait prêté une attention profonde aux prédictions de l'abbé, qui lui avait inculqué sa croyance à l'astrologie et aux présages. Le lendemain soir l'abbé remonte dans le clocher. Au cours de leur conversation Blanès s'aperçoit que l'horloge est sur le point de sonner dix heures (ce serait un mauvais signe si Fabrice ne partait pas pendant que les heures se comptent par neuf) et il dit à son ancien élève: "Dépêche! dépêche! . . . tu mettras au moins une minute à descendre l'escalier; prends garde de tomber, ce serait d'un affreux présage."²

Il se peut que Stendhal s'inspire, en l'occurrence, de Plutarque. Celui-ci raconte que le premier présage du malheur de Crassus lui était venu de la déesse de Hierapolis. "Car ainsi comme ils sortaient de son temple, le jeune Crassus tomba le premier sur la face, et lui-même après trébucha sur son fils . . ."³

Plutarque était un des auteurs favoris de Stendhal, et celui-ci a dû être frappé par le grand nombre de présages qui se trouvent dans les *Vies*. Remarquons aussi que Crassus et son fils sortent du temple de la déesse, de même que Fabrice descend du clocher de l'église de l'abbé Blanès.

Avant de se décider à rejoindre Napoléon, Fabrice avait expliqué à sa tante les raisons qui l'avaient déterminé.

Hier soir, dit-il, il était six heures moins sept minutes, nous nous promenions . . . sur le bord du lac . . . et nous marchions vers le sud. Là, pour la première fois, j'ai remarqué au loin le bateau qui venait de Côme, porteur d'une si grande nouvelle. Comme je regardais ce bateau sans songer à l'Empereur, . . . tout à coup j'ai été saisi d'une émotion profonde. Le bateau a pris terre, l'agent a parlé bas à mon père, qui a changé de couleur, et nous a pris à part pour annoncer la terrible nouvelle. Je me tournai vers le lac sans autre but que de cacher les larmes de joie dont mes yeux étaient inondés. Tout à coup, à une hauteur immense et à ma droite j'ai vu un aigle, l'oiseau de Napoléon; il volait majestueusement

¹ *La Chartreuse de Parme*, éd. H. Martineau (Paris: Garnier, 1942), p. 155.

² *Ibid.*, p. 160.

³ *Les Vies des hommes illustres* (Paris: Gallimard, 1959), II, 73.

se dirigeant vers la Suisse, et par conséquent vers Paris. Et moi aussi, me suis-je dit à l'insant, je traverserai la Suisse avec la rapidité de l'aigle, et j'irai offrir à ce grand homme bien peu de chose, mais enfin tout ce que je puis offrir, le secours de mon faible bras. Il voulut nous donner une patrie et il aima mon oncle. A l'instant, quand je voyais encore l'aigle, par un effet singulier mes larmes se sont taries; et la preuve que cette idée vient d'en haut, c'est qu'au même moment, sans discuter, j'ai pris ma résolution et j'ai vu les moyens d'exécuter ce voyage.⁴

Dans *Cymbeline* Luicus, général romain, dit à Philarmonus, devin: "What have you dreamed of this war's purpose?" Philarmonus répond:

Last night, the very gods showed me a vision—
I fast, and prayed for their intelligence—thus:
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, winged
From the spongy South to this part of the West,
There vanished in the sunbeams, which portends,
Success to th' Roman host. (VI. ii).

Le vol des oiseaux et surtout l'aigle est un présage très fréquent dans les *Vies* de Plutarque,⁵ mais aucun de ceux qu'il signale ne renferme les précisions qu'on remarque dans la vision du devin et le passage citée de la *Chartreuse de Parme*.

Stendhal n'emprunte à Plutarque et surtout à Shakespeare que quelques détails, mais ces détails nous paraissent assez frappants pour justifier nos rapprochements.

University of Georgia

JULES C. ALCIATORE

⁴ *La Chartreuse de Parme*, p. 27. C'est Stendhal qui souligne.

⁵ Cf. *Les Vies des hommes illustres*, I, 507, 551, 664, 901; II, 364, 867, 1079.

REVIEWS

Peter Currie, *Corneille: Polyeucte* (London: Arnold, 1960, 64 pp. *Studies in French Literature*, 3). *Pierre Corneille: Scriptorius*, ed. Jeanne Streicher (Genève: Droz and Paris: Minard, 1959. xxiv + 127 pp. *Textes Littéraires Français*). MR. Currie's "study" of *Polyeucte* fails in scope, method and interpretation to establish either by tone or statement an audience at a single level of literary sophistication. Hovering between an *état présent* (without footnote) and a fashionable "preface" (with *select bibliography*), it raises too many difficult problems in too limited a scope with too settled a tone.

The successive sections on Background, Sources, Structure, Ending, Form (of the play—there is a singular lack of textural criticism), *Polyeucte*, *Pauline*, *Félix*, *Sévère*, and a *Select Bibliography* are valuable as a series of "suggestions" (Introductory, p. 7), but the matter-of-fact formulation of many passages suggests that Mr. Currie aims at something more definitive. He views the play chiefly in its political implications, a clash of the aristocratic individualism inherited from feudal society and the incipient state centralism of Richelieu's France. And though he is appropriately on guard against the "intentionalist fallacy," especially as expressed in the dedicatory prefaces of the period, Mr. Currie implicitly sees Corneille as turning to this relationship in his play because of its *actualité*—with the fillip of the equally *actuelle* question of the claims of the Christian faith as the focus of "individualism" conflicting with the claims of the State.

Not surprisingly, this interpretation of the play leads Mr. Currie to an unusual emphasis upon the character of *Félix*, who apparently plays, in Mr. Currie's view, Creon to *Polyeucte's* *Antigone*. Yet, without denying Corneille's "*souci d'actualité*," one might suggest that Corneille had already treated the problem of the "individual and the state" in *Horace* and *Cinna* and that *Polyeucte* is more religious than political in subject. One might further suggest that Corneille does not turn to a religious subject out of the moral concern Mr. Currie allows him (not a *moralistic*

concern as Mr. Currie is aware in his constant though confusing reminder of Corneille's desire to entertain). Rather, Corneille's practice suggests that he turns to a religious subject out of his well-known penchant to renew himself: having already used other domains as the locus of his heroic individualism (mythology in *Médée*, politics as suggested), Corneille finds a new domain. Of course, it might be objected that Mr. Currie is not concerned with the place of *Polyeucte* in the Cornelian canon, but his willingness to go outside of the play to other documents of the period for various concepts (the political situation, *vraisemblance*, Corneille's views on tragedy) has already barred any rigor on this question. A writer's esthetic practice is as relevant as his esthetic doctrine—especially in the case of Corneille, who tended to adapt his doctrine to his practice and who, *susceptible* as he was, occasionally tended to go the critics one better in his criticism of his own plays merely to beat them at their own game. Attention to the canon would perhaps have led Mr. Currie to see Félix as less tragic, to accord him the fourth and Sévère the third place of honor in his discussion, seeing in Pauline's father an extension of that familiar figure of the early comedies: the weak king-figure. Similarly, even a moderate attention to Corneille's practice elsewhere might have led him to view *Polyeucte* as the continuation (perhaps the best example) of the *généreux*.

Yet it is doubtful whether even this attention would have changed Mr. Currie's peculiarly modern interpretation of the play and its characters. Pascal posed the dilemma before Freud, of course (and Augustine before Pascal), but one senses in Mr. Currie's honorific appraisal of *Polyeucte's* and Pauline's and Félix's "humanity" (read: weakness) the current preoccupation with the tragic split in the personality between the demands of the head and the demands of the heart. "Emotional," "impulsive," "passionate"—these are the terms Mr. Currie uses to describe *Polyeucte*. *Polyeucte's* "passion" is to be a martyr and to this he sacrifices all else—demands of the state, friendship, love. But why to be a martyr, one asks? And what kind of martyr? Mr. Currie is not unduly suspicious of *Polyeucte's* religious motives, but he suggests all too tentatively an explanation justified both within the play and in Corneille's practice before and after: "We may well find in *Polyeucte* an extension of the contemporary desire for *gloire*" (p. 39). Nor can one allow Mr. Currie to save his thesis of the tragic individual by speaking of a "confusion of motives" (p. 42): ambition crossed by a desire to win salvation for Pauline in heaven. *Polyeucte*, like so many of Corneille's *premiers*, is complicated in his way, not our modern way (Corneille's second leads sometimes show us the latter): *Polyeucte* is a concordance, not a discordance, of passion and intellect. His "unwillingness to distinguish between the glory of God and the glory of *Polyeucte*" is not "unconscious" (p. 41) but "conscious," although to allow the distinction itself

is already to falsify the play. It would require an analysis beyond the scope of this review to demonstrate Polyeucte's militant and even military Pelagianism, but one has only to consider the voluntarist and militaristic vocabulary of his final defiance of Félix (V, viii) to sense this. He would displace if not replace God in the heaven to which he goes. As for his dramatic trajectory, Polyeucte is far less torn throughout the play than Mr. Currie suggests: his concern for Pauline is based on the prideful assumption that God can wait his, Polyeucte's, own good time, and his "Faut-il tant de fois vaincre avant que triompher?" (V, iii) expresses not the agony of conflicting values Mr. Currie sees in it but impatience to ascend to a kingdom superior to but conceived in the same way as earthly kingdoms. It also shows exasperation with those who would deny him this ultimate realization of his very *human* if inhumane (Sévère's reproach to the *généreuse* Pauline) sense of *gloire*.

A brief review can develop only this one "problem" to an admittedly unsatisfactory degree, but one can see in this example the nature of the limitations throughout. Also, Mr. Currie invokes the concept of tragedy without any comprehensive, rationalized definition of the term and, indeed, in the case of Polyeucte, without facing up to the implications of his own interpretation of the character as "split." Does Polyeucte die in the illusion that he is right? Is this tragedy without "illumination"—except perhaps in the case of Félix, who Mr. Currie admits might not deserve the term "tragic"? And at that, what of the fact of the conversion of Félix? Is there really such a thing as a Christian tragedy (Christianity, says Reinhold Niebuhr in a probing book, is *Beyond Tragedy*)? As for Pauline, can we really say that hers is the "*reconnaissance . . . of classical tragedy, [that] she perceives . . . nothing can be done to save her, that all her struggles are in vain*" (pp. 50-51)? *Mais, mon Dieu, elle est sauvée!*—although whether it is as a *chrétienne* or as a *généreuse* is open to doubt as much in her case as in her husband's.

It is desirable to show that "old saws" are "still relevant to the 20th century" (p. 7), to raise in connection with old texts the existential questions posed in modern texts. But a greater scope is called for and there are times when relevance can be no better illustrated than by showing difference from our way of looking at the human drama.

A critical edition of *Sertorius* might have been just the occasion to accomplish for Corneille that consonance between Corneille's times and ours which Mr. Currie inappropriately seeks in *Polyeucte*. With *Rodogune* and *Suréna*, *Sertorius* makes up a trilogy of Cornelian problem plays, since in each of them the *généreux* (or *généreuse* in *Rodogune*) is not all that he is expected to be. *Sertorius* is "flawed" according to our modern notions of the love-reason antinomy: in spite of the injunction implicit in his station not to do so, he loves a woman he "should" not love. He

is also "flawed" according to the conceptions of Corneille's other plays: the real hero of the piece, worthy *in deed* of the highest station in the universe of the play, he occupies only a secondary political rank. In politics and love, the worst happens to the best the universe of the play *has offered*. He is thus eminently tragic, or at least potentially so, since there is always the question whether he is the best which the universe of the play *had to offer*. In other words, Corneille relegates the tragic to the secondary rank of his heroes, even if he does raise this secondary hero to the center of the action.

However, in her preface to the edition of the play, Miss Streicher raises none of these crucial questions, contenting herself rather with a sketch of the political background of the play; a cursory résumé of the action (of questionable use in a critical edition); summary characterizations of the principal personages; a brief history of the play up to the Directoire; and *précis* of the very criticisms of the play (d'Aubignac, Voltaire) which she includes in the appendix. The latter also contains (pp. 76-102) the relevant passages from Amyot's Plutarch (from which Miss Streicher has not drawn significant conclusions about Corneille's manipulation of the sources) as well as Corneille's famous poems from the *Receuil de Sercy* and his letter to Pellisson in the same vein—documents "supporting" Miss Streicher's interpretation of the love theme of the play as autobiographical. Completing the appendix are Guez de Balzac's portrait of *Le Romain*, Corneille's letter to l'Abbé de Pure on the latter's evaluation of the play in the course of its composition, and Loret's remarks on the play in *La Muse historique* just after the 1662 production. A general bibliography of Corneille also appears in the front matter.

One need not look to a critical edition for a critical evaluation. The above-mentioned apparatus may or may not be just what one looks for, front-and-back. The play's the thing—or the editing of it. On this score, one is puzzled by the very selection of this play for special editing. Previous Corneille volumes in the TLF series—*Mélite*, *Clitandre*, *La Veuve*, *L'Illusion comique*, *Le Cid*, *Rodogune*—have justified reproduction of the original version because of extensive variations from the "definitive" version (1682) not only in given speeches, but, in some cases, in the sequence of the action. Yet, in *Sertorius*, Miss Streicher records only twenty-five variants among the four editions she compares (1662, 1666, 1668, 1682). Of these variants, only one constitutes more than a single verse (her verses 107-108), with the remaining twenty-four ranging from one to four words each. None of the changes seriously affects the interpretation either in large or in detail. Nor do Miss Streicher's extensive vocabulary notes (in a few cases, historical) seem especially necessary to the student familiar with the language of the seventeenth century. For example, in v. 111, "L'occasion nous rit" (i. e., *favorise*); in v. 124, "Et pour toute assurance" (i. e., *garantie de sécurité*) "il ne prend que

ma foy" (i.e., *ma parole*); in v. 240, "Et voyez *cependant*" (i.e., *pendant ce temps*) "*de quel air*" (i.e., *de quelle façon*) "on m'écrit." True, the notes often remove ambiguity for the reader familiar only with modern French usage. Yet, in many of these cases, the context provides even the linguistically unsophisticated the correct meaning without the note.

A critical edition requires more justification than this, since it implicitly criticizes previous textual scholarship—in this case, Marty-Laveaux's splendid edition of all the plays. Of course, previous volumes in the TLF series have shown the advantage of being able to read the original version of a play without having to consult notes as in Marty-Laveaux. And there is need for further work of this kind on Corneille. *Pertharite*, for example, calls for a critical edition: the variation between the original and the final version seriously affects one's interpretation. Without implying an unfavorable judgment of *Sertorius* (whose interest I hope I have indicated), I trust that the assiduity which Miss Streicher has shown in her notes here will soon be shown in the volume of a play more obviously calling for critical attention.

University of Pennsylvania

ROBERT J. NELSON

Stefan Sonderegger. *Die Orts- und Flurnamen des Landes Appenzell: Grammatische Darstellung* (Frauenfeld: Huber & Co., 1958. Vol. I, 634 pp. Beiträge zur schweizerdeutscher Mundartforschung, 8). DIESES Buch ist der 8. Band in der von dem Zürcher Philologen und Universitätsprofessor Rudolf Hotzenköcherle herausgegebenen Serie Mundartbücher. In der ausführlichen Arbeit untersucht Dr. Sonderegger Herkunft und Lautbid von jedem geographischen Namen in dem Gebiet von Appenzell, nicht nur Namen von Döfern und Flecken, Bächen und Bergen, sondern auch von alten Bauernhöfen oder vereinzelt Fluren. In dem Vorwort erklärt Verf. dass "in den nächsten Jahren ein *Historisches Ortsnamenbuch des Landes Appenzell* folgen wird, das sämtliche Orts- und Flurnamen des Kantonsgebietes mit ihren historischen Belegen und einer kurzen Erklärung aufzuführen soll." In einem dritten Teil wird dann "das Namensgefüge im Sachzusammenhang darzustellen" und "dort wird auf die mannigfaltigen Probleme der Siedlungs- Agrar- und Naturgeschichte, der Volks- und Heimatkunde, der Benennungsmotive usw. eingegangen." In dem vorliegenden Band sind nicht weniger als 6000 Namen behandelt mit über 40.000 älteren Belegformen. Besonders ist auf Lautlehre und Wortbildung Gewicht gelegt. Als Ziel nennt Verf. die sprachwissenschaftliche Erschließung und Erklärung der appenzellischen Orts- und Flurnamen (S. XVIII). Eine solche Spezialarbeit gibt wichtiges

Material für die Germanistik im allgemeinen, und ist damit vollkommen gerechtfertigt.

Die Lautlehre nimmt einen wichtigen Platz ein, ebenso die Semantik und die Etymologie, obwohl die beiden letzten nicht ausdrücklich genannt werden. Sie bilden aber den interessantesten Teil dieses Werkes. Vergleichsmaterial wird nicht nur aus benachbarten Sprachlandschaften, wie Graubünden, St. Gallen oder Kärnten herangezogen, sondern auch aus anderen germanischen Sprachen, besonders aus dem Skandinavischen und dem Niederländischen. Man erhält aber eine Fülle von Beweisplätzen, die fast zu gross und dabei nicht immer überzeugend ist. Oefers werden verschiedene Möglichkeiten diskutiert und dem Leser wird es überlassen, die wahrscheinlichste herauszufinden. Man fragt sich, ob in diesen Fällen ein einfaches "etymologisches Dunkel" nicht befriedigender wäre. So werden Spekulationen über die Herkunft des Namen *Habset* (Hanfsaat? Haplogologisch Habersack? Zusammenhängend mit Habicht?) 22 Zeilen gewidmet (S. 26). Obige Bemerkung gilt auch für die Erklärungen von *Herisau* (S. 29/30), von *Hundwil* (S. 99/104), von *Sturzenegg* (S. 104/106) usw. Andererseits muss man die Methode des Verf.s bewundern, wo er auf Geschichtliches und Kulturhistorisches eingeht und eine umfassende Kenntnis der Lokalgeschichte zeigt, welche für solcherlei Arbeiten äusserst wichtig ist. So wird auf S. 49 *Leu* < *Lawine* erklärt (im Namen eines Weideplatzes und Waldes auf der Alp Furgglen, wo 1906/7 Lawinen niedergingen), S. 197 *Treije* als *Viehweglein*, was dann zu *Dreier* passt ("steiler Zickzackweg von Brültober hinauf nach der Alp Soll. Hier entspricht die Lage des ON genau den Bedeutungen des bergschweizerdeutschen Wortes *Treije* . . .") Auf S. 277 wird bei dem Hofnamen *Chästenen* verzeichnet, dass hier "Uebertragung des Namens der Edelkastanie auf den Rosskastanienbaum, der im 16. Jh. in Europa eingeführt wurde . . . vorliegt." S. 278 wird das unsynkopierte *u* in *Kapuziner* dadurch erklärt, dass die Kapuziner erst spät "im Zuge der Gegenreformation" nach Appenzell kamen, als Synkope schon nicht mehr in Kraft war; S. 32 wird *Roter Stell* als Bezeichnung des Platzes gedeutet, wo der Schandpfahl, ein rot angestrichenes eisernes Gestell, stand.

Ref. möchte folgende Bemerkungen machen: S. 3 wäre bei der Erklärung von *Kasten* H. Sperbers Artikel in *Wörter und Sachen* VI (1915) S. 32/33 zu erwähnen, wo das schwed. *kast* = Haufen, *kasta* = werfen herangezogen wird. *Kasten* ist dann das *Aufgeworfene* was ausgezeichnet passt zu dem Bergnamen *Hoher Kasten* und wahrscheinlicher ist als Verf.s Meinung, dass der Bergname zu ahd. *kasto*, mhd. *kaste* = Behälter, passt, weil der Berg "breit, massig, Kastenartig" ist. Bei der Etymologie von *Hell* (S. 33) kann man sich nicht begnügen mit der Bedeutung von germ. **haljō*, die Hehlende, das Totenreich, "früh mit germ. **halljō* (n) = Steinplatte, zusammengefallen." Vielmehr hat das Wort urspr. die Bedeutung von "Ort, wo man sich verbergen kann," idg. **kel*. Von hier

wird es dann Ortsname "für eine enge, wilde Gegend." Vgl. *DWB* IV. 174.7, das viele Beispiele von ähnlichen Ortsnamen gibt, worunter auch einige aus der Schweiz. Auf S. 35 wird der ON *Enkhäusern* (SG) aus **engg-husirun*, mit dem Adj. ahd. *angi*, *engi*, erklärt. Interessant ist, dass in dem nl. *Enkhuizen*, der Familienname *Enninc* oder der Personennamen *Enke* für den ON verantwortlich gemacht wird. (*Nomina Geografica Flandrica*. Studien VII. Brüssel, 1956, S. 108.) S. 36 *Engweg* < **menniweg* = Triftweg, Feldfahrweg, Weg für Fuhrwerke, zu nhd. dial. *mennen*, *mähnen* < **manjan*, ahd. *mennen* = führen, treiben, vorwärts treiben. Hier würde die Tatsache, dass nl. *eng*, *enk*, ags. *inge*, obd. *angar*, unbearbeitetes Bauland bedeutet (*Nl. Wdb.* III³, 4114) und nl. *mennen* speziell das heimfahren der Ernte (*Nl. Wdb.* IX, 542), während nl. *menne* einen Landweg bezeichnet, welcher nach weiter hinten liegenden Aeckern führt, mit nl. *menweg* = Fahrweg zwischen Weide- und Bauland (*Nl. Wdb.* IX, 544), den Wortinhalt von *Engweg* verdeutlichen. Nicht wahrscheinlich scheint Ref., dass *Hundshenki* (S. 37) "Ort, wo man einen Hund aufhängt, wobei man an Tierprozesse denken sollte," bedeutet. Verf. lässt darauf folgen "oder *Hund Sollte Verbrecher* bedeuten, obwohl hier nie eine historisch belegte Richtstätte war." *Lexen* I, 1248 kennt *hengen* = freien Lauf lassen, und bei *Hundshenki* könnte man dann mit grösserer Wahrscheinlichkeit an *Jagdort* denken. Die Erklärung von *Auf der Bütze*, *Bötz* = am Berg (S. 111) mit Hilfe von mhd. *bütze* = Brunnen, scheint nicht logisch. Ein Stamm wie in amer. *butte* = "an abrupt isolated hill or ridge" wäre vielleicht möglich. Ebensowenig ist Ref. überzeugt von dem Zusammenhang von *Chlorenmoos* < **klärinmos*, = Sumpfland mit *klar* = hell (S. 122). Die Bedeutungen sind gegensätzlich! Und wie sind *Halegg*, *Haleggwald* = Waldgebiet, waldiger Berg < **hålecka*, mit ahd. *håli* = platt, schlüpfrig, zu reimen? Wäre es möglich hier an *hal* = schief, auf einer Seite höher als auf der anderen (*Schw. Id.* II, 1128) zu denken?

Dies sind jedoch nur einige "Randbemerkungen." Die Erklärungen sind im Allgemeinen sehr stichhaltend und viel Wissenwertes kommt ans Licht, z. B. dass man in Appenzell wie im Rheinland von *gestaffelter* Vollziehung von Lautänderungen (hier: Hiatusdiphthongierung) reden kann (S. 207); dass der amer. Familienname *Hershey* von dem schweiz. *Herschi*, *Hertschi*, ahd. *herti* neben *hart* herkommt; dass viele ON aus dem Appenzell mit nl. ON übereinstimmen, wie: nl. *Weezenland*, *Haag*, *de Steeg*, *Weerd*, *Brielle*, *Nol in't Bos*, *Geitenberg* mit appenzell. *Wesen*, *Hag*, *Steg*, *Werd*, *Brüel*, *Noll*, *Geiss* (*böhl*, *felld*, *-halden*). Eine ausführliche Bibliographie (S. XXIII-XLV) und ein Verzeichnis der appenzellischen Orts- und Personennamen (man hätte gerne auch die zitierten ausser-appenzellischen Namen wiedergefunden!) erhöhen den Wert dieses minutiös bearbeiteten Buches.

Ursula Daab, *Die Althochdeutsche Benediktinerregel des Cod. Sang.* 916 (Tübingen: Max Niemeyer Verlag, 1959. 304 pp. Altdutsche Textbibliothek, 50). NUR noch wenige Philologen befassen sich heute speziell mit dem Studium des Althochdeutschen. Ursula Daab, deren Dissertation *Studien zur althochdeutschen Ben. Reg.* 1929 bei Niemeyer erschien, ist eine von diesen wenigen, die die älteste Form der hochdeutschen Sprache völlig beherrschen. Man kann dankbar sein, dass sie die Benediktinerregel — ihr Standardtext war bis jetzt in Steinmeyers *Kleineren althochdeutschen Sprachdenkmälern* (1916) zugänglich — in ein modernisiertes Kleid gesteckt hat. Durch Groschreibung am Satzanfang und geläufige Zeichensetzung ist die Lesbarkeit des Textes erhöht, sodass diese Ausgabe besonders Studierenden empfohlen werden kann. Eine weitere Hilfe ist das beigegebene ahd. Glossar, wo fast jedes Wort aus dem Text aufgenommen und ins Neuhochdeutsche übersetzt wurde; mehrmals ist das lateinische Equivalent hinzugefügt. Am Ende findet sich ein lateinisches Glossar, mit ahd. Uebersetzung vor. Dem Studenten bleibt wenig zu erraten übrig.

Es ist interessant, Daabs Erklärungen mit denen in Graff und, soweit es von der Presse kam, im *Ahr. Wtb.* von Karg-Gasterstadt-Frings zu vergleichen. Da sieht man, dass Daab ab und zu einem Wort einen engeren Bedeutungsinhalt zuerkennt als die anderen Autoritäten. S. 100 gibt sie *achiwizfrinári* = Zöllner, *publicanus*. *Ahd. Wtb.* 886 aber übersetzt lediglich *der öffentliche Sünder, der Uebeltäter vor aller Augen*, und fügt vorsichtig hinzu: *Bezeichnung des Zöllners aus dem Gleichnis Luc. 18. 9 ff.* Daab S. 11 (14): *In des rihhes huse* (Lat. Text: *In cuius regni tabernaculo*) und weiter unten: *truhtin, huuer puit in selidun dineru* (Lat.: *Domine, quis habitat in tabernaculo tuo*). Also, *selida* (*selida*) = *domicilium, tabernaculum, cella* (Graff VI. 176/7). Daab S. 206 erklärt aber *selida* als *Wohnung Gottes*, was nicht direkt in der Bedeutung des Wortes liegt. Vgl. auch Braune-Mitzka, *Ahd. Grammatik* (1953) § 109, Anm. 2: *selida* = *Wohnung* (Got. *salipwa*). In dem folgenden Zitat erklärt Daab (S. 16. 22) *forasagén* als *predigen*. *Alliu keuuissu, dei discoom lerit uuesan uuidaruuartiu, in sineem tatim chundit nalles zu tuenne, ni andreem forasagenti er farchoraneer si fundan*. (Lat.: *Omnia vero, quae discipulis docuerit esse contrariae, in suis factis indicet non agenda, ne aliis praedicans ipse reprobus inveniatur*). Braune-Helm, *Ahd. Lesebuch* (1949), S. 217 geben *vorhersagen, praedicere* und Graff VI. 105 *forasagén* — *voransagen, vorhersagen* — *praedicere* (K. 2 *forasagenti*) Lat. *praedicare* ist verkündigen, öffentlich bekanntmachen. Lat. *praedicere* — *prophezeien*. *Predigen* aber wird nirgends belegt. Etwas unvorsichtig ist es ahd. *farbëran* — *sich enthalten, abstinere* als Infinitiv *farpëran* ins Glossar aufzunehmen (Daab, S. 109), ohne hinzufügen "Unbelegt," wenn sich nur das Partizipium vorfindet (*si farporan* — *abstineatur*). Weder Graff III. 146 noch *Ahd. Wtb.* 886 geben einen Inf., sondern nur ein Part. Praet. *farporan*.

Jedoch, dies sind schliesslich Kleinigkeiten und als "les défauts des qualités" zu betrachten. Man kann sich nur freuen mit diesem Büchlein, das hinter einer schlichten Fassade eine Unmenge minutiöser Arbeit verbirgt. Es wird bei manchen Studenten das Interesse fürs Ahd. wecken und sie anspornen, diesem vernachlässigten Gebiet ihre besten Kräfte zu widmen.

Canisius College

JUDY MENDELS

Charles Baudelaire, *Les Fleurs du mal. Les Epaves. Bribe. Poèmes Divers. Aruénitantes belgicæ*, ed. Antoine Adam (Paris: Garnier, 1959. xxix + 490 pp. 16 plates. Classiques Garnier). DEPUIS Jacques Crépet, le problème essentiel que pose l'édition des *Fleurs du mal* semble définitivement résolu. On ne cherche plus à rétablir l'édition de 1857 et on prend comme base celle de 1861, la seconde. Reste la question, relativement mineure, des pièces condamnées et de tous les poèmes qui ne figurent pas dans cette seconde édition. On peut, comme le firent Jacques Crépet et Y. G. Le Dantec, reproduire intégralement *Les Epaves*; cette solution a l'avantage de présenter les pièces condamnées dans un ensemble approuvé par Baudelaire lui-même. On peut aussi publier séparément les pièces condamnées et démembrer *Les Epaves*, ce qui permet de reproduire "Les nouvelles Fleurs du mal" *in toto*; c'est la solution de M. Adam, et il semble bien qu'elle s'impose dans une édition qui veut être, avant tout, celle des *Fleurs du mal*, dû-elle comprendre, en fin de compte, presque tous les vers dont l'attribution à Baudelaire n'est jamais mise en doute, à l'exception des poèmes de jeunesse. Il est désirable, en effet, de conserver l'unité d'un groupe de poèmes toujours proche, tant par le titre que par le contenu, du recueil originel, tandis que *Les Epaves* contiennent un certain nombre de poèmes assez étrangers à l'esprit de la grande poésie baudelairienne.

Les bonnes éditions des *Fleurs du mal* ne manquent pas mais celle-ci sera particulièrement appréciée des universitaires, tant à cause de son bon marché que parce qu'elle rassemble dans ses notes et commentaires une foule de renseignements jusqu'ici épars dans un grand nombre de volumes. Sur le sonnet des "Correspondances," par exemple, M. Adam nous offre plus de six pages d'exégèse en petits caractères. L'éditeur s'excuse, dans une notice bibliographique, de ne pas pouvoir citer toutes ses sources; les dimensions de l'ouvrage rendaient la chose impossible.

M. Adam définit, dans son introduction, l'esprit qui a présidé à la rédaction des notes et aux choix des commentaires: "C'est la voix de Baudelaire qui seule mérite qu'on l'écoute, et non pas les gloses des esthètes, ni les interprétations systématiques, ni les commentaires des métaphysiciens." C'est à ces derniers, surtout, que s'en prend la fureur vengeresse du savant érudit. Certains critiques, il faut le reconnaître, ont

exagéré le rôle de l'inspiration religieuse dans la poésie de Baudelaire. M. Adam souligne à chaque instant leurs excès; il veut faire rentrer l'exégèse dans la voie du bon sens; mais il passe lui-même la mesure; il pousse trop loin son travail d'épuration. On sent chez lui une ferme intention de minimiser ce qui vient du catholicisme dans la vie et l'œuvre de Baudelaire, et surtout, ce qui y retourne. Le critique en arrive à ne plus tolérer la moindre référence au christianisme dans des poèmes littéralement bourrés d'allusions liturgiques et scripturales. Il écarte les professions de foi catholiques de Baudelaire comme liées à l'influence de Sainte-Beuve et tout à fait dépourvues de consistance. Il faut reconnaître pourtant, que les préoccupations religieuses demeurent et s'approfondissent chez le Baudelaire de la maturité. M. Adam s'incline mais il souligne tant qu'il peut les traits gnostiques et illuministes de cette mystique baudelairienne. Ce n'est pas qu'il soit séduit lui-même par la gnose mais il fait de celle-ci, curieusement, une dernière ligne de défense contre le catholicisme. Personne, que je sache, n'a jamais voulu voir en Baudelaire un père de l'église; M. Adam enfonce à grand bruit des portes ouvertes mais cette fausse querelle lui permet d'escamoter le véritable problème, à savoir la fascination que n'a jamais cessé d'exercer sur le poète, tout incroyant, ou hérétique qu'il put être, le catholicisme et la notion même d'orthodoxie. Cette fascination est liée, sans doute, à l'influence de Joseph de Maistre; elle est mêlée d'irritation et d'amertume; elle comporte des éléments qui paraîtraient fort suspects, n'en doutons pas, à l'église romaine, mais le fait demeure et c'est rendre un mauvais service à Baudelaire et à son œuvre que de le passer sous silence. On rend difficile, ce faisant, la compréhension du symbolisme satanique des *Fleurs du mal*; on s'interdit de saisir la signification précise du dégoût qu'éprouvait Baudelaire devant la notion de progrès, et la vie moderne en général.

Les commentaires de M. Adam sont très utiles, mais leur positivisme nuit, parfois, à leur profondeur, et même à leur solidité. Un exemple suffira, celui du sonnet "De Profundis clamavi."

J'implore ta pitié, Toi, l'unique que j'aime
Du fond du gouffre obscur où mon cœur est tombé

Certains lecteurs pensent, avec raison, je crois, que le sonnet s'adresse à Dieu. M. Adam est convaincu, quant à lui, qu'il s'adresse à une femme. Parce qu'il s'est d'abord intitulé "La Béatrix," et parce que le *toi* du premier vers s'est longtemps écrit sans majuscule. Mais qui est la Béatrix? C'est "l'inspiratrice," nous dit M. Adam, la muse, l'éternel féminin... une femme, en somme, qui ne sait donc cela?... Baudelaire, je le crains, ne lisait pas Dante comme le lit M. Adam. Béatrice est bien la muse, aux yeux de Dante comme à ceux de Baudelaire, mais c'est la muse qui est la grâce. Béatrice, celle qui bénit, est la médiatrice qui nous aide à monter des régions infernales, où se situe le poème, vers les régions

divines. Je vois d'ici le sourire de M. Adam, mais ce n'est pas ma faute si M. Adam se mêle de Baudelaire et, indirectement, de Dante. Les métaphysiciens fumeux ont une excuse que n'ont pas les positivistes lorsqu'ils bavardent sur ces deux poètes: l'exemple leur vient d'en haut. M. Adam peut-il nier que l'idée d'intercession religieuse soit familière à son auteur? "Faire tous les matins ma prière à Dieu . . . à mon père, à Mariette et à Poe, comme intercesseurs (*Mon Coeur mis à nu*). Pourquoi Baudelaire n'aurait-il pas fait une prière à Dieu par l'intermédiaire de sa Béatrix, comme Dante lui-même? Chez Dante, toutefois, la femme s'efface peu à peu pour faire place à la divinité; dans le monde moderne, c'est le mouvement inverse qui triomphe; l'érotisme attire toutes les puissances de l'homme vers le bas. La Béatrice moderne, la vraie Béatrice baudelairienne ne peut donc être qu'une médiatrice infernale et c'est cette Béatrice-là que nous présente le poème des *Fleurs du mal* pour lequel Baudelaire a définitivement retenu le titre de "La Béatrice." Le symbolisme de cette Béatrice est tout à fait dantesque, à cette différence près qu'il inverse le mouvement de *La Divine Comédie* et que le poème tout entier se dirige vers l'enfer. Ceci, M. Mark Musa et Eugène Donato le montrent fort bien dans un article qu'a publié un numéro récent des *Modern Language Notes*. Dans le "De Profundis clamavi," par contre, le mouvement, bien qu'à peine indiqué, est forcément ascensionnel puisque c'est du fond de l'abîme que le poète implore la consolation. La Béatrice de ce poème est une médiatrice céleste et non pas infernale; elle ne peut être associée qu'à Dieu. Baudelaire, on le sait, rejetait avec un dégoût toujours plus complet, à mesure qu'il avançait en âge, le mystico-érotisme de son siècle (voir, par exemple, le projet d'article sur *Les Liaisons dangereuses*) et il a dû finir par juger inconvenante cette association entre la femme et Dieu. Il suffisait, pour en supprimer jusqu'à la dernière trace, de changer le titre du poème et de mettre une majuscule au *Toi* du premier vers. C'est là précisément ce qu'a fait Baudelaire, transformant ainsi l'invocation à la Béatrice en une prière directement adressée à Dieu. Le changement correspond très bien à l'évolution générale de la sensibilité religieuse du poète, ainsi qu'à son pessimisme grandissant. Et en choisissant comme titre le début du Psaume CXXIX, le poète a encore renforcé la tonalité religieuse d'un poème dont l'imagerie, n'en déplaise à M. Adam, est tout entière sacrée.

C'est la voix de Baudelaire qui seule mérite qu'on l'écoute, écrit M. Adam dans son introduction. Je n'entends guère, quant à moi, que la voix de M. Adam. S'il est fatal que la musique du poète soit un peu étouffée, à notre époque de commentateurs, je me demande si Baudelaire, en fin de compte, n'eût pas préféré la mort sous les "gloses des esthètes" et les "fantaisies des métaphysiciens" à celle que lui réserve le positivisme triomphant des maîtres en Sorbonne.

Montesquieu, *Lettres persanes*, texte établi, avec introduction, bibliographie et notes, par Paul Vernière (Paris: Garnier, 1960. xiv + 399 pp.). Montesquieu, *The Persian Letters*, edited, translated and introduced by Robert J. Loy (New York: Meridian Books, 1961. 352 pp. \$1.55). THE publication of these two editions is timely, for the *Lettres persanes* will be read with interest today. They have been extensively studied in the past as a witty commentary on customs, manners and institutions of the Regency period in France. It seems likely, however, that the questions raised by Montesquieu in this early work extend beyond the political and social world of Louis XIV and the Duke of Orleans.

The hero of Montesquieu's work, the Persian Usbek, has begun to doubt seriously whether the values to which his compatriots subscribe and the ends that they pursue have any validity in themselves. He resolves to travel abroad in order to find out how other people live and to discover new values for himself. He learns, however, that if he can no longer believe in the absolute rightness of the ends his countrymen pursue, the abandonment of specific goals that are pursued for their own sake leads to even greater falseness. In the ancient republics, for instance, honor and glory in the service of the state had been naively sought as good in themselves (Letter XC); in modern France, on the other hand, there are few illusions left. It is widely recognized that traditional goals are not justifiable in reason. Goals are no longer valued for themselves, but instead men pursue certain ends as means of acquiring the esteem and approval of others. Since money is by its very nature at the same time end and means, it is not surprising that wealth turns out to be the principal object of modern aspirations. Industry and labor are indeed encouraged thereby, not, to be sure, so that things that are valued in themselves may be produced, but incidentally, as a way of producing the means of acquiring the esteem of others (Letters XCIX, CVII). Even happiness is no longer sought for its own sake; it has become a means too. A man is respected and admired by others if he is "having a good time." It is not therefore necessary to be happy; it is necessary only to persuade oneself and to persuade others that one is having a good time (Letter CXI). It is in the light of Usbek's awareness of the relativity of all the goals men pursue and of their increasing enslavement to each other once they free themselves from belief in the absolute value of these goals that the question "How can anyone be himself?"—Valéry's reformulation of the question "Comment peut-on être persan?"—is central to Montesquieu's work. How is a man to be free, how is he to discover by himself goals and values that are absolute and real? Usbek's quest ends in utter failure and Montesquieu provides no answer to the questions he raises. On the contrary, Usbek's failure suggests that no man can exist for himself and that pursuit of absolute autonomy ends in self-annihilation.

Where ordinary men seek to affirm their existence and value in the eyes of others by pursuing commonly admired ends, Usbek tries to establish his freedom from all uncertain ends. He leaves his native land and travels to Europe. But like the absolute monarch who, while shunning society, is concerned from morning to night only with having himself talked about (Letter XXXVII), Usbek, who has released himself from all real passion for his wives, grounds his existence in their constant preoccupation with him. Precisely because he does not love them, he observes pointedly, he is devoured by jealousy (Letter VI). With all his freedom and power Usbek is in reality the terrified slave of the women of whom he claims to be the absolute and autonomous master. He is haunted by fear that his wives will assert their freedom from him as he has asserted his freedom from them. He is therefore not satisfied to be their master only externally, he wants them to love him, so that he can become a kind of God for them, the very source and goal of their existence. That is why he enjoins love rather than fear on them, insisting that mere external obedience to his commands is not what he requires of them (Letters XX, LXV). One is reminded of the heroine of Laclos's novel, who would inspire love without feeling it. Unlike his young friend Rica, however, Usbek does not see that this aim is contradictory, and that to win the kind of love he requires he must first set his women free and then devote himself to the task of winning their love by making himself pleasing to them. In his introduction Professor Loy asks the question: "What will happen when the ideal becomes the actual and when women, who were obedient while restricted by traditional literary convention or harem walls, become free? Does the whole social organism collapse (as it seems to be doing in Usbek's seraglio)? Do we therefore float toward a kind of social and moral nihilism? Or perhaps a reversal and confusion of the sexes?" The relation between these two possible consequences is suggested in a *pensée* of Montesquieu's that Professor Loy himself quotes in a note: "We can no longer tolerate anything with a definite object: military men can no longer stand war; scholarly people can no longer stand the study; and the same with other things. We are nowadays only concerned with general objects, and in actuality, that reduces to nothing. It is the society of women which has brought us to this point, for it is their character to be attached to nothing permanent. There is only one sex any more, and in mind we are all women. . . ." Montesquieu's point is that women do not pursue ends directly but only through their menfolk from whom they receive and expect to receive the orientation of their own lives. When men lose their sense of the propriety and purpose of things, they are no longer able to provide women with this support. As they seek to win the adulation of women, their total abandonment of their freedom, rather than a co-operative love and respect, all ends are subordinated to

this single end, and the determination of the mediate ends necessarily devolves upon women. A race of lackeys—writers, poets, artists, advertising men—is at hand to invent for women ends that flatter and amuse them, and so all ends are debased and transformed into means. All serious pursuit of specific goals, moral, intellectual, social, ceases. (The situation Montesquieu envisages resembles in many respects the one that religious people condemned in the courtly love and romantic chivalry of the Middle Ages). In this sense all will be women, because all, men and women alike, will receive their values from others and seek the goal of their existence in pleasing others. All will appear to have achieved freedom, but in reality all will have become slaves. It seems to have been Montesquieu's idea that man's efforts to release himself from all subservience to transcendent ends merely makes him subservient to others, who then determine his ends for him.

Usbek does not recognise that his desire for autonomy requires his setting his women free and his ultimate subservience to them. He tries to have his freedom without this necessary corollary which contradicts it. But he fails, for when the seraglio begins to crumble in disorder at the end of the book Usbek senses that his very existence is crumbling with it: "*il me semble que je m'anéantis, et je ne me retrouve moi-même que lorsqu'une sombre jalousie vient s'allumer, et enfanter dans mon âme la crainte, les soupçons, la haine et les regrets*" (Letter CLV). Having refused to give his women freedom, to make himself pleasing to them, Usbek has to resort to blatant tyranny. The absolute master turns out to be as abject as the most wretched of his eunuchs, for in the end he, like them, finds that his vanishing existence can be supported only by tyranny and sadism. With Roxane's last letter, announcing that she has loved another man and that she is seeking freedom from Usbek in death, Usbek's destiny is fulfilled. He can no longer claim to be free while in fact grounding his existence in his women. He is truly free of all ends and of all persons, of everything beyond himself, and this freedom marks the end of his existence. There is no answer to Roxane's letter.

How then can anyone be himself? What does total autonomy mean for man? By a strangely disturbing paradox the more man frees himself from naively accepted traditional goals, the more directly he becomes dependent on others. His "freedom" has reality only in relation to others and he must therefore either win their subservience to him or wrest it from them by force. Which ever course he chooses, his search for autonomy does not elevate him, it degrades him. "*Votre âme se dégrade et vous devenez cruel,*" Zélis writes to Usbek toward the end of the book (Letter CLVIII). Absolutism unveils itself in the end as wilful tyranny and cruelty, and individualism makes of each the slave of all. There is furthermore a constant tendency for absolutism to devolve into anarchistic individualism and for individualism to resolve itself in ab-

solutism, for the freedom man seeks is in reality absolute power over others that has been freely conceded and these two aspects of man's image of his own freedom are contradictory. Total autonomy, absolute security and certainty of being with, at the same time, full awareness of founding it on self, belongs to God and not to man. Whatever Montesquieu's conscious intentions may have been, the *Persian Letters* do not seem to be, in the first place, about the politics of absolutism in France or about oriental despotism; the central theme which is reflected in the discussion of politics, manners, constitutional questions and love is surely the quest of man in our time to be himself, to establish himself as completely autonomous being.

Despite a few turns of phrase to which I personally would take exception (e.g., "without becoming emotionally involved") Professor Loy has prepared a readable and distinguished translation of Montesquieu's work. The critical apparatus is unobtrusive but it does offer considerable information, not only about the text itself but about the textual tradition, to those who want it. There are also a valuable bibliography of writings on Montesquieu and a thoughtful little introduction. Professor Loy has made good use of recent studies by Montesquieu scholars and this new pocket edition can be accounted a serious piece of work. In making the *Letters* available to a wide public in a readable, inexpensive and handsomely produced English version Professor Loy and his publishers have performed a valuable service, for this is surely a more profound and provocative book than many of our histories of literature would lead us to believe.

Professor Loy based his translation on a "composite" of the texts of Barckhausen, Caracassonne, Caillouis and Adam. For the new Garnier edition, which, in accordance with the current policy of this publisher, is admirably turned out, Professor Vernière, following Professor Adam, decided to base his text on the 1758 edition of Richer (D). The reasons he gives for preferring D to the Cahiers of 1754 (texts α , β and γ) on which the edition of Barckhausen was based, seem convincing. In the event, however, there are few textual disparities between the new Garnier edition and the translation, Professor Loy having followed Adam in all important respects. Questions of structure, textual tradition and sources are nonetheless treated far more extensively in the Garnier edition than in the American one, and no serious scholar can afford to ignore Vernière's introduction. The notes in Vernière are also more detailed and more complete than in Loy. On the other hand what Professor Loy has to say about the work itself is sometimes more suggestive than the disappointingly banal section of Vernière's introduction that is devoted to interpretation.

Christian A. E. Jensen, *L'Évolution du Romantisme: L'Année 1826* (Genève: Droz, and Paris: Minard, 1959. 363 pp.). CECI est un travail consciencieux et solide. L'ouvrage de M. Jensen—thèse présentée à l'Université de Chicago—fait partie d'un vaste projet de thèses sur l'évolution du romantisme, et qui, portant chacune sur une seule année de la période 1817-1830, complèteraient l'enquête inachevée de MM. Eggli et Martino sur le "débat" romantique en France. Le patient dépouillement de tous les écrits significatifs d'une même année (y compris les préfaces, manifestes, jugements critiques, pamphlets) est un travail utile et peut aboutir à des conclusions précises. Il faut louer M. Jensen de sa persévérance et de son courage: ses lectures ont souvent dû être rébarbatives. Mais le lecteur lui saura gré d'avoir entrepris cet inventaire: il trouvera, dans ces résumés et ces analyses, bien des éléments curieux qui, même s'ils ne sont pas toujours du domaine de l'art, jettent quelque lumière sur l'histoire intellectuelle et sociale. Outre le labeur ingrat, pareille entreprise comporte cependant des inconvénients. Car à vouloir systématiquement dépouiller, énumérer, paraphraser tous les ouvrages importants parus pendant une année (et 1826, l'auteur s'en rend bien compte, n'est guère riche en chefs-d'œuvre) on risque de ne pas revenir avec un butin bien lourd. Ainsi nous apprenons dans la "Conclusion" qu'il existe, en 1826, "une tendance générale à la réforme," et que les réformateurs réclament une littérature nationale et moderne, affranchie des vieilles "règles." Ce sont là des observations qui ne surprendront personne.

Il est évident qu'une pareille étude ne se prête guère aux raccourcis brillants. Aussi ne faut-il pas trop en vouloir à l'auteur des longueurs, des redites, des catalogues et paraphrases d'ouvrages insignifiants. En revanche, la solidité de la documentation est partout évidente. Et M. Jensen a su, tout en se limitant à une année, ne pas isoler les œuvres et les événements. Il y a d'autres qualités: les exposés sont clairs, les rapports entre littérature et politique sont nettement posés, on trouve des appréciations justes (bien que prudentes). Le premier chapitre décrit le climat social et intellectuel en 1826 (vaste panorama où l'on regrette cependant un léger flottement dans l'importance que l'auteur accorde à des faits d'ordre très différent). Dans le chapitre II, Jensen rouvre le "débat romantique." Il cite les opuscules mineurs, des satires, des pastiches—et tout cela constitue un exposé sérieux et lucide. L'importance de la politique ressort clairement des exemples fournis. Les chapitres suivants sont consacrés aux ouvrages de circonstance (satires de Barthélemy et de Méry; curiosités diverses, telle ce poème pro-Turc; attaques contre les jésuites) et aux influences étrangères—pages qui éclairent le goût de l'époque. Puis viennent trois chapitres sur les différents genres: poésie (importance des chansons de Béranger, des vers de Casimir Delavigne, légende de l'Empereur, réputation de Lamartine, *Odes et Ballades* de Hugo, *Poèmes antiques et modernes* de Vigny, poésie épique); roman (influence de

Walter Scott, *Cinq-Mars*, romans érotiques et macabres, romans pour femmes de chambre); théâtre (polémique sur les unités, articles de Duvergier de Hauranne, influence des théories de Stendhal, importance des proverbes dramatiques, succès du vaudeville, "théâtre d'argent," mélodrames) — en somme, pêle-mêle, l'abondante médiocrité d'une année, avec ici et là un chef-d'œuvre: voisinage cocasse du grand, du tolérable et de l'insignifiant qui fait sans doute l'intérêt de cette étude, mais qui en rend aussi la lecture passablement ardue.

Yale University

VICTOR BROMBERT

Hélène Nais, *Les animaux dans la poésie française de la Renaissance. Science. Symbolique. Poésie* (Paris: Didier, 1961. 718 pp.).

APRÈS un avant-propos de 21 pages, viennent onze chapitres consacrés respectivement à la science zoologique au XVI^e siècle, aux savants, à la faune poétique, aux rapports entre la poésie et la science, aux survivances de la symbolique, à l'abondance des comparaisons parmi les textes poétiques sur les animaux, à la description directe chez Jean Lemaire de Belges, aux procédés descriptifs, à l'observation et à l'art de la description, et au "lyrisme animalier." Une conclusion générale est suivie d'une triple bibliographie (des œuvres poétiques étudiées; des ouvrages de référence; des travaux modernes), d'un index général et de la table des matières.

L'avant-propos comprend trois sections qui traitent de l'animal en poésie, des problèmes particuliers au XVI^e siècle, de l'objet et des limites de cette étude. Hélène Nais annonce, là, que dans cette thèse, elle s'est limitée "aux problèmes d'ensemble." Elle montre comment elle a dû "préciser assez longuement ce que furent les efforts des savants naturalistes au XVI^e siècle"; puis elle explique qu'elle a été ainsi amenée à "essayer de déterminer la conception poétique propre du XVI^e siècle": Au lieu de prendre l'hymne-blason comme type de poésie animale, elle a "préféré rattacher ces poèmes aux textes qui montrent l'incompatibilité entre la science des poètes et celle des savants."

Il y a, dans ce gros ouvrage, un vaste ensemble de connaissances qui sont utiles et dont nous sommes reconnaissants. Mais peut-on avouer que, dans le grand nombre de problèmes qui sont présentés, on attend presque toujours des résultats définitifs, des conclusions qui satisfassent et qui s'imposent? Nombreuses sont les objections de tout genre, ou les réserves, que ce livre soulève ou appelle: disons, par exemple, que l'ouvrage fondamental de James Hutton, *The Greek Anthology in France* (Ithaca, 1946), celui de H. Busson, *Les sources et le développement du rationalisme dans la littérature française de la Renaissance*, 1^{ère} ed. (Paris, 1922), celui de H. Weber, *La création poétique au XVI^e siècle en France* (Paris, 1956) ne sont ni mentionnés ni utilisés.

N'est-on pas quelque peu déçu devant tant de pages qui sont, évidemment, le résultat d'études attentives et prolongées, mais qui ont été mal inspirées et qui n'ont pas donné ce qu'on espérait d'elles?

Ce que j'ai trouvé de plus intéressant, dans ce travail, ce sont les renseignements que donne Hélène Nais sur la science zoologique au XVI^e siècle, sur les catalogues, sur les inventaires de bibliothèques, sur les savants du temps, sur la faune poétique. Voilà, déjà, de quoi féliciter l'auteur et lui témoigner notre gratitude.

Harvard University

MARCEL FRANÇON

Arthur Rimbaud, *Œuvres: Sommaire biographique, introduction, notices, relevé de variantes et notes* par Suzanne Bernard (Paris: Garnier, 1960. 569 pp.). LA PRÉSENTE édition des œuvres de Rimbaud me paraît supérieure, sur beaucoup de points, à tout ce qui l'a précédée. Elle ne remplacera pas, sans doute, aux yeux des érudits, l'édition de la Pléiade car elle ne contient que les variantes textuelles jugées particulièrement significatives. La correspondance, elle non plus, n'est pas complète. Cette dernière lacune ne peut être sensible qu'à ceux qui s'acharnent encore à percer l'énigme du Rimbaud explorateur et négociant. Mais ce n'est pas à ce genre de chercheurs que s'adresse le travail de Mme Bernard, c'est aux professeurs, aux étudiants, aux amateurs qui veulent approfondir leur connaissance de Rimbaud. Les notes des poèmes rassemblent toute une information éparpillée dans une masse de travaux érudits et d'éditions parfois peu accessibles. Ces notes constituent de merveilleux petits "états présents" qui devraient libérer étudiants et professeurs de toute une manipulation bibliographique où risque parfois de s'absorber une bonne part de leur énergie. On pourra, désormais, sans mauvaise conscience se consacrer purement et simplement aux textes.

Partout, dans ce livre, Mme Bernard parle de Rimbaud avec intelligence et mesure. Parler avec mesure de Rimbaud, c'est d'abord éviter les deux écueils symétriques que sont l'idolâtrie et la passion iconoclaste. Il faut évidemment rejeter les gloses délirantes des cabbalistes, mais la frénésie minutieuse que met un Etienne à pourchasser la plus infime d'entre elles n'est guère plus rationnelle et donc pas moins suspecte que ces gloses elles-mêmes. On met autant de fanatisme, aujourd'hui, à démolir la statue de Rimbaud qu'on en mettait hier à l'encenser. Et les dévots de la "littérature pure" ne s'offusquent pas moins d'*Une Saison en enfer* que les rationalistes étriqués. De part et d'autre, l'essentiel est de prouver que Rimbaud n'est pas tout à fait aussi génial que les naïfs ont pu le croire. Il serait fâcheux, certes, que le poète coupable du crime de lèse-littérature fut aussi le plus grand de la modernité.

Certains nourrissent donc à l'égard de Rimbaud une antipathie sournoise que trahissent de rares allusions destinées aux seuls initiés. Les attaques d'Etiemble ont au moins le mérite d'être franches, directes et volumineuses. D'après le pourfendeur en chef du mythe de Rimbaud, "Le Bateau ivre," "écrit en 1871 par un virtuose du pastiche et qui voulait se voir imprimé au Parnasse contemporain, développe tout uniment l'un des symboles favoris des parnassiens." Rien de tout cela n'est contraire à la vérité, répond Mme Bernard, "mais qu'on relise le poème; chez quel parnassien trouvera-t-on l'équivalent de ces images prodigieuses, 'l'aube exaltée ainsi qu'un peuple de colombes,' 'la nuit verte aux neiges éblouies,' 'fileur éternel des immobilités bleues'? La puissance, la perpétuelle trouvaille, la virtuosité rythmique, l'étincellement des couleurs, tout cela fait que le poème de Rimbaud 'éteint' tout poème parnassien qu'on lui comparerait."

Parler avec mesure de Rimbaud, c'est renoncer à faire de lui une nouvelle incarnation du Bouddha, ou un *initié*, au sens que René Guénon donne à ce terme. Mais ce n'est pas confondre "Le Bateau ivre" avec "Les Eléphants" ni *Une Saison en enfer* avec le *Journal* des Goncourt. Le génie, chez Rimbaud, est inséparable de la fumisterie et du pastiche; c'est bien là ce que l'esprit de sérieux littéraire ne pardonnera jamais. Rimbaud a cru rencontrer les limites de la littérature: quasi-inventeur de la grande ambition poétique moderne, il fut le premier à se convaincre que cette ambition serait toujours déçue. On en veut au poète d'avoir ainsi perdu foi en la littérature et l'on écoute volontiers ceux qui s'en remettent au "bon sens" pour interpréter son aventure spirituelle. Mais que ferait ici le bon sens, lui qui, devant tout ce qui dépasse sa propre capacité d'absorption métaphysique, d'ailleurs à peu près nulle, ne peut guère que répéter: "Cela ne se peut."

Un de ceux qui ont parlé avec mesure de Rimbaud est, à mon sens, Claudel, qui n'a jamais cherché, comme on le dit, à "annexer" Rimbaud à sa vision religieuse. Claudel n'a jamais dit qu' *Une Saison en enfer* était une œuvre chrétienne. Il a dit que l'expérience métaphysique de Rimbaud s'exprime avec assez de force, dans ce texte, pour ruiner définitivement, dans l'esprit du lecteur de bonne volonté, l'hypothèse philosophique désespérante que doit constituer, toujours pour ce lecteur, le positivisme tainien et renanien. Mme Bernard reste fidèle à ce qu'il y a de plus juste dans cette perspective métaphysique sur l'œuvre de Rimbaud. Elle fait passer le drame spirituel au premier plan mais elle n'infléchit pas les textes vers une solution religieuse. Elle affirme, tout au contraire, que ces textes suggèrent la solution contraire. *Une Saison en enfer* serait l'aboutissement d'une longue lutte intérieure: "Depuis des mois, sans doute, Rimbaud poursuivait un dialogue épuisant avec Dieu, et avec lui-même, appelant le repos, le calme intérieur, l'amour divin—puis repoussant avec fureur et sarcasme toute idée de sanctification."

Rimbaud aurait donc choisi résolument contre Dieu, tout au moins à cette époque de sa vie; c'est là l'hypothèse qui explique le plus de choses, y compris la gêne qu'éprouvent devant cette œuvre déchirante les tièdes de l'incroyance comme les tièdes de la croyance.

The Johns Hopkins University

RENÉ GIRARD

George D. Painter, *Proust: The Early Years* (Boston: Atlantic—Little, Brown, 1960. 435 pp.). THE life of Marcel Proust spans the half century between the Commune of Paris and the post-war crisis in the Ruhr; these were years of radical transformation for all Europe, not the least of which was the change wrought in imaginative literature by the work of Proust himself. Through the recombination of the events of this era and their subtle impingement on the surface of his own affective life, Proust sought to redeem the time in a novel which would stand as a modern equivalent of the *Comédie humaine*. George D. Painter undertakes in the first half of his projected two-volume biography to identify and analyze those elements of Proust's life which were ultimately digested into the body of *A la Recherche du temps perdu*. This process of absorption into the central subjectivity of the writer affords the final irony in the fortunes of the romantic image of the artist as lamp; gazing into the light of his own fictional consciousness the author finds, in fact, that older literary analogue, the mirror of the age.

This first volume pursues the author, still the young man with the pallid smile and elaborate manners, from the gardens of Auteuil and Illiers through the formative years at the Lycée Condorcet, the barracks at Orléans, and Parisian dinner parties, to the social and personal crisis of the Dreyfus affair. Along the route Mr. Painter has captured some surprising episodes: the young trooper begging his fatherly Colonel to be allowed a few more months with the colors, or turning to campaign for a young lady's picture. This part of the narrative closes on a more somber note with the initiation into the "night side" of Parisian life, and the disappearance into lost time of Dr. Adrien Proust in 1903.

Mr. Painter, a curator at the British Museum and biographer of André Gide, states his critical *parti pris* early in his study. He argues that *A la Recherche du temps perdu* "occupies a space unique among great novels in that it is not, properly speaking, a fiction, but a creative autobiography." The precise frontier between fiction and autobiography is obscured by the qualifying adjective "creative." And the special pleading argued by Mr. Painter for Proust's creation must be qualified by analogous problems raised earlier by the fiction of Stendhal or by the Balzac of *Un grand homme de Province à Paris* and *César Birotteau*. Mr. Painter is himself uneasy with the term autobiography, stressing that Proust's

novel is not merely drawn from his life; it is also "intended to be the symbolic story of his life. Proust's places and people are composite in space and time, constructed from various sources and from widely separate periods of his life. . . . It was his task to select, telescope and transmute facts so that their universal significance should be revealed." Given this conception of "creative autobiography," the biographer's reading is not far removed from Professor Feuillerat's characterization of a book that "invented nothing but altered everything." In his preface to the *Cabinet des antiques* Balzac in fact argued that this was precisely the great tradition of French fiction: "La plupart des livres dont le sujet est entièrement fictif, qui ne se rattachent de près ou de loin à aucune réalité, sont mort-nés; tandis que ceux qui reposent sur des faits observés, étendus, pris à la vie réelle, obtiennent les honneurs de la longévité. C'est le secret des succès obtenus par *Manon Lescaut*, par *Corinne*, par *Adolphe*, par *René*, par *Paul et Virginie*."

As the present biographer energetically enlarges on the earlier identifications of the Proustian gallery from the memoirs of Marie Schikewitch, Fernand Gregh, Léon Bailby, André de Fouquières, and J.-É. Blanche, and from the work of Henri Bardac, Philip Kolb, and Antoine Adam, as he explores the topography of Illiers or Paris, places an anecdote or a building, his reader senses just how much is indeed combined and transmuted in the fictional universe. The parts of this world assume the complexity of a mosaic. Mr. Painter's useful "List of Characters and Places" is populated, for example, by eight possible sources for Odette and eleven Elstirs, while some of Proust's friends, such as Mme Straus or Marie Finaly, lend traits to more than one fictional character. Thus *A la Recherche du temps perdu* survives as a much more complex organism with a more mysterious genesis than that of a *roman à clef*. As Proust himself remarked, "Il n'y a pas de clefs pour les personnages de ce livre: ou bien il y en a huit ou dix pour un seul." From the patient anatomy of real gardens can be seen the outlines of that composite portrait, the garden at Combray, existing only in its self-sufficient fictional world—with a real consciousness at the center.

To keep all the variables of this Proustian equation clearly defined is no small task for critic or biographer. Thus, there are at least two Marceles in the world of the novel and two Prousts in our own: the *Marcel* of past time who grows old through the course of the narrative; the Marcel who recollects him from the distant vantage and passes by the final footfall into time regained; their creator, the *Proust* who defined (and annihilated) himself in terms of the factitious unity of his life work; and finally the *Proust* known to his friends and rivals, the muffled dandy whose salon reputation deceived André Gide into rejecting the manuscript of *Swann*. Though Proust is supremely the analyst of the discontinuities of our subjective (and public) life, yet there are real if

devious causal relationships linking both Marcells and both Prousts. Clearly, there is a certain futility in trying to dissociate Proust's career into two opposed periods, one inhabited by the dilettante diner-out, the other by the ascetic of the cork-lined room. The impossibility of this opposition was suggested by the integrity of the author's earliest work when viewed from the vantage of the novel; the discovery of *Jean Santeuil* only confirmed the long vocation. For Proust there was no night of fire, as in the life of Pascal. The novelist's conversion was rather the patient effort to convert the ephemeral experiences of his life into the stuff of his novel, an effort which cost him some fifteen years of labor and renunciation.

In this first volume Mr. Painter is concerned with the indirections, social, amorous, and artistic, of the young Proust before the vocation was recognized, or better, acknowledged. One must therefore wait to test the biographer's ability to relate this life to the work which it informs. As Ramon Fernandez remarked, the literary work of art is a synthesis obedient to specific laws of combination and development absolutely distinct from the synthesis of our human interests; "autobiography" in this sense means the biography of an imaginary person composed with living elements borrowed from the nature and experience of the author. It waits on the mind of the artist, in Eliot's image, to supply the shred of platinum for the fictional catalysis. In the present case, the students and snobs, the street corners and gardens we meet in Mr. Painter's account will be translated by this chemistry almost past recognition; these transformations are merely emblematic of the final, triumphant transformation, that of the narrator himself.

Given this relation between the life and the novel, the biographer occasionally lets his ambition and his method play him false. Despite all the voluminous correspondence, the recovered notebooks, the memoirs of the author's contemporaries through which Mr. Painter has worked, he still must turn to the novel, and its earlier fictional prefigurations, for much that is essential to his biography. This resort to the world of the novel proves a perilous excursion. Thus, to cite a minor but disturbing confusion, the biographer confounds the composite portrait of the fictional Bergotte with one of his historical models, Anatole France (p. 82); the "red nose like a snail-shell" with which Mr. Painter endows France belonged magnificently to *another* model, Ernest Renan. Further, many of Mr. Painter's speculations about the affective life of the young Proust must be prefaced with a "perhaps," drawn as they are from the lives of his fictional analogues. Here, as in the occasional psychoanalytic asides which these speculations elicit, one is uncomfortably caught between two worlds.

Despite the possible confusion inherent in its method, Mr. Painter's full-length portrait is by far the most ambitious biography thus far at-

tempted, extending the scope of M. Maurois' portrait. The prose is lucid and graceful, free from the affectations which afflict some of Proust's softer readers. The intricate dissections of names, places, and events have the excitement of a good detective story. The study advances considerable new information about Proust's involvement in the Dreyfus case and in a number of heterosexual adventures; the chapter entitled "Salvation through Ruskin" is a sensitive and detailed study of the aesthetic and stylistic influence of the great Victorian on Proust at a critical stage in his development. (Unfortunately Mr. Painter is not able to relate this discussion to the equally fascinating influence of George Eliot.)

The most serious omission in *Proust: The Early Years* is the result of Mr. Painter's puzzling refusal "to lay all his cards on the table"; he reserves for the second volume a complete bibliography and detailed references. His claim that much in the first volume is new material can be internally substantiated; the reliability of the sources of this new material must, however, be mooted. (The biographer does, happily, give the reader citations to the Pléiade text.) Another effort to make the path smooth for the English reader is the biographer's decision to translate all the citations and recorded conversations. Mr. Painter is a skillful and frequently inventive translator, but it is a little startling to hear the denizens of the Faubourg Saint-Germain speaking in the idiom of Mayfair, and the literary friends corresponding in mid-twentieth-century English.

Mr. Painter fulfils Proust's first demand of the critic, sympathy; and in general he avoids Proust's indictment of Sainte-Beuve, that the great critic, blinded by the man, failed to perceive that which is essential in the creative genius. With Bergotte and Elstir as with Nerval and Baudelaire, it is not the irrelevant opinions of contemporaries but the work itself which illuminates the man out of time, freed of his irritating personal manifestations. Proust rejected the idea that his novel was a chronicle; rather it is the fiction which gives significance to the trivialities of the life (and by extension to Mr. Painter's biography). Thus a "life" sends us back to the novel; this is the greatest tribute Marcel Proust could ask.

The Johns Hopkins University

RICHARD A. MACKSEY

J. F. Marshall, *Victor Jacquemont, Letters to Achille Chaper. Intimate Sketches of Life among Stendhal's Coterie* (Philadelphia: The American Philosophical Society, 1960. 264 pp. \$3.50. *Memoirs of The American Philosophical Society*, 50). THIS correspondence constitutes an important contribution to an understanding of French life from 1822 to 1828 and provides a rare insight into the soul of another "enfant du siècle."

Besides the 100 letters to Chaper, two from Jacquemont to David Warder, United States consul in Paris, are included in an Appendix because they "shed some light on the American connections of Jacquemont."

In his authoritative biography of Victor Jacquemont Pierre Maes had already published excerpts from some of the letters but their importance could only be revealed by the publication of the letters in their entirety. This is what J. F. Marshall has done, and he is to be commended for the scholarly way in which he has presented this interesting correspondence. In a terse Introduction the editor provides enough background information to make the letters intelligible and interesting to the general reader. After stressing the friendship between Jacquemont, Stendhal, Mérimée and listing the famous *salons* in which they met, the editor describes Jacquemont's trip to the United States. In this connection, he gives the reader pertinent information about Dr. John B. Stevenson, an American whom Jacquemont had met in 1825 and whom he considered one of his four best friends. The Introduction also contains an explanation for General Lallemand's gratuitous insult to Jacquemont, an insult which he tried to wipe out by challenging the General to a duel. Since duelling was forbidden in the United States, Jacquemont left for Haiti, where he waited in vain for the arrival of his opponent. The rest of the Introduction contains a concise account of Jacquemont's life on his return to Paris and of his trip to India, where he died in 1832. The editor also explains how he came into possession of the letters, his way of editing them, and his indebtedness to those who helped him in his task.

More specific information is included in the 228 notes accompanying the letters. Like the Introduction, they are concise, pertinent and free from any display of erudition. The text has been carefully proofread. The only typographical errors discovered by this reviewer are the following: "affigé" (p. 24), "châtaux" (p. 54), "ja'i" (p. 171), "froide" instead of "froid" (p. 219). A selective list of References and an Index follow the Appendix. Four illustrations add to the attractiveness of the volume.

As the editor states, Jacquemont's letters reveal his "failure to recognize Stendhal's greatness." He refers to Stendhal as "Jemot" and as "notre amuseur, qui fait un roman, une comédie et je ne sais quoi encore. . . ." What impresses the reader, however, is the number of ideas and sentiments they had in common. They are both *idéologues* and great admirers of Destutt de Tracy and of his political *credo*. La Fayette is also one of their heroes but Jacquemont did not share Stendhal's cult of Napoleon, and he contrasts La Fayette's triumphant tour of the United States and return to France with "la triste et juste fin de Bonaparte à Saint-Hélène." Both Jacquemont and Stendhal show a marked preference for the Italians, who are sincere and unconcerned about "les autres." Unlike the French they are not vain, and the Italian loves *il dolce far niente* because he has

"beaucoup de sentiments et d'idées au-dedans de lui-même." Jacquemont and Stendhal considered society "une grande comédie" in which they refused to reveal their emotions and in which Jacquemont, like Stendhal, expresses only "quelques habitudes de mon esprit."

Like Stendhal also Jacquemont had a sincere and deep admiration for Shakespeare. He blames Racine and Louis XIV for "le plus faux système dramatique, et toutes ces formes classiques de notre société. . . ." They both loved *la rêverie*. On one occasion Jacquemont describes himself as "occupé à jouir en silence des émotions de mon âme." The word *sensibilité* occurs time and again in his letters, and for Jacquemont as well as for Stendhal this *sensibilité* was a source of sorrow as well as happiness. Their way of appreciating time is similar. In itself it is nothing. It assumes value only "par les sensations qu'il contient," and "la vie ne se mesure pas par la succession des jours, mais par celle des sensations."

Jacquemont shares Stendhal's love for music. For them it is a source of reverie and a means of recapturing the past. As Jacquemont states: "Une phrase de mélodie me rappelle . . . une sensation oubliée souvent depuis longtemps" and "Rien ne m'excite aux souvenirs comme la musique." Both men admired Rossini's music but had a low opinion of the man. Both were devoted to the Italian singer Mme Pasta.

Finally, Jacquemont, like Stendhal, had a very unhappy love affair. His letters to Chaper would be worth publishing if for no other reason than for the light they shed on his romantic attachment for the Italian singer Adélaïde Schiasetti. The reticent young man does not hesitate to confide his joys and his sorrows to his best friend. He and Adélaïde read French authors like Rousseau and Mme de Staël and Italian poets like Petrarch, Tasso, Ariosto and Foscolo. The only German author mentioned is Schiller but Jacquemont considered *Don Carlos*—and Adélaïde agreed with him—"la première des oeuvres dramatiques." A misunderstanding, not clearly explained, separated the lovers. If the affair brought mental anguish, despair and ill health to Jacquemont, it also brought him moments of supreme happiness. The following passage, in which he analyses Chaper's imagination (similar to his own) reminds the reader of Stendhal's description of *la cristallisation*: "Votre imagination active et presque fantasque, s'exerçant sans cesse autour de l'objet d'une passion profonde, vous le fera voir tous les jours sous un aspect nouveau de perfection; elle prolongera indéfiniment, par l'inépuisable variété qu'elle saura leur prêter, des plaisirs que l'habitude émousse quand l'âme se livre paisiblement à leur jouissance. Et l'illusion, c'est-à-dire le bonheur, pourra durer autant que votre vie."

Fortunately Jacquemont was able to get over his passion for Adélaïde. A friend like Chaper to whom he could open his heart helped to alleviate his suffering. The letters are indeed a magnificent tribute to friendship,

which Jacquemont describes as "le sentiment délicieux" and he wonders why people can admire Cicero's cold and boring book on friendship.

In August 1828 Jacquemont sailed for India, where he was to carry out a scientific expedition sponsored by the Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle. He wrote one letter to Chaper en route and four after his arrival. He took advantage of his leisure on shipboard to study Persian and to read Catullus, Tibullus and Propertius in Latin. But his favorite books were Thomas Moore's *Lalla Rookh* and especially *Tristram Shandy*. The most interesting passages in the letters written from India contain a nostalgic comparison between the Himalayas and the Alps ("Enfin, là où il y a de la grandeur, manquent la beauté et la grâce. Oh, que les Alpes sont belles!") and an account of his visit to Cachemire, where he was presented to Rudget Singh, who offered to make him vice-roy of Cachemire at a salary of 500,000 francs per annum. He discovers in India "l'antiquité d'Homère et notre moyen âge chevaleresque." But he adds that a trip of a few months in the Punjab "guérirait peut-être de leur anachronisme politique les fous de France et d'Angleterre qui regrettent ces anciens jours de la barbarie européenne."

What strikes the reader most in reading these letters so full of interesting ideas and deep and lofty sentiments is Jacquemont's lack of a sense of humor. Jacquemont is in the tradition of Werther, René and other romantic heroes, although in India he proved to be a man of action. His letters have considerable literary value but he lacks Stendhal's *esprit* and *enjouement* and especially his *arte di godere*.

The University of Georgia

JULES C. ALCIATORE

GERMAN BAROQUE LITERATURE

HAROLD JANTZ

In every attempt at ordering history one is confronted by the phenomenon of multiple points of view. From one, widely accepted point of view we observe that a new era of literature began when the *Fruchtbringende Gesellschaft* was founded in 1617 and confirmed when Martin Opitz' poems and his poetics were published in 1624. We observe that another era began when the Bremen *Neue Beyträge* published the first three cantos of Klopstock's *Messias* in 1748. From other points of view we recognize that the new tendencies we are interested in began or showed signs, in the one case as early as the 1560's or 70's or 80's, in the other case as early as the 1680's or 90's or else the 1710's or 20's or 30's.

Let us, for reasons that will appear as we go on, remain with the most common and conservative consensus, agreeing on a period extending from the 1610's to the 1740's, some 130 odd years, and let us furthermore commit the almost unpardonable commonplace of calling this the era of Baroque literature.

Baroque is a poor name, partly because it was from birth unequal to the task for which it was chosen, partly because it has suffered at the hands of its misusers. And yet, it is a better name than any that has tried to replace it, partly because it was first raised to its position of dignity by a critical genius, Heinrich Wölfflin, partly because both the revisionists and objectors since have tended to lapse from that higher critical insight and have defined the period from narrower perspectives and poorer, dimmer observation. To equate Baroque with Counter Reformation, for example, or to fail to distinguish between Mannerism and Baroque has caused much needless confusion.

Perhaps we shall never find a better word, though we should try. We use and need such "big" words with broad spectra of meaning—as Romanticism is also. With such a word we name a period with an equally broad spectrum of style, artistic intent, individuals, and products, and what is more, with a constant mutation that makes the end of a period strangely different from its beginnings. And yet we feel it is a period, can attain a certain critical consensus as to its beginnings and endings, and can pragmatically recognize a work as belonging to it, or not, and even determine more exactly its when and where within the period. Watching the sensitive expert assigning an unknown work to its proper place and time, on purely internal stylistic grounds, even when all external criteria are lacking or misleading, this is the practical demonstration of the phenomenon of period.

On the whole, the art historians have used the word Baroque more justly and clearly than have the literary historians, though they have had their lapses also, both by overextending it and by underdefining it until the word was emptied of any useful meaning. Decades after Wölfflin had so neatly and clearly differentiated between late Renaissance Mannerism and Baroque proper, a few art historians and many literary and cultural historians have carelessly confused these two only superficially similar phenomena, whether by overusing the new favorite Mannerism, or by equating Baroque with Counter Reformation, or by some other act of indiscrimination.

The historians of literature, particularly of German literature suffer under another grave disadvantage: the brilliant age of Goethe set the preceding age into such deep shadow that the Romantics, the first literary historians on the grand scale, made it their task to illumine the foreground even more and throw the background into even deeper shadow. Added to this was the Romantics' deep love for the Middle Ages and their consequent hatred of the Renaissance that put an end to it. The only literary products of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries they could wholeheartedly commend were those showing mediaeval survival or popular tradition, or those that could be misinterpreted from their point of view. Renaissance and Baroque were the "between" ages that nobody liked. So it happened that much of the elegant and sophisticated lyric poetry of the Renaissance musical circles still lies buried among the mass of routine and inferior song. So

it happened that only an occasional inquiring spirit like Herder saw that *Die Geharnschte Venus* of 1660 was really great lyric poetry. So it happened that Brentano could include the charming lyrics of Johannes Khuen in *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* and have them accepted as folk songs. In the place of these and many other equally fine works the literary historians perpetuated the memory of numerous works that deserved to rest in the peace of oblivion. In sum, the canon of German Baroque authors and works that appears in the histories of literature is adventitious and incongruous.

However, the primary disadvantage for the literary historian, German and other, remains the lack of clear and firm stylistic criteria for taking the measure of the Baroque. For them he has substituted ideological or socio-political criteria. This has brought external factors into the picture, made the peripheral or the tangential central and determining, and has led to a whole series of discrepant definitions and datings of the Baroque. Crises and events in political or social history will not serve to bound or bind stylistic periods, though there may be an occasional coincidence. Similarly, ideological phenomena move along on their own, occasionally intersecting plane. Thus the Baroque is not succeeded by the Enlightenment any more than Rembrandt is succeeded by Bach. As a matter of historic fact, the Enlightenment arose in the midst of the Baroque, even as the Baroque had arisen in the midst (not at the beginning) of the Counter Reformation or the Age of Absolutism. For example, Leibniz was in his fiftieth year in 1695 when the last Baroque poet of stature, Johann Christian Günther, was born.

Thus it might be worth seeing whether there are intrinsic criteria for the defining of Baroque literature that are as clear and useful as Wölfflin's are for defining Baroque art. There have indeed been attempts to transfer the Wölfflin categories to literature, but if this is done subjectively without proper control, by analogy or mere verbal coincidence, and with an intermingling of ideological and sociological factors, it will help us little. Wölfflin can, however, offer us a good point of departure if we keep clearly in mind the distinction Lessing made about two hundred years ago between the temporal and spatial arts. Whereas Wölfflin's categories are concerned with order and plan in space, ours must be concerned with order and plan in time. Let us begin by see-

ing what happens if we merely change the place categories into time categories. First, for convenience, a table of the Wölfflin categories (in the Hassold tabulation) as they differentiate between Renaissance and Baroque:

	RENAISSANCE	BAROQUE
1. the individual image	linear — felt by hand	painterly — followed by eye
2. the arrangement in space	Set in plane — so as to be felt	set in depth — so as to be followed
3. the method of combining parts	coordinated parts of equal value	parts subordinated to a whole
4. the structure of the composition	closed, to shut out observer	open, to take in observer
5. the effect of the whole	clear from any point of view	relatively clear, i.e. from a restricted point of view

Preliminarily, transferring the space categories to time categories, we have something like this:

	RENAISSANCE	BAROQUE
1. the individual poetic image and event	independent, isolated	interdependent, fused, merged
2. the succession in time	finite, arranged, episodic	infinite, composed, interrelated
3. the method of combining parts	coordination of units	subordination of parts to whole
4. the structure of the composition (relation to reader)	arouses admiration (excludes reader) states	stimulates participation (draws reader in) suggests
5. the effect of the whole	interesting, accessible	significant, evocative

It is, of course, tempting to elaborate on such categories at some length and I have at times yielded to such temptation. Indeed, the above outline includes only a few of the terser epithets, omitting all the longer descriptive phrases that might do better justice to the matter. For our present purposes, however, it might be well to continue by another path, in the hope that the two different perspectives may help to define the general area and boundaries of this style and epoch.

As we have already observed, Baroque was originally a character in art history, a somewhat disreputable though grand lady who was first given respectability by the great Heinrich Wölfflin. If she

had remained confined to the reasonably generous bounds of his categories and definitions, she would have remained a respected and useful member of learned society. But the original sin of her extravagant nature soon set her to roaming, back into the Counter Reformation, into the Late Renaissance, even though Wölfflin had tried to teach her how truly different she was from the superficially similar older sister, the Mannerism of the late sixteenth century. She even vagabonded back into the more exuberant phases of earlier Renaissance and late Gothic, and before anyone could stop her, she was on familiar terms with Laocoön and other Hellenistic statuary. The Germanists succeeded in reducing this confusion to complete chaos when they misapplied the Wölfflin categories to the classic and romantic literature of the Age of Goethe.

Let us, for the purpose of these introductory remarks, bring the Baroque back to its time and place: where it stands for an intricacy, a richness, and a fullness that is always under masterful control, that can soar forth in a wide parabola from a specific instance, to encompass all relevant instances and, returning to its point of departure, thereby transmute it from a particular to a universal. It differs from the Mannerism that preceded it by virtue of a continuity, a feeling for the whole that subordinates all the individual parts into an integrated unity, an inextricably inter-related complex of forces, with vast suggestive power beyond its statement, to be comprehended only by the active and creative reader. In the Baroque everything is seen and understood "in context." On the other hand, the difference of Baroque from the classicism that follows can perhaps best be described as a contrast to the definition of classical art that is generally attributed to Winkelmann, but goes back to Oeser and Donner. These men of early and mid-eighteenth century saw in classical art "a noble simplicity and a quiet grandeur," "edle Einfalt und stille Größe." By contrast, we might define the Baroque as "a noble complexity and an emphatic grandeur," "edle Vielfalt und eindrucksvolle Größe." The Baroque was the age of plentitude and continuity.

It has taken a long time to tear down the wall of prejudice that the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries erected to protect us from the Baroque. The arbiters of good taste of thirty to fifty years ago are still being read, their verdicts taken seriously and passed on to the young. In the field of the arts the wall has been largely demolished, in the field of literature large sections of it are still

standing. For the English-speaking world even Sacheverell Sitwell did not have an immediate effect. His *German Baroque Art* appeared in 1927, but only slowly, at first in the more rarefied circles, was the word passed on that it was not merely all right to admire the Baroque silently, it was pleasantly daring to speak well of it. After the mid-forties the Baroque became more and more widely fashionable, and by now it has even diverted a part of the tourist traffic from the centers of the Romanesque and Gothic to the Franconian, Bavarian, Austrian, and Italian homes of the Baroque at its gayest, most colorful, and most convoluted.

No one dreams any more of regarding the Middle and South German Baroque of around 1700 and after from the dominant view of an imitation of anything else. Melk,ierzehnheiligen, Karl Borromaeus and other ecclesiastical buildings represent a high point of European architecture, and so do the palaces of Prince Eugene, the Dauns, the Prince Bishop of Würzburg, and others. Besides, there is the great line of sculptors through Permoser, the brothers Asam, and Raphael Donner. It would have been a shock to many in 1951, but only a few found out then and later, to read an article in *Signature* by Brian Reade, modestly entitled "The Rococo Engraved Ornament of Augsburg." In it the author demonstrates by firmly established facts and dates that the most refined and graceful final phase of Baroque, namely Rococo, originated in Germany in the 1710's, some twenty or more years before the first specimens of it are to be found in France. Back in 1930/31 Wilhelm Pinder in his Munich lectures was already demonstrating that fact from the Dresden Zwinger of Pöppelmann and from the fine porcelain that originated in nearby Meissen under the skilled hands of Herold and Kändler. Nevertheless, it is futile to expect the prejudice incorporated in the compulsive cliché, "French Rococo," to disappear for another twenty years or so. Supporting this prejudice is the equally compulsive cliché about German heaviness, as for instance in Telemann, Gluck, Stamitz, Haydn, and Mozart.

With German Baroque art and music coming to such high honor during the past fifty, especially during the past thirty years, what about German Baroque literature? The Germans started taking it seriously in the 1910's and 20's, but with less happy results, and that for several reasons. It was not merely that these new studies were enmeshed in the philosophic gibberish of the prevail-

ing "geisteswissenschaftliche Methode," with the worst exponents reducing the Baroque to a weirdly contorted expressionism. More important was the fact that the Germans had for a long time previously known so very much about the period, and that most of what they knew was either not so or was beside the point. These outdated generalizations, these pseudomorphs of the nineteenth century have been dragged on and on with misplaced piety from one survey into the next to the middle of our century and beyond, with only the most provisional emendations in the old canon of authors, works, divisions, and sequences.

With this as the general background, it is a great joy to come upon such a work as Curt von Faber du Faur's *German Baroque Literature* (New Haven, 1958). Its subtitle calls it "A Catalogue of the Collection in the Yale University Library," but the reader will soon find that its general and special introductions and descriptions throughout the volume make it an excellent survey, indeed the only good one in the English language. It still has its faults in details and some larger issues, as does in graver measure the best modern survey in German, Richard Newald's *Die deutsche Literatur vom Späthumanismus zur Empfindsamkeit* (München, 1951). Indeed, literary scholars who really know the field, know that they have hardly reached the halfway mark in the slow and painful process of revising the canon of authors and works, of releasing them from the distorting confinement of the old historical pseudomorphs.

Von Faber's great step forward in this process of liberation was not achieved by a loud breaking up of the nineteenth-century ikons. It was accomplished quietly by a bland and elegant disregard of them. He read the Baroque books themselves, in their original editions, found much in them that delighted him, surprised him, impressed him, and aroused his sense of wonder. He tells the reader what he found, and since he is a person of fine taste, good judgment, and wide curiosity, he found much that the reader will want to know. From him, however, the reader will only rarely learn how radically his judgments and generalizations differ from the traditionally accepted ones. This may on the whole be the best procedure, particularly in a field so hopelessly afflicted with every error of judgment, fact, and omission. However, the student who reads on must keep in mind that when he finds von Faber's judgment flatly contradicted by the consensus of opinion

of other specialists in the field, it is not necessarily von Faber who is wrong.

With this major step forward in insight and understanding a new era in Baroque studies may be said to have begun. Much annoying nonsense has been cleared out of the way and we can now turn from such negative concerns to the study of the works themselves, their authors, their interrelations; and their successions, and ultimately find a prospect and survey of the whole that will correspond more closely to the facts and phenomena.

There is still some rubbish and some foggy warm air obstructing the view. One obscuring factor is the habit of literary scholars to think primarily in terms of origins and derivations. Here a glance back at the situation in art may help us. While it is true that some few German Baroque palaces and parks derive from Versailles, even as other German palaces and Versailles itself derive from Italian prototypes, the Italian again from the Roman and Oriental, and so on back to the troglodytes, nevertheless, when we have said this, we have said the least important thing about them. What is important is that Versailles when it was built was one of the wonders of the world, like nothing that had ever before existed, to be esteemed for itself and to be understood from its own point of view. So it is with Schönbrunn or Würzburg on the grand scale, or with Bruchsal, the small Lower Belvedere, or the exquisite tiny Amalienburg. Each is a matchless masterpiece; each indeed has an ancestry but it also has a unique personality of its own.

So it is also with the best of the German Baroque literary works. Their genealogies have for the most part been well studied, but all too often from the absurd point of view that because they had derivations, they were derivative (shall we say in the way that Shakespeare's *Hamlet* derives from Saxo Grammaticus?). Of course, for seminars and doctoral dissertations inferior authors and works have also been studied, and it is indeed true that these frequently have little to recommend them except their distinguished ancestry and possibly their suitability as playing fields for the young intellectual athlete.

That brings up the second obscuring factor: the extant and accepted canon of German Baroque authors and works. Even some of the smaller and more general surveys of German literature take up authors who hardly deserve a place except in the largest and

most specialized studies. On the other hand, some of the finest writers, as well as some of the most interesting and entertaining, continue to be omitted even in the most compendious surveys and anthologies. Tscherning was not a great poet and modestly knew he was not. Perhaps he deserves a place in the larger surveys because of his historical importance. But if historical importance is a decisive factor, why should the three most influential early Baroque novels be regularly omitted, two from every survey, even the largest and most specialized, one from nearly every survey? They are Johann Valentin Andreae's *Chymische Hochzeit: Christiani Rosencreutz* (1616), his *Christianopolis* (1619), and Johann Kepler's *Somnium*, published posthumously in 1634, but circulated earlier in manuscript. Their fame was European: each of them, for example, had an important influence upon a great work of English literature. Indeed, there is a strange fatality about the *Christianopolis*. Josef Körner and others confuse it hopelessly with the quite different *Christenburg*, Will Erich Peuckert misses its point and purpose, the rest would be silence if a young American, Felix Emil Held, had not published the only reasonably good study of it in 1916. Each of these novels also has intrinsic literary value, particularly Kepler's. And yet, to show how even the best can lapse in this still unexplored era, it should be mentioned that von Faber states in his Preface (vii): "The astronomical works of Johann Kepler, of which the library possesses a fine set, have not been listed here; they are clearly material which was of interest only to scientists." The *Somnium* was of deep interest to John Donne, John Milton, and lesser writers; certain other works of his, German and Latin, are clearly of intrinsic interest to the purely literary student.

Similarly, in the later Baroque novel, the liveliest group of writers are the musician novelists, Beer, Kunau, Printz. And yet, why does every study, including the latest, omit Daniel Speer, who is one of the best of them? Who would expect a novel of 1683 to contain the tense vivid narrative of a three-day mountain climbing expedition in the Carpathians, with the climax coming in the great panoramic view from the summit? Yet we have it in Speer.

Tscherning is labelled a poet but is not a very good one. By contrast, Schottel is renowned as a scholar of profound and detailed learning. Of such a pedant one might infer that when he turned to verse, it would be bad. Yet in him the miracle happens: he is

a poet of real quality. But no history of literature tells us of that. These two men may stand as a warning against any kind of *a priori* or general judgment based upon inference instead of on an actual and first-hand knowledge of the works.

So we could continue for pages. Instead, we should turn to a third obscuring factor that stands in the way of our understanding the German Baroque on its own terms. This factor can be symbolized by and is usually represented by that grandest of all clichés: the Thirty Years War. In every well-indexed work it appears as "Thirty Years War, its destructive effect." This is an article of faith, a keystone in the explanation of why German Baroque literature was as it was. A few recent historians have come to the insight that this is a fiction and that most of Germany was reasonably intact at the end of the war. Likewise at the time Sigmund von Birken knew that very well and stated it most explicitly, with factual and statistical detail, after he had interviewed the military and political leaders of both sides during the Nürnberg peace celebrations of 1650.

Though all of this does not get to the literary heart of the matter, it does serve to illustrate how extraneous socio-political concerns can obscure for us the intrinsic course of development of Baroque literature itself. The Thirty Years War is only the most conspicuous example of those external factors that are supposed to have been determining in the literary development of the epoch. The other factors that are most prominently mentioned are: the Counter Reformation, stiffened Protestant orthodoxy and the reaction in Pietism, Absolutism, aristocratic courtly dominance, the supposed late and weak burgher participation, foreign cultural dominance, political weakness and disunity. While it is true that all these factors occur topically in the good and bad literature of the day, they have no determining effect upon its quality as literature.

We can learn from another, extreme case. The fall of Rome to the Visigoths in 411 was the occasion that called forth much criticism against Christian rule and then, in answer to the criticism, Augustine's *City of God*, but the political catastrophe could not prevent this work from being a literary masterpiece. Indeed during these imperiled years around 400 Jerome also translated the Bible, Ambrose, Prudentius, and Paulinus of Nola wrote their glorious Christian poetry and Claudianus his likewise excellent

pagan poetry, Macrobius and a dozen others of rank were also active, while the Greek sphere was equally strong, so that we can speak of a golden age of literature in the midst of martial destruction, political and social collapse—this a dramatic instance of the stubbornness of literature refusing to be determined by social and political forces.

In a milder environment, in a more peaceful atmosphere, German literature continued developing during the Thirty Years War. If we examine the literary production year by year, we can notice no decline, not even a slackening, through to the tired end when the obstinate opponents finally had to come to terms at Münster in 1648. Some may see a slump in the early 1650's; if so, it is a slight and transitory one, with Zesen, Rist, Lauremberg, and Logau spoiling even that by issuing important works. Only 1655 is really a thin year, with merely a minor work of Harsdörffer.

It is very naughty the way the hard realities will thumb their noses at the most beautiful intellectual insights. No wonder that so many a bright spirit suspended in its intellectual vacuum is so indignant about the force of factual gravity that will finally pull it down to earth. Others, of course, love old Mother Earth, and are glad to return to her for strength and truth after their finest flights.

Let us continue now by looking at a few truths, even at a few of the minor truths generally referred to as mere facts, all of them having this in common: that they may prevent us from being content with the present state of our knowledge or ready to consider it as an adequate basis for larger generalizations or even a comprehensive synthesis, and that they may induce us to go back to the texts and to do the necessary hard work in a period where nearly everything still needs to be done, either for the first time or truly well. What follows can naturally only be select characteristic examples out of a wide variety of observations and investigations, most of them based on a private library of some two thousand works of the period, a collection inferior to the von Faber in the famous bibilophilic rarities (yet containing many of these also), superior to it perhaps in important ephemera, in unknown works that have proved to be literarily important, in illustrated works of literary relevance, and in certain specialties such as literary Americana and various occulta that have entranced the poetic imagination.

All larger Baroque libraries are different from one another, chiefly because there are only a few dozen books that are at all common, only a few hundred that one can reasonably expect to obtain in time. The rest range from the very scarce to the unique. Thus, as is to be expected, this private collection contains only about five hundred works that are duplicates or near-duplicates of books in the Yale collection. In the smaller but very interesting collection at the Johns Hopkins University there are a number not to be found in either collection, a few not to be found anywhere else. And so it is repeatedly in the other American Baroque collections. The Northwestern University Library, for instance, has one of the two known copies of the early edition of Ludwig von Anhalt-Cöthen's illustrated work on the *Fruchtbringende Gesellschaft*, of about 1630, with different verses from those in the well-known edition of 1646. The other copy was at Anhalt.

One tragic loss in the war was that of all extant complete copies of the David oratorio of 1718 by König and Telemann. I hesitated to purchase a copy with one prefatory leaf missing, but did so anyway, and then tried to secure a photocopy of the missing leaf, in vain. A happier occasion was the finding of a Baroque novel, *Die Liebenswürdige Amerikanerin* (1736) by the unidentified Briontes. It was known only from the entry in the term catalogue and no copy had been seen in this or the last century. While I was lecturing at Hanover, there was a book shop, now gone, that had many a choice print and manuscript. Among them, bound in with a collection of anecdotes, was the charming American, somewhat the worse for wear. It had no doubt disappeared from the public eye because of its rather shocking course of events during which Emperor Montezuma, happy with his new bride, is persuaded by her to marry her girl friend also who, when she arrived at court, was stricken with love for the emperor and was silently dying away until her secret passion was discovered by the princess. The Count Gleichen "Doppelehe," or Kitsch, or the passionate Baroque "All for Love," or an unusual brief novel of some passing merit—take your choice. A few of the novels of the early eighteenth century are surprisingly good and it would be unwise to pass general judgment against all of them because so many of the known ones are bad. And yet, because of their extraordinary rarity, it is almost impossible to survey them as a group. Herbert Singer, who tried, and succeeded better than any predecessor, was

frustrated, for example, in the case of Melissus (Otto Philipp Vir-dung von Hartung?). Of his five somewhat unusual novels only two, the *Adelphico* and the *Salinde* could be found in German collections, a third, the *Rifano*, was at Yale, the other two seemed lost. One of these, however, *Die Rachgierige Fleurie* (1715), is in Baltimore. Many of the other seventy-odd Baroque novels in the collection are equally unknown, and a few deserve to be known.

However, such chance finds and great rarities, pleasant enough to tell about, are not our main business. The task is rather to present illustrative specimens of some of the characteristic difficulties, oversights, or errors that continue to impair our mastery of the period, together with the typical solutions or corrections that have come in these instances. In themselves the particular specimens may not be important; as types of what keeps occurring in the study of the period they may help furnish guides and methods to better mastery in other comparable cases.

For example, we are still somewhat in the dark about the antecedents of Opitz' poetic reform. Johann Engerd's lost German prosody of 1583 is often mentioned, either vaguely or else after Morhof's inaccurate copy from Draudius instead of from Draudius himself. However, we can go well beyond a better title and even make some informed inferences about the content from another work by Engerd, his translation of the familial and convivial poems of Johann Aupach: *Odae Anacreonticorum: Das ist, Künstlich Poetische Gesäng unnd Lieder . . . Auff mehr als zweyntzig unterschiedliche Genera und Art in Teutsche Reym verfasset* (Ingolstadt, 1583). I found this years ago and then found that J. Englert had published on it in 1902 (*Zeitschrift für deutsche Philologie*), though one would not know he had from Markwardt and other scholars in the field since then. There are numerous examples of such discoveries being made, forgotten, and made over again, though here the oversight probably arose because the title did not indicate the larger relevance of the article. Englert gives the full title of the prosody from Johann Cless' *Elenchus*; here it is, in a slightly variant form, from Draudius: *Teutsch Prosodia, das ist, nohtwendiger Unterricht, auff welcherley Weiß und Art in teutscher Spraach Verß und Reimen, nach rechter Poetischer Kunst zu machen und zu formiren seyn*. The metrical scheme is indicated at the beginning of each of the thirty-three odes and three of the other poems. The first translations are a bit awkward in

places, but they improve steadily until several of the later ones reach a degree of smoothness and mastery that is commendable. Here only a few lines as specimens. First from the eighteenth ode, "Von einem Gutverschwender," in iambic pentameter (heroic couplet):

Warumb hat unser Nachtbaur so behendt
 Viel äcker, Wiesen, Gärten, Höff verschwendt
 Auch farend Hab und ligend Stück verkaufft,
 Ja alls mit Grund und Boden noch versaufft?

Darumben daß er sich bey nacht und tag
 Gar viler hoch Gedancken nur entschlag
 Und schwerer Sorgen: auch hinfüro sey
 Geschäften und Bekummernussen frey.

To be sure, this classical measure goes back not only to Paul Rebhun but to Martin Luther who informs us that he used it consciously and deliberately in his hymn, "Jesaia dem Propheten das geschah."

Our second example is from the twenty-sixth ode, "Von einem Marterhansen," in iambic hexameter (German Alexandrines in 1583):

Wer ist der Geißbart unnd seuborstig rauch Trabant,
 Der uns in fremden Kleidern ist so unbekant?
 Wie hat er sich versteckt in ein so seltzam Kapp
 Unnd wunderbarlich Kутten, wie ein ander Lapp?
 Was murrer er dann? Was brummt er wie ein Zeitelbär?
 Was flucht er nur? Was plitzt er nur? Was donnert er?

In contrast to these are the charming poems of family, friends, and travel, especially the poems in lyric stanzas. The latter are only one of the lesser reasons why Günther Müller's *Geschichte des deutschen Liedes* needs to be replaced. This study is one of the pseudomorphs with which the literary history of the period is afflicted. It would be better to put it aside for a while, go back to the sources, and after they tell us what really happened in the order in which it happened, to return to it for the many single virtues it does have.

An amusing instance of a "discovery" being made over and over again is that of an Opitz epigram not included in his works, the one on the fall of Magdeburg in 1631. Szyrocki in his bibli-

ography (no. 122) knows only the version, "Die stets alleine schlief, die züchtig alte Magdt," published from a manuscript in the Pastor Ezechiel collection in the *Neue Schlesische Provinzial-Blätter* of 1863. However, back as far as 1698 Johann Gottlieb Meister had published another version in his *Unvorgreiffliche Gedancken Von Teutschen Epigrammatibus* (p. 34). Erdmann Neumeister in the belief that he was offering something new, published both the Latin and the German version in his *Specimen Dissertationis Historico-Criticae de Poëtis Germanicis* (1708 ed., p. 76 f.):

Die stets alleine schlief, die alte keusche Magd,
 Von tausenden gehofft, und tausenden versagt,
 Die Carl zuvor, und itzt der Marck-Graf hat begehret,
 Und jenem nie, und dem nicht lange ward gewähret,
 Weil jener ehlich war, und dieser Bischoff ist,
 Und keine Jungfrau nicht ein frembdes Bett erkiet,
 Kriegt Tylli. Also kömt itzt keusch und keusche Flammen,
 Und Jungfrau und Gesell, und alt und alt zusammen.

The version in Meister is the same except for several minor variants and two changes for the worse (line 6: "ein ehlich Bett," line 8: "alt und jung"). F. W. Barthold rediscovered the Neumeister version in 1848, and quite possibly it occurs elsewhere too in one or the other version.

New data on the Baroque can come not only from such rare volumes as Engerd or Meister, but also from a better use of the sources and references generally available. Let four different instances suffice to illustrate this. The first concerns the educational background of the musician novelist, Johann Beer, generally believed to have extended only to the one university semester at Leipzig in 1676. However, as a student of mine found, he actually left Regensburg the previous year for the University of Altdorf, in the company of Wolfgang Christoph Donauer and Francis Daniel Pastorius, who later became the founder of Germantown in Pennsylvania. In Elias von Steinmeyer, *Die Matrikel der Universität Altdorf* (Würzburg, 1912), we read on page 381, under the date 1675, V. 12: "Johannes Beer. Austriacus ad S. Georgium." Beer's dedication of part two of his *Simplicianischer Welt-Kucker* was to "Don Versionschrasulstu Vaffgo Phorusugi," with whom he spent six years. This more than usually gruesome anagram will

resolve perfectly into the name of the above Wolffgangus Christophorus Donauerus. The whole period was unfortunately fond of anagrams, many of the facts of literary biography and history are hidden away in them, yet few modern scholars have the patience to resolve them. Anagrams are a puerility to the post-Baroque, non-connotative mind. And yet one can spend one's time even more futilely in endless speculation about matters that can with a bit of background, method, and ingenuity be factually ascertained.

Another man of letters of the turn of the century was Johann Christian Ettner, whose scientific and medical novels are interesting for content though dull in style. Everyone writing about him claims that nothing is known of his life except what can be inferred from his writings, namely that he was born in Glogau in Silesia, was a doctor of medicine, and was later ennobled as "von Ettner und Eittritz." And yet, by a more enterprising use of easily available reference books, we can usually add a further fact or two. In this case, we may infer that a prominent and prosperous physician who was ennobled would be likely to have his portrait engraved. If so, it would probably be recorded in Hans Wolfgang Singer's *Allgemeiner Bildniskatalog*. He did, it is. From the inscription we learn that he was born in 1654.

Turning to a more important literary figure, Christian Wernicke's English career has long remained in obscurity, particularly the one political episode about which there were rumors on the Continent. In the nineteenth century a futile attempt was made to find the English documentary evidence. Since then, however, the *Calendar of State Papers* and related series have been published and he who will look may find something of interest, particularly if he is aware of the fact that the name at that time was frequently spelled Warnicke.

A few years ago an article was submitted for publication with supposedly new information on a poetic broadside of 1650 by Johann Klaj. The author had found the poem reprinted in the fourth edition of Gottfried Schultz's *neu-augirte und continuirte Chronica* (Lübeck, 1654), and inferred that the Schultz text derived from *Die Fried-erfreuete Teutonie* of 1652. Yet when we look at the 1650 edition of Schultz, the Klaj poem is already present in the appendix of 1651 and must therefore have been derived from the original broadside. We had better say: one of the orig-

inal broadsides, for when we turn to W. Drugulin's *Historischer Bilderatlas*, part two (Leipzig, 1867), we shall see how complicated the whole matter really is. The author had mistakenly identified the artists from the initials on the engravings, and he had no idea of how proteanly interchangeable text and illustration were, that in this case, for instance, the same broadside had also appeared with a text by Birken. Altogether in this very brief article there were a half dozen errors of fact and inference, whereas Drugulin nearly a hundred years ago had published the information that would have prevented most of them.

All of this is no reflection on the author, who is in fact a truly good and careful scholar. What happened to him, sooner or later happens to everyone who enters this field and does genuinely independent work in it. Through some strange complex of factors the period is afflicted with every kind of snare, pitfall, labyrinthine turn and twist to vex and bewilder not only the young and unwary but also the seasoned and cautious scholar, to an extent that the student of the age of Goethe and later can hardly conceive.

This inherent dubiousness can be illustrated by an example from Goethe. The haunting motto of the last book of his autobiography has long aroused the curiosity of students: "Nemo contra Deum nisi Deus ipse." Many have tried to trace it, but the most concerted attack on the problem was made by Eduard Spranger in the *Goethe* yearbook for 1949. The one clue to its origin was given by Friedrich Wilhelm Riemer who claimed that Goethe had found the motto in Zinzendorf's *Apophthegmata*. Spranger, however, reports: "Leider muß nun festgestellt werden, daß das gesuchte Wort in Zinzendorfs *Apophthegmata* nicht steht."

Literally speaking that is true. The motto is not there in Latin or in its fully developed form; even in its initial German form it is not in the original volumes issued by Zinzendorf but in the continuation issued by Leonhard Weidner. And yet, it is not even in the usually accessible three-volume edition to be found in many libraries. Rarely accessible are volumes four and five, but if the student will look in four on page 424, he will read: "Niemand kan Gott wider streben." Yet this does not solve the problem; rather it surrounds it with a strange irony about which one may wonder whether Goethe intended it. For this line occurs in a version of the famous *Nemo* poem that was such a favorite during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Though the later lines descend

into simpler satire, the early lines where this one is found combine into a sadly ironic commentary on the limitations imposed on man by his short reach in time, place, power, and autonomy:

Ich bin der Niemand alters her,
Niemand lebt von ihm selber.
Niemand ist alweg gewesen . . .
Niemand kann sich selber schaffen,
Niemand kan sterben ehe er thut leben,
Niemand kan Gott wider streben,
Niemand seynd möglich alle ding,
Bey niemand alle weißheit eingieng,
Niemand vermag ewig zu seyn,
Niemand ist aller sünden rein.
Niemand den todt entlauffen kan,
Niemand sein ziel kan ubergahn . . .
Niemand weiß Gottes heimligkeit,
Niemand weiß alles alle zeit . . .

For the present it would be my tentative conclusion that Goethe himself developed his motto with this one line as the initial stimulus, the surrounding lines setting the ironical, paradoxical mood, the shift into Latin coming with its completion by way of the memorable lines from Manilius (II, 115 f.) that he inscribed in the guest book on the Brocken in 1784:

Quis coelum posset nisi coeli munere nosse
Et reperire Deum nisi qui pars ipse Deorum est.

It has been overlooked that about half way between 1784 and the Zinckgref encounter of 1807 Goethe wrote another deeply ironic variant of this thought that haunted him through life. If there is a closer analogue to the motto or ever a direct source, it will probably have to be sought, as the Manilius passage suggests, in the region of the Stoic paradox. The problem of the cosmogony in the autobiography and the related one of Goethe's concept of polarity, seemingly solved, are actually far more involved than anyone has imagined; with so much of the background in the Baroque, this is to be expected.

It is a bit strange that the Stoic backgrounds have not been thought of in connection with some of the most famous paradoxes of Angelus Silesius and of Daniel Czepko before him. Let us take just one example, the well known:

Ich bin so groß als Gott, er ist als ich so klein;
 Er kann nicht über mich, ich unter ihn nicht sein.

Chrysippus put it this way: "The wise man is as useful to Zeus as Zeus is to the wise man."

Many of our troubles with Baroque literature originate in preliminary technical matters, some of them of small importance and merely annoying, others affecting the text and thus ultimate literary evaluation. It happens unfortunately to be true that some of our modern texts, single pieces and also whole books, are based on reprints or pirated editions that are mistakenly believed to be original editions. In those times, of course, even original editions were often carelessly edited, full of errors of commission and omission. Only a few modern editors know enough about printing and publishing practices of the time to distinguish accurately between original print, duplicate edition, authorized reprint, pirated reprint, and new edition, or just what to do about the many variants and larger changes they find in such copies and editions as they collate. Other studies in this number of *MLN* take up such problems expertly, and I can confine my remarks to one instance, the satiric comedies of Franciscus Callenbach, perhaps the worst bibliographic nightmare of them all.

The descriptions in booksellers' catalogues are quite uninformed and so also, unfortunately, are those in the von Faber catalogue. Indeed, one might venture to say that no true first edition has appeared on the market during the past decade or more, or that if it did, no scholar or bookseller would be able to recognize it as such. All this represents a retrogression even from Rudolf Dammert's dissertation of 1903 which in the bibliography at least recognized that there are nine or more different editions or prints of each of the eight plays, though the author fails to give the necessary points of differentiation for each print and in no case indicates which is the original print, so that the work will all have to be redone. For the first and title drama he does recognize that in the original version the title began with the word *Wurmatia* and in the revised version with the word *Wurmland*. He has equally well differentiated between the first and the revised versions of two further comedies, and altogether is indispensable until an accurate bibliography is forthcoming. In the meantime the collector and librarian would be well advised to purchase the plays only

when collected in contemporary binding; usually all eight come in one volume, occasionally with a content leaf added, sometimes as four and four in two volumes. Since only three of the eight ever bear a date, he will then at least know whether the set he owns dates from 1714 or 1715 or is a later reprint.

The contrast that exists between their once extraordinary vogue and their present obscurity is aptly illustrated by the fact that the catalogue of the library of Goethe's father lists a "Wurmatia" and that the modern students of the library have been unable to identify the entry. The question of the possible relation between the satiric worm land and young Goethe's *Mitschuldigen* has not even been asked. To be sure, the modern reader would not turn to Callenbach for pure enjoyment, but it is significant to the student that the early eighteenth century had a taste so different from our own as to make his works widely popular and probably influential.

Dammert (p. 100) also mentions the existence of a four-page leaflet by Callenbach dated Wetzlar, 1708. There is also an unrecorded 24-page pamphlet by him of 1711, on the reopening of the supreme court at Wetzlar, the *Hymnus Ad Reaperturae Cam. completorium* . . . It is anonymous but unmistakably in his style with many a passage ("Das Nisi kame . . .," "Das Wurm-Land . . .") anticipatory of his satiric comedies.

Another Catholic writer who enjoyed an even greater vogue was Abraham a Santa Clara. He creates even greater bibliographical problems, not because of the numerous editions or the parallel prints in Vienna and Würzburg or Nürnberg (most of these have been well recorded), but because of the problems of attribution. Well known are Albert Joseph Conlin's collaboration and continuation of Pater Abraham and Johann Valentin Neiner's editions (with additions) of his last works, as well as the similar work both did themselves, though the exact border between original and continuation is often in dispute. There are also some cruder continuations and imitations to be eliminated from the opus. The final word has not yet been spoken on many points, and at least one reliable early word has been overlooked. Johann Herdegen, in his *Historische Nachricht von deß löblichen Hirten- und Blumen-Ordens an der Pegnitz, Anfang und Fortgang* (Nürnberg, 1744) reports (p. 554) that the Latin verses under each of the (100) engravings in *Huy! and Pfuy! Der Welt* (Nürnberg and Würz-

burg, 1707), are by a learned Jesuit (unnamed) and that the German translations of them are by a member of the Nürnberg society, Samuel Faber. It is an interesting sidelight on the history of taste that by 1766 Johann David Tyroff still found the fine engravings by Weigel enchanting but felt it necessary to add a new text to them, for "Die sonst so beliebte Schreibart des P. Abrahams ist nicht mehr nach dem Geschmack der heutzutage viel aufgeklärtern Welt."

Frequently the illustrated book of the Baroque, even when it is not connected with a famous literary name, as is this with Pater Abraham, can be of unusual importance to the literary scholar, but because of physical circumstances it is not as regularly used by him as it should be. I shall pass over the emblem books, even though a large number of German volumes are omitted from Mario Praz' fine bibliography. The historians of the *Fruchtbringende Gesellschaft* generally put its ultimate demise in 1680 but agree that it was moribund years earlier. It is of some interest that in that year, 1680, the swan song of the society appeared in Joachim von Sandrart's *Iconologia Deorum, Oder Abbildung der Götter*. It is in the form of a pastoral at the beginning of the volume, "Ehren Preiß Des Durchleuchtigst-Fruchtbringenden Teutschen Palmen-Hains," included to commemorate Sandrart's admission to the society a few years earlier, in 1676, and accompanied by a splendid double-folio allegorical engraving. The pastoral is signed M, but the author's reference to himself as "Der Blumen-Hirt" means only that he was a Pegnitz-Schäfer. Possibly it was "Myrtillus," Martin Limburger, who wrote a number of other pastoral dialogues of this kind and contributed a prefatory poem to the second volume of Sandrart's *Teutsche Academie*.

One of the proud products of the Baroque was issued by Gabriel Tzschimmer in the same year, 1680, in celebration of the gathering of the Saxon princes from their various realms to Dresden two years earlier. There are over fifty engravings of buildings, pageantry, hunting, fireworks, and theatrical representations, some folding out panoramically to great length. The letter press contains texts or, usually, long summaries of about a dozen dramatic representations, including a Joseph trilogy, a German opera *Daphne*, a comedy *Christabella* and one on the Amphitryon theme, and the *Tragoedia von dem wilden Manne in Creta*, not to mention the many poems by David Schirmer and others.

The most common type of illustrated courtly work of the day was the memorial volume issued on the death of a prince. Much of the verse in such a volume is routine, but occasionally a distinguished poet would bring it to a higher level, as Caspar Stieler did a few times, though this uncollected verse is hardly as lively as the set of poems he wrote for Andreas Rühlmann at the time of the *Geharnschte Venus*.

We enter a somewhat different world when we come to the magnificent eccentric, Franz Anton, Count von Sporck. As a man of letters he knew what he wanted and had other men do it for him, employing ghost writers on a scale hardly matched since the days of Emperor Maximilian. His most splendid publication was the *Geistige Gesänge und Lieder Auf Alle Sonntags-Evangelien und Episteln* (Schweidnitz, 1725-26), edited first by Ferdinand Ludwig von Bressler and then by Gottfried Benjamin Hancke, richly illustrated by the engravings of Rentz and Montalegre. The engraved title reads *Christliches Jahr in Versen*. In its own day it was usually referred to as *Das Christliche Jahr*, a title under which plates and poems were reprinted in 1733 with the addition of a prose text, in large folio.

Even to this point there is some confusion (see von Faber, no. 1146), but it is compounded with the entrance of Johann Christian Günther on the scene. Heinrich Benedikt in his excellent Spork biography and bibliography fails us here. From the Günther side Wilhelm Krämer is the first to have the essential facts straight, but this has not prevented Hans Dahlke from falling back into the old errors.

The trouble began in 1738 with the first biography of Günther, by Christoph Ernst Steinbach. There we read (pp. 58 f.):

Als auch Günther in dem Breßlerischen Hause aus und ein gieng, traff sich die Gelegenheit, daß eine gewisse hohe Standes-Person ausser Landes und einer andern Religion auf alle Sonn- und Fest-Tage nach vorgeschriebener Weise Lieder oder Gesänge von den damals berühmtesten Schlesiischen Dichtern aufgesetzt verlangten, davor selbe ein gewisses Praemium bestimmten: Günther hat dabey die geistlichen Gedichte von Bl. 21. bis 60. über einige Sonn- und Fest-Tage des so genannten Christlichen Jahres des Herrn de Sacy verfertigt.

In a note the biographer mentions Stief, Schmolck, Mauersberger,

and Stöckel as further collaborators. Benedikt lacks this information, except on Stöckel; in his bibliography (no. 94) he cites the title as it appears not in part one but in part six; and in the text he states:

Für Bresler dichtete Günther "Das Ebenbild der Wahrheit und Gerechtigkeit," und von diesem zur Mitarbeit am "Christlichen Jahr in Versen" herangezogen die Lieder zum IX. Teil. Sie sind unter dem Titel "Geistliche Oden über einige Sonn- und Festtage des sogenannten christlichen Jahres des Herrn de Sacy verfertigt" in der Ausgabe seiner Gedichte von 1735 enthalten. Es sind neunzehn Lieder, die den Zeitabschnitt vom Tage des heil. Bartholomäus bis zu dem des heil. Bruno, das ist vom 24. August bis 9. September umfassen.

The shock comes when we put the poems in Günther alongside those in Sporck: the poems are entirely different except in meter and a few details of content. Only Krämer tells us how and why this happened: Bressler died, Hancke apparently found them unsuitable and put others in their place.

The Benedikt biography and bibliography are, on the whole, done with extraordinary care, and just thereby illustrate how difficult it is to fulfill the demands of this era: several unrecorded Sporck items have since come to light, supplements and corrections need to be made. For example, the famous *Herkommanus Magnus*, No. 101 (1726), was written by Philip Balthasar Sinold von Schütz. Goedeke and everyone subsequently knows all too little about Sinold, but if one goes back to Jöcher, one will, as so often, come upon some surprising information—frequently entertaining also, for Jöcher is one of the great repositories of involuntary humor in the annals of the learned (or was he just having fun to ease the boredom of his wearisome task?). However, in this case one must be careful about accepting Jöcher's information without question, until a little matter of mistaken identities is looked into.

One poem by Johann Christian Günther, written in a particular kind of free verse, has escaped the attention of his editors. The form is that of the "Inscription," composed in a series of balanced epithets, and printed in a form that was much later taken over by Arno Holz and called "Mittelachsenlyrik." It was, of course, first cultivated in Latin, to begin with in imitation of the Roman monumental inscription, but then developing into a form

of free verse with its own kind of internal structure. Balthasar Venator cultivated this form and issued a series of Latin inscriptions in 1669 and the following years under the general title *Omnino Rerum Series In Praesentibus Imperii Comitibus Gestarum*. Then Christian Weise and others took up the inscription, soon also in German, and a new poetic form was born. It even had its own anthology when Friedrich Andreas Hallbauer issued his *Sammlung Teutscher auserlesener sinnreicher Inscriptionen* (Jena, 1725), with a prefatory treatise on this form. In the anthology he included specimens by Lohenstein, Omeis, Riemer, Assig, Weise, Thomasius, Günther, and others. Modern scholarship is quite silent about this form and its possible relationship to the later free rhythmic verse of the classical age.

The more conventional classical forms, especially the dactylic hexameter, were also adapted to German at this time, not only by Carl Gustav Heraeus in the *Vermischte Neben-Arbeiten* of 1715 and the better known *Gedichte Und Lateinische Inschriften* of 1721, but also by Johann Gottlob Kittel and others, earliest perhaps in the anonymous *Democritus und Heraclitus, Über den ietzigen Zustand der Cron Franckreich* (probably 1704), a free flowing piece with regular rhymed verse, unrhymed verse, rhythmic prose, and even a piece of Goliardic Latin verse.—And by the way, the pentameter sonnet was not as rare at the time as we have been led to believe.

There were other verse experiments of a more radical kind, some in which the outer forms of rhyme and meter were preserved while inwardly quite new effects were attained by sonant reiteration and increment, and by various techniques that strove to incorporate contrapuntal form into spoken verse. There were also experiments that even outwardly broke with conventional forms. Let one specimen suffice in illustration, this by Johann Caspar Schad at the end of his *Geistreicher und erbaulicher Schriften Vierter Band* (Frankfurt and Leipzig, ca. 1698), after the funeral sermon on him by Philip Jacob Spener and the closing address by Joachim Lange, and with the notice: "Zum Beschluß . . . diejenigen Verse . . . in welchen der sel. Mann sein Hertz ausgeschüttet hat." As a virtuoso piece in poetic change ringing it has only one equal to my knowledge, and that was in English, in no possible direct relationship to it.

Th
con
dev
stra
"Al
It h

Got
betw
ling
bou
Goe
F
negl
Tru

Gott, du bist mein Gott.
 bist du mein Gott?
 Gott du bist mein.
 Du Gott bist mein.
 mein Gott bist Du.

Du Gott bist mein Gott.
 mein Gott, bist Gott.
 bist mein Gott, Gott.
 Gott, Gott bist mein
 Gott mein Gott bist.

Bist du Gott, mein Gott?
 mein Gott, du Gott.
 du mein Gott, Gott?
 Gott, du mein Gott.
 du Gott, Gott Mein?

Mein Gott, bist du Gott?
 Gott, du bist Gott.
 bist du Gott, Gott.
 Gott, Gott bist du.
 Gott, du Gott bist.

Gott, Gott bist du mein?
 mein Gott du bist.
 bist du, Gott, mein?
 Gott, du mein bist.
 Gott, mein bist du.

That this does not stand isolated in its time, but that, on the contrary, Quirinus Kuhlmann ("Triumph!") earlier had possibly developed his poetic style in evolutionary process out of the old strain of perfervid ecstatic pietism, seems further indicated by the "Abdanckungs-Rede" of Joachim Lange immediately preceding. It begins (522):

Christen sind ein Wunder, ein Wunder dieser Welt, ein
 Wunder Gottes. Gott selbst ist ein Wunder-Gott . . .

Gottsched had to strive hard to reestablish the strict boundaries between prose and poetry and to keep them from ever intermingling again. But this movement, once under way, leaped over the boundaries like wild fire, past Hamann to young Herder and Goethe into the poetic flame of Storm and Stress.

Finally, we should at least call attention to a few of the many neglected aspects of German literary criticism during the Baroque. True, we are much better informed about the whole matter since

Bruno Markwardt issued the first volume of his *Geschichte der deutschen Poetik* in 1937; and there have been several valuable contributions since then. However, we should not infer that our new picture of German literary criticism before Lessing is either exhaustive or truly characteristic. In the interest of preserving open-minded flexibility and preventing new insights from hardening into new stereotypes, a few general and specific observations out of a large number of possible ones may be of use.

Baroque literary criticism is neither carefully labeled as such nor carefully separated from other literary forms. It can and does occur almost anywhere, and some of the best of it occurs in the most unexpected places, in poems, in sermons, in novels, in prefaces, notes, appendices, and chance interpolations, as well as in the poetics, the formal introductions to volumes, the critical and literary periodicals where it is usually sought. Some of the early periodicals are so rare that their full contribution to criticism has never been assessed. To cite just one early instance, no one seems to have an adequate notion of Martin Kempe's activities as a critic and historian of literature. Who would think of looking for a survey of German poetry by him in Christian Donatus' volume of verse, *Jesu Lebens-Lauf auf Erden* (Königsberg, 1676)? And another more important contribution of his is just as safely tucked away.

Naturally, taken in its total bulk much of the criticism is conventional stuff and one has to become inured to the boredom of constant repetition of the same moralistic regulatory standpoint that afflicted all of Europe in these years. And yet, with and under this there is a current of restlessness, of protest against this impairment of poetic freedom that goes well beyond the formal reiteration of the conventional tributes to inspiration, genius, the sublime. We find such protests not only in the occasional outbursts of poets and pietists, but also, though rarely, in cool calculated analyses of what poetry is and ought to be. And here it is precisely the minor poets and critics who cannot be neglected; occasionally they are the freest, more often they will have a sentence or two that hints at what is to come. For one genre at least German criticism was far in advance, and here it anticipated a whole future development.

It is not generally known that Gottlieb Siegmund Corvinus (Amaranthes) issued not only one volume of his *Proben der Poe-*

sie in 1710, but also a second volume in 1711, together with a "Vorrede von der Schwürigkeit und wahren Eigenschafft der Tichter-Kunst." To his natural toughness and independence that made his poetic career so different from the conventional one, we find added in this prefatory essay a higher concept of the nature of poetry and the poet. He makes a stout defense of the poet as a universal man of knowledge and experience with such telling arguments as this, that Virgil for his *Bucolics* and Ovid for his love poems were so convincing and natural because of their first-hand experience in these matters. There are such statements as: "die Poesie [ist] eine recht Göttliche Wissenschaft," and "Die hohe Tichter-Kunst will einen gantzen Menschen allein haben." And there are also such drastic statements as this against the puritanic moralists who object to his love poetry: "wenn ein blosser todter Buchstabe . . . dergleichen miserablen Seelen das Hertze gleich rege machen und ihr Fleisch und Bluth bey lebendigen Leibe in das Fege-Feuer der Liebe stürzen kan, so will ich auch selbigen Freundt-Christlich widerrathen, das Hohe Lied Salomonis ja nicht anzusehen." The many literary critical passages in his verse are interesting and frequently amusing, as for example in his first satire, "Über die grosse Menge der Dichter," or his seventh, "An die Verächter der Poesie," or "Über die neu aufgerichtete vertraute Tichter-Gesellschaft," and the various shorter pieces. More important than his dedicatory poem to Johann Burckhard Mencke is the prefatory poem in the first part by Georg Christian Lehms.

Even such a conventional poet as Christoph Heinrich Amthor, whose long critical preface of 1716 is largely concerned with minor technical matters, will state "daß ich mich disfalls mehr an das Gehör, also fremde Kunst-Reguln, gebunden."

One important pre-Lessing critic who is well known is Balthasar Feind, but Markwardt underestimated him, in part by interpreting out of context, as though his "Gedancken von der Opera" were an isolated exception and his startling anticipations of Lessing's critical attitudes toward dramatic freedom an adventitious concomitant of the peculiar theatrical-musical form he chose to defend. Willi Flemming did much better in his introduction to *Die Oper in the Deutsche Literatur . . . in Entwicklungsreihen*, citing Feind's critical predecessors, especially Erdmann Neumeister and Friedrinch Hunold of a few years earlier, along with a number of contemporary and later statements, clearly demonstrating

that Feind's was simply the best and fullest expression of a widely held critical attitude. Important is the point that Flemming makes that these critics implicitly or explicitly opposed the prevailing artistic premise of an "imitation of nature" in favor of the artistic premise of an "illusion," a psychological conviction of truth.

Probably even more important is the fact that in the process of defending a cherished art form against destructive attack, Feind and his group achieved a kind of Copernican revolution in criticism, by insisting that the critical principles must be derived from the work of art instead of being imposed upon it. They all shared the conviction that if a great, moving, brilliantly successful art form did not agree with the classical rules, then so much the worse for the rules. That this group centered at Hamburg was probably due to the fact that the Hamburg opera, with Keiser, Händel, Telemann, and other composers, together with a good group of dramatists, masters of the operatic form, was probably the finest of its day (remaining certainly the most satisfactory for our day), as deep a delight to the artistically sensitive of its audience as it was a monstrous aberration to the more remote, in Leipzig and elsewhere, who judged an art form by its conformity to pre-established rules.

If we look more closely at the Hamburg literary criticism of the first decades of the eighteenth century, we shall see that a new criticism grew forth out of a newly developed and perfected art form that needed to be defended against anachronistic and impertinent rules. Lessing's concern with Shakespeare did not originate the new criticism, it simply made use of the new principles established in defense of one aberrant dramatic form, the opera, to justify the literary validity of another aberrant form, the Elizabethan drama, specifically the Shakespearian drama.

Passing over the observations of three or four other critics overlooked by both Markwardt and Flemming, let the dramatic criticism of the elder Johann Georg Hamann (1697-1733) suffice to illustrate the point of prevalence and continuity of these attitudes. His weekly periodical, *Die Matrone* (1728 ff.), is highly moral in tone, even negative toward the novel and regretful that at an earlier stage Hamann had written the (able) sequel to Ziegler's *Asiatische Banise*. In the field of the drama, however, he approves of the utmost artistic freedom consonant with moral propriety, and particularly defends the opera against all its detractors. Like Feind

he does this by means of an intrinsic aesthetic approach to an art form that has to do justice simultaneously to the painterly-architectonic and musical as well as the poetic. Fascinating is what he has to say about the free-verse form of the recitative and its musical-oratorical delivery. Even more significant is his defense of the opera's necessary neglect of the unities because of the exigencies of its intrinsic form. The arrangement, the sequence of scenes must follow an entirely different aesthetic principle for which he finds a felicitous analogue (II, 266 f.): "Jedweder der Auftritt soll so zu sagen ein neues Epigramma seyn. Diese alle müssen auf eine ungebundene Art zusammen verknüpft werden." He clearly perceives that the anxious adherence to rules is a symptom of artistic weakness, "als einem anderem Unpäßlichem, dessen Magen keine wohlgeschmeckende Garten Früchte verdauen kan; welche andern, die gesünder sind, nicht allein herrlich schmecken, sondern auch gar wohl bekommen." His summary verdict about the rules of the Ancients (II, 270 f.): "Vielleicht ist es auch nicht nöthig, daß man den Regeln und Gewohnheiten dieser ehrlichen Leute allzu abergläubisch folget." His summary description of the opera as a *Gesamtkunstwerk* is worth quoting at length (II, 266):

Eine Opera, welche nemlich nach denjenigen Regeln verfertigt worden, welche der gesunde Verstand, die Natürlichkeit, die Vortheile der Bau und Mahler-Kunst, und vornehmlich der Music vorschreiben und erfordern, ist nach meinem Begriffe ein Meister-Stück der Poesie, welche durch die Music gleichsam beseelet, durch die Bau- und Mahler-Kunst aber prächtig ausgekleidet worden. Der Zusammenfluß so vieler Vortreflichkeiten von so mancherley Künsten sollte, meines Erachtens, der Opera vernünftige Liebhaber und Verehrer erwecken . . .

As our final and most impressive example of the new critical liberalism that reached its first height in the 1720's, when Klopstock and Lessing were born, I should like to quote from an author and work that is generally accessible to all and yet seems to have been neglected by all. It can most graphically illustrate to us the discrepancy that still exists between what is known and what can be known about literary criticism before Lessing.

Von dem eigentlichen Wesen der Schönheit lassen sich keine durchgängige Regeln geben . . . Das Leben einer Ode bestehet, wo ich nicht irre, in dem starcken Feuer, welchem eine ungebund-

ene Freyheit die beste Nahrung ertheilet. Sie muß ein Original vorstellen, das zwar die Aehnlichkeit beobachten, dennoch aber kein gekünsteltes Nachgemälde seyn soll. Es ist der Poet von einem einzigen Gegenstande gantz eingenommen; er erblicket, er betrachtet, er kennet nichts, als solchen allein. Sein Hertz gewinnt eine eifrige Liebe zu einer gewissen Sache, und er besinnet sich kaum, daß, ausser dieser, noch andere Dinge vorhanden. Eine gemeine Gewalt bemeistert sich seiner Seele: ein außerordentlicher Trieb führet, oder reisset ihn vielmehr auf neue Wege. In diesem so glücklichen Augenblicke durchheilen seine Gedancken Welt, Natur, Zeit und Geschichte: denn nichts hält sie auf, nichts giebt ihnen Gesetze. Alles stehet ihm zu Gebote: alles eilet einem dergestalt gerührten Geiste entgegen und befördert die Lebhaftigkeit seiner weitaussehenden Einbildungs-Krafft. Diese unwidertreibliche Empfindung, die den Dichter, und durch ihn den Leser selbst beherrschen muß, ist die beste Richtschnur einer Ode, und übertrifft die Regeln, so ihr jemahls zur Fürschrift gestellet worden. Ich sage mehr: Die Unmöglichkeit, bey dem Aufsätze derselben sich durch diesen Zwang einschräncken zu lassen, hat unstreitig den grössten Antheil an dem Etwas, das zur wesentlichen Eigenschaft eines lyrischen Dichters gehört, und man besser empfinden als beschreiben kan . . .

Mit einem Worte, man muß dem Poeten nicht widerstehen können, und ihm willig folgen, wohin er uns führet . . .

When we observe how this young man of the 1720's takes the German poetic tradition of the Baroque as his point of departure and here comes up to the threshold of a new era still a half century away, can we perhaps surmise that the Storm and Stress is a revival of the Baroque in reaction against the antivitalistic currents that intervened and tried to halt its development? However that may be, it would now seem that the new criticism arose in large part out of the new aesthetic concern with the opera and the ode.

I did not dare to mention the name of the author at the head of the quotation because it would have summoned up one of those firmly fixed clichés that would have obscured the real significance of this critical statement. At any rate, the editor of the modern reprint of this work was unable to see what he was editing and other critics and scholars have remained equally unseeing. To be sure, the author himself later disowned this work of his youth when he entered upon the Rococo stage of his career

that made him famous and affixed a permanent label to him. With all that we know about his later career, it will be hard to believe that Friedrich von Hagedorn could once have held such critical principles in the youthful work published under his initials only: *F. von H. Versuch einiger Gedichte* . . . (Hamburg, 1729). After that he went to England and came into a different literary climate. Here in the critical preface of this brilliant youth of twenty-one we see reflected, and perhaps also enhanced, the literary attitudes that made the Hamburg of this and the preceding decades such an exciting place artistically and so far in advance of standard critical opinion. Though Hamburg itself soon returned from these high seas into the normal European critical harbor, the results of its exploratory voyage lived on, gave impetus and direction for a later generation's bolder ventures toward the new critical continent.

Looking over our specimen observations, the only conclusion we can properly arrive at is the old precept of a *tolle, lege*. At this stage no kind or amount of excogitation, however subtle or brilliant, can possibly arrive at any concept of the true structure of German Baroque literature. We must take up the books, one by one, look into thousands of them, read hundreds of them, find out what really happened in the order in which it happened. One result the reader can be sure of: in the course of his reading he will come upon volume after volume of Baroque literature that is truly and fully as bad as most of it is reputed to be. But he will never know in this period of the unpredictable just when and where he will find a work that both represents its time and rises above it as a luminous realization of its intent.

The Johns Hopkins University

REFLECTIONS ON GOETHE AND THE BAROQUE

HELMUT REHDER

Goethe's imagery—next to his philosophical beliefs the most personal property of his creative genius—reveals a remarkable kinship in structure and purpose to certain traditions of the Baroque. While the fundamental differences in style and temper should not be ignored, it is rewarding to trace the metamorphosis which some Baroque concepts, configurations, and values underwent in the medium of Goethe's imagination.

In order to avoid the dangers of premature generalization, it seems advisable to consider some fundamental reservations. It would be difficult, for example, to find any common ground between Goethe's conciliatory humanism and the icy exclusiveness of absolutism and counter-reformation. Likewise it would be difficult to detect any affinity between the heroic and oratorical *Pathos* of 17th-century plays and the dynamic spontaneity of Goethe's dramatic characters. Even the countless occasional poems from Goethe's pen, the profusion of dedications, epistles, epigrams, invectives, permit only most tenuous analogies to their counterparts in 17th-century verse. Still the reader who is both stimulated and perplexed by the symbolism of Goethe's *Märchen*, the festival play *Pandora*, the *Wahlverwandtschaften*, *Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahre*, or the Second part of *Faust* (and many of the lesser known plays) cannot help looking for correspondences and prototypes in Baroque life and letters in order to comprehend the poetic intent of Goethe's subtle allegorical devices.

It matters little whether or not the term "Baroque" was current or known in Goethe's time. The underlying historical reality and cultural substance to which it refers was close to him, so close

indeed that at times he could emphatically disclaim any indebtedness. In fact, Goethe's ascendance as a writer so much overlapped the decline of the Baroque that it is hard to say whether *Götz von Berlichingen* and *Werther* are the fruits of a past or the seeds of a coming age. Baroque style, in conduct and reading, surrounded Goethe's childhood and early youth. Understandably, it became one of the most lasting influences though not necessarily the most articulate formative force of his poetic career. To be sure, this was a Baroque style which no longer pertained to the dimensions of courtly society, but a style which had stepped down to meet the standards of bourgeois ambition. It attempted to be majestic without majesty; it had established precepts for moral and aesthetic behavior without having developed adequate techniques for the understanding of the spiritual needs of the individual. Therefore, when Goethe at times denounced certain traits of his own age as artificial and deceitful—the formalism in life and art, its overwrought splendor, the pretention of grandeur, and the attendant emotional and spiritual impoverishment of the individual—he only indicated that he had absorbed the spirit of his age to the extent of having become conscious of its limitations. But he did not wholly abandon it—as he did not become a revolutionary.

It is unfortunate that the term "Baroque," from its origin in the history of art, has come to signify "mannerism" and "préciosité" when restrained dynamism, arrested self-assertion or stunted will-to-exist might have been more justifiable though more general terms with which to comprehend the variety of historical evidence. The selection of dependable criteria of judgment rests on the detection of observable and communicable features. However, the attempt to describe—and completely describe—historical phenomena must take into account the possible shortcomings of any sort of formulation. Without exception, historical substance transcends its definition; and while no single formula can ever fully capture the irreplaceable unity of an individual, even an extensive description will fall short of the infinite aspects in the physiognomy of an age. It is with such reservations in mind that Goethe's relation to the Baroque Age, its monuments, style and temper, may be subjected to investigation. Dealing with a historical and cultural period as a panorama, as it were, without regard to temporal dimensions and chronology, magnifies the importance

of the vantage point. Change the vantage point, and you change the perspective and the appearance, though not the factuality, of the panorama.

The Baroque Age, extending roughly from 1600 to 1750, with the appropriate periods of gestation preceding and sterility following it, was distinguished by towering achievements in at least three fields of human endeavor—the field of scientific and philosophical thought, that of artistic expression, and that of political institutions. By the time Goethe began to participate in the cultural consciousness of his age, these spheres of intellectual effort not only had crystallized in the accomplishments of a Newton, Spinoza, and Leibnitz, the masterpieces of a Rembrandt, Neumann, and Handel, the statesmanship and strategy of a Mazarin, Marlborough, and Prince Eugene, they had also become converted into historical content, dogma, or discipline. To any one faced with such realities, whether he approached them through reflection, intuition or creative imagination, this age was an age of abstraction whose goal was the demonstration of reason, of first principles or ultimate ends; and no matter how much the individual would crave self-realization in his own, particular, unrepeatable situation, he could not transcend beyond the barrier of abstract relationships, and conceived of himself, in Cartesian cognition, as a more or less inferior or superior representative of Spinoza's "substance" or Leibnitz' "monad." If he was artistically receptive, he might have found an answer in the abstraction of allegory. It was an age of dynamic-formalism, of experimentation with the void.

It was also an age in which the searching human mind took to extremes. The century that witnessed the most monumental attempts at systems of thought, also abounded with restless superstition and secret lore; the age that produced greatest artists, also fabricated greatest artificialities. With its museums, coin collections and emblem books, its tapestries and arabesques, its china, ermine, silk and velvet, that century appears as the age in which art, as the glorification of appearance, enjoyed greatest prestige in daily life, if it was not subtly exploited in the service of religion and politics.

In both areas—thought and art—the tendency toward abstraction resulted in an inescapable dualism. The more man is intent upon an all-embracing principle of truth, the more he is rewarded by the experience of illusion. The alternative between the realms of

Nature and Grace, between faith and scepticism, established an ever widening chasm in man's mind, the voices of genuineness and authentic happiness became ever rarer, and the literature of the age seemed to be resigned to the monotony of abstraction when it was not distorted by the cries of inner misery. Pascal sounds the keynote when he writes of the grandeur and the misery of man.

As long as the attempts at a synthesis were inspired by largely scientific considerations, they resulted in such physico-theological products as Brookes' and Triller's versified natural histories. Where they followed didactic or inspirational considerations, as in the works of Haller and Klopstock, they placed the self-realization of the individual into the transcendental sphere of the ideal. Only where the vacuum of abstraction was again filled with temporal, individual, personal content, and where the trend to discover ultimate causes and archetypes and the trend toward emblem and allegory again merged with the respect for and the enjoyment of the individual self, a genuine synthesis could be attained. But such a synthesis was the confutation of the Baroque and equal to the creation of a new style. It was the achievement of Goethe.

In historical perspective, the age of the Baroque must have signified to Goethe what the age of Romanticism — from Herder to Thomas Mann — may signify to us: the rallying of all intellectual resources, from science to mythology, under the one purpose of defining the calling and destiny of man, "die Bestimmung des Menschen." As for the historical subject matter, it is significant that, aside from classical antiquity (Homer to Platonism), the authors of the Baroque age represent the largest single contingent of any period in Goethe's reading. Although he found fault with most of them, because they mistook affectation for art and erudition for creativeness, he derived the most consistent and productive stimulus from the few who towered like rocks over a sea of passions. The creative geniuses of Shakespeare and Calderon loomed so large before his mind that as models he almost considered them threatening. The wisdom of Spinoza and Leibnitz endowed him with the perspective of universal relationships in which it was possible for him to raise the fates of an obscure mountebank to the level of a symbol of humanity. Mysticism and science, crystallized in the works of Gottfried Arnold and Boerhaave, guided him to a life-long occupation with the variety of human beliefs and the variety of forms of natural growth. A quaint treatise on the nature

and variety of human beliefs in the supernatural, Balthasar Bekker's *Bezauberte Welt*, clarified in his mind the poetic conception of the spirit of negation and evil, and an even quainter treatise on alchemy, Kirchweger's *Aurea Catena Homeri*, suggested a manner in which the conception of chromatic and meteorological changes might be visualized. We must not forget that the Faust plot itself first entered into Goethe's imagination through the medium of popular literary tradition of the Baroque, through the puppet plays of itinerant actors and the *Volksbuch des Christlich-Meynenden*. It must strike us, then, as peculiarly paradoxical that at a time when important geographical, physiological, chemical, and electro-magnetic discoveries promised to revolutionize the concept of the known world, young Goethe withdrew to his gloomy alchemistic kitchen and got submerged in cabbalistic and neoplatonic lore.

There is another and more serene medium through which the Baroque temper imparted itself to Goethe's imagination: the art of the 17th century. Paintings by Rembrandt and Rubens suggested to him the notion of "inner form" which, as we shall see, was to develop into a fundamental concept of his aesthetic philosophy. Of even greater appeal was the landscape art, those heroic tableaux of Poussin, Claude Lorrain and Salvator Rosa, in which the infiniteness of the universe seems to have been brought down to earth and into the narrow precincts of human existence. And we recognize in these heroic landscapes the models for the romantic stage settings of Goethe's *Pandora*, of the "Offene Gegend" and the Arcadian idyll of *Faust*, Part II. Timeless as these landscapes seem to be, they receive their meaning from a fundamental human situation, symbolized in some event from Scriptures or ancient history or mythology. Often a key for the mythological element is provided in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; nothing seems more congenial in form and temper to the conceits of the Baroque than the work of this epigone of Roman austerity, so perfect in style, so brilliant in imagery, and still so devoid of sincerity and truth. —Yet Goethe thought differently. He did not share Herder's harsh verdict which threatened to subvert a deep predilection. Henceforth Goethe guarded from Herder his fondness of Ovid as jealously as he guarded his fancy for Faust and his alchemistic experiments. And nothing indicates better his lifelong attachment to this favorite author of the Baroque than the pathos with

which he couched the account of his departure from Rome in the moving strains of Ovidian lamentations.

However revealing the instances of Goethe's acquaintance with Baroque literature and art, they do not necessarily establish the evidence of kinship. They appear incidental to the artistic technique of a sovereign eclectic who could appropriate alien elements in order to enhance his own productions. The fact that Egmont or Torquato Tasso, who may well be considered forerunners or early representatives of the Baroque, could inspire Goethe to the most soul-stirring tragedies he ever conceived, does not make these plays "Baroque" in temper any more than Schiller's *Wallenstein* or *Maria Stuart*. Nor does the fact that Goethe, in order to attain certain poetic effects, "touched" Calderon for the use of the Spanish trochee, Shakespeare for the technique of characterization, or Leibnitz for the idea of man's ascent from confused perception to the clear vision of truth. When the Stage Director in the Prelude to *Faust* exhorts his collaborators,

Laßt Phantasie mit allen ihren Chören,
Vernunft, Verstand, Empfindung, Leidenschaft,
doch, merkt Euch wohl, nicht ohne Narrheit hören,

then we are perhaps reminded of the allegorical plays in the fashion of Lohenstein and Rist; but the reference does not suffice to reconstruct the historical atmosphere. It is the original temper of the Baroque, rather than its reconstruction, that concerns us here. The fruitful points of contact lie beneath the surface of demonstrable detail.

In 1797, when Goethe had long been stymied regarding the continuation and the possible completion of *Faust*, he broke the deadlock in a truly Baroque solution. He projected the play, as it were, onto two levels of action, a heavenly and an earthly sphere, of which the first—visible in the Prologue in Heaven and in the concluding scene of the play—surrounds, determines, and finally absorbs the second. Faust, whose fates fill the cycle of the earthly action, is not present in the heavenly action; he is merely discussed and acted upon rather than active. This felicitous poetic device which makes the reader, as it were, a participant in the truth about Faust, whereas Faust himself has to struggle his way through error, turns out to be of momentous consequence: we are reminded that the entire Faust play is not merely an action tak-

ing place in earthly, finite, immanent dimensions, but that at every moment or turn it is determined by a sphere of transcendence, although the latter can never be recognized. For we are told that "nach drüben ist die Aussicht uns verrannt," and that "Alles Vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichnis." As many a Baroque painter had done before, Goethe shifted the drama of human life onto an immense cosmic stage, but kept our interest focused on earth and man, on desire and enjoyment, on effort and error, on existence and time. In other words, the stern perspective of Baroque dualism which had strictly distinguished between substance and accident, essence and appearance, was resolved in a view of polarity whose nature is mutual complementation. As a result of the Prologue in Heaven, the principles of free will and determinism, of Good and Evil, of Light and Darkness—these ever-recurring questions of Baroque rationalism—appear merged in a manner suggestive of Leibnitz' *Théodicée*. As for the conclusion of *Faust* for which Goethe admittedly availed himself of traditional Catholic imagery, a short poem, which reads like a confession of Baroque mysticism, expresses what Goethe left unsaid at the end of the play:

Wenn im Unendlichen dasselbe
sich wiederholend ewig fließt,
das tausendfältige Gewölbe
sich kräftig aneinander schließt,—
strömt Lebenslust aus allen Dingen,
dem kleinsten wie dem größten Stern:
und alles Drängen, alles Ringen
ist ewige Ruh in Gott, dem Herrn.

Although literary history has accustomed us to interpret Goethe as the liberator of individual sentiment and expression, we must bear in mind that he also was the great mystifier, and that he considered himself as such. The figure of Homunculus, the concept of "die Mütter," the mysterious little chest in the *Wanderjahre*, the Rosicrucian symbol in *Die Geheimnisse* are only random examples of this tendency. In *Dichtung und Wahrheit* Goethe tells us how as a young man he mystified and edified his friends by recounting such fairy-tales as "Der neue Paris" and "Die neue Melusine"—both figures familiar to us from the store of Baroque iconography. In a third theme, "Der neue Amadis," expressing a

mood of early youth, he anticipated the yearning of Mignon's "Italienlied" which is literally fraught with Baroque imagery. Reduced to its essentials, the mystery of "der neue Amadis" (as of the famous *Märchen* of 1796) reveals itself as the spirit of poetry. And this is a significant development: for poetry is no longer considered, as it was by Gottsched and Bodmer, instructive entertainment for a pedestrian bourgeoisie, but the manifestation of a divine spark, as it was by Opitz and Shaftesbury. Indeed poetry was to awaken the soul, set the inner network aglow, liberate man and remind him of his creative nature. Poetry had indeed a claim to apostolic succession. With this in mind, even *Die Leiden des jungen Werthers* assumes significance in the Baroque tradition. If imitation was the purpose of poetry, why not the imitation of Christ? And in a spurt of youthful obsession and blasphemy, the "Passion of Young Werther," his self-sacrifice for the sake of those who were similarly afflicted, expressed what was repeated in the *Faust* fragment of 1790:

. . . "und was der ganzen Menschheit zugeteilt ist,
will ich in meinem innern Selbst genießen,
mit meinem Geist das Höchste und Tiefste greifen,
ihr Wohl und Weh auf meinen Busen häufen
und so mein eigen Selbst zu ihrem Selbst erweitern—
und, wie sie selbst, am End' auch ich zerscheitern.

Even a casual reader of Goethe's poetry will be struck by the frequency with which the concept of an inward reality, an inner structure and creative energy appears among Goethe's imagery. Whenever it occurs, we feel we are touching on something that was extremely relevant to Goethe. A cryptic plan for the completion of *Faust* called for the poetic rendition of "Schöpfungsgenuß von innen." Whether we may recognize the realization of this plan in the brilliant spectacle of the "Klassische Walpurgisnacht," in the Helena-Euphorion episode, or in the scene of Faust's transfiguration, may be left undecided. Perhaps, in all of them. For all of them abound in an intricate texture of concepts, themes, mythological and musical configurations in which the wealth of Baroque imagery, its arts, its music, its sensuous and speculative qualities have come to life again. "Je incommensurabler und für den Verstand unfäßlicher eine poetische Produktion, desto besser," Goethe remarked to Eckermann.

This remark can scarcely be interpreted as an admission of agnosticism such as inspired the resigned statement by Albrecht von Haller, "Ins Innre der Natur dringt kein erschaffner Geist." Goethe's violent objection to this statement did not mean that he had achieved what Haller had despaired of achieving. He merely did not accept the dualistic distinction between the external and the internal which to him was a construct of human "Verstand" rather than a quality of existence. To Goethe, "das Innere" was manifest everywhere, not as object or detail of observation, but as a principle of integration and progressive synthesis. It was a symbol and as such the pattern of possible order in the midst of chaotic evolution. It is interesting to observe that Goethe's poetic symbols relating to such a pattern renew certain motifs of Baroque imagery. Many of them are spatial in nature and suggest the traditional predilection for the idyllic or the sublime, as, for example, the peaceful little hut as the goal of the restless wanderer, or the symbol of the garden, Gretchen's garden, contrasted with the symbol of Faust's "wilderness" in the scene "Wald und Höhle." Indeed the mysterious symbol of the cavern itself, which is found in almost every major work of Goethe's, appears so much to have become a part of his poetic equipment that we may easily overlook the Baroque symbol of the grotto with which it shares the same psychological and iconographical origin. Most reminiscent of the Baroque temper, however, is the image of the beloved, of the Virgin, or of motherhood — das Ewig-Weibliche — which in the glory of transfiguration and as a final blessing and promise of beatitude concludes the tragedies of *Egmont*, the *Wahlverwandtschaften*, and *Faust*.

Iconographic correspondences can be traced and verified or disproven; but rarely will such tracing alone reveal the inner origin of the image itself. Perhaps, it may be looked for in deeper layers of consciousness which connect a human being with his culturally formative matrix. The point in which Goethe and the Baroque show the greatest degree of affinity and, at the same time, the greatest divergence appears in the sphere of thinking concerning the nature of energy and form—those ultimate concepts which permit a glance into the formation of fundamental beliefs. The casual observer may be tempted to relate Goethe's preoccupation with the dynamic aspects of existence to a similarly dynamic conception of life in the Baroque era. Goethe's emphasis on "Tat" and

"Tätigkeit," on movement and growth, indeed seems to invite comparison with the Baroque devotion to grandeur, its cult of the energetic, display of power, and readiness to accept life under unresolved tensions. But there is a difference in outlook and belief whether energy, manifesting its presence and effectiveness in the forms of matter, is conceived of under the aspect of things shaped, fashioned, patterned, sculptured, stamped or twisted, or whether energy is visualized as the forming principle itself which, in the moment of individualization and self-realization, points at its real and potential paths in past and future. The latter perspective is contained in Goethe's conception of "inner form," aesthetically visualized in the "geprägte Form, die lebend sich entwickelt." The former view may be gleaned from the monuments and documents of the Baroque which, in spite of Spinoza's distinction between "natura naturans" and "natura naturata," and in its fervor for abstraction and its insistence on demonstrating the reality of reason, was prone to neglect the individual. Applying one of Goethe's distinctions: the Baroque concept of form was oriented toward "das Gewordene," scarcely toward "das Werdende," as was Goethe's concept. It is significant that the image of the clockwork of the universe, once manufactured by the Creator and then left to its perpetual motion, was the ultimate answer offered by Baroque systems of thought to the question of mundane existence. If the potential notion of "das Werdende" was at all sensed, as it was by an attentive, anonymous reader of Leibnitz, it was expressed in the faint and almost apologetic confession: "Alles in der Natur lebt, nichts ist ganz tot."

It is a moot question to what extent Goethe's morphological reflections and, in particular, his poetic imagery dealing with the entelechies of Faust and Homunculus are indebted to Leibnitz. Likewise it would be an intriguing task to examine, far beyond the incidental aspects of biographical and literary background, how the same psychological pattern that governs Philipp von Zesen's *Adriatische Rosemund*—the languishing of the human soul for her lover and savior—could re-emerge, under modified circumstances, in the pattern governing Goethe's *Werther* and *Wahlverwandtschaften*. And finally, considering the fact that the ideal of "Glück," or the notion of perfect human adjustment and equilibrium, represents one of the recurring themes in Goethe's works, several intervening stages may have to be removed and uncovered

before it might be possible to show that Fortuna, the leading idol of Baroque ambition, stands at the source of Goethe's conflict of themes. Specific problems such as these exceed the scope of the present inquiry. But all of them confirm the assumption that common and fundamental human concepts connect Goethe's work with the Age of the Baroque. Both own a dynamic view of existence. The difference lies in the concept and interpretation of form. That which had appeared as restraint from without, applied arbitrarily and coincidentally by the forces of chance or Providence or impenetrable "Reason," had become the result and function of an "inner law" — the law and *raison d'être* of the individual. Goethe's imagery, the poetic expression of this most personal beliefs, derives to a large extent from the heritage of the Baroque. It required the psychological insight into the spiritual needs of the individual before the empty forms of allegorical abstraction could again be filled with meaningful content.

The University of Texas

QUIRINUS KUHLMANN: WHERE AND WHEN?

ROBERT L. BEARE

In recent years Quirinus Kuhlmann has been the subject of much interest, not merely because he is one of the most striking of German Baroque writers, but also because his life has unusual features not always associated with poets—seldom is a poet burned alive, no matter how critics may roast his work! Throughout his short life he fell into adventures which were unusual and sometimes bizarre. Thus there is something of the same fascination in tracing Kuhlmann's life which one finds in detective stories, for it is mysterious. In addition Kuhlmann's life is so inextricably interwoven with his poetry, that some knowledge of his life is necessary in order to interpret the poetry. He himself insists upon the importance of the events in his life as confirmation of his divine mission. Not only does every poem in Kuhlmann's major work, *Der Kuhlpsalter*, contain a heading, giving dates and circumstances of composition, but also almost every poem in the book contains allusions to his life. Yet despite the frequency with which Kuhlmann refers to the events in his life, it still remains unclear. We know little more today than we find in the earliest sources, apart from these references in his own work.¹ When in 1680 there is already a reference in the archives of the *Geistliches Ministerium* in Hamburg to 'Culmann' as a representative of one of the main movements in religious fanaticism, he must have been a fairly well-known figure.² In the light of this reference to him, it is curious that little or nothing is to be found about him in archives and

¹ J. C. Adelung, *Geschichte der menschlichen Narrheit* (Leipzig, 1787), Vol. 5.

² Hamburg, *Akten des Geistlichen Ministeriums*, Bd. VII (Alte Zählung).

libraries. This lack of information has puzzled a number of people in recent years, since, apart from a few scattered details, the only known records were those of the hearings in Moscow.³

In the course of preparations for a modern edition of *Der Kühlpсалтер* I have attempted to re-examine this question of the lack of documentary material, since it is difficult to know whether certain events actually happened in Kuhlmann's life, as he claimed, and even more difficult to evaluate the interpretation he placed upon these events in this poems. In the course of long searching I have uncovered a few scattered items from various archives and one set of documents in Geneva which is startling in its implications and forms the basis for the question in the title of this essay.

I

First I should like to bring one minor document with regard to two of the people who are frequently mentioned by Kuhlmann in both his prose writings and his poetry. In his *Lutetier- Oder Pariserschreiben* (London, 1681) the fourth letter is addressed to "Herrn Johann Bathurst, Englishen Edelmann, Seinen göttlicher-wekkten Freund." Bathurst is at the time of this letter in Jamaica in the West Indies. The name "Bathurst" occurs again and again in the poetry and prose. In 1677 Kuhlmann lived in Bathurst's house in Bromley by Bow and later stayed with Bathurst in Islington. Bathurst is also a shadowy figure and there has been much speculation about him because of his intimate connection with Kuhlmann, and particularly about his social status. He certainly was not a member of the nobility. There was a member of the Jamaican legislature from St. Mary's by the name of John Bathurst for the period Bathurst is reputed to have spent in Jamaica to look after his property. If Kuhlmann's friend (and later enemy) and this member of the Jamaican legislature are identical, as I suspect, then Bathurst was a property owner and could thus have been a member of the gentry without having a title. In German he would still then be addressed as "Edelmann." Kuhlmann states that Bathurst's first wife died in Jamaica in 1677. Later he refers to a marriage of Bathurst with one Anne Jurien, usually referred to punningly as 'Injurien,' and mentions Bathurst as liv-

³D. Cvetajev, *Pamjatnik ki istorii protestanstva v Rosja* (Moscow, 1875).

ing in Islington. In the marriage allegations contained in the Lambeth Palace Library the following entry is to be found in 1681: ⁴

9 October

On which day personally appeared John Bathurst of Islington in the county of Middlesex esquire and a widdower and alleaged that he intendeth to marry with Anne Jewrin of the parish of St. Sepulchre's London widdow And that he knoweth of no lawfull lett or impediment by reason of any precontract consanguinity affinity or otherwise to hinder the said intended marriage and of the truth hereof he made oath and prayed Licence to be married in the parish church of St. Giles in the Fields in the county of Midd.

John J Bathurst

×

his marke.

Unfortunately the bonds in the penal sum of £100 accompanying these allegations which might contain more details do not survive from before 1698.

Kuhlmann refers to Bathurst as "one-eyed" and as "blind." It is difficult to interpret whether he always means merely physically blind or that Bathurst is spiritually blind. The simplest assumption would be that Bathurst had trouble with his vision which forced him to sign by mark rather than that he was illiterate. We cannot identify him further since we have no idea of the date of his death; otherwise one could search for a will, since it was legal practice to prove the will of a man resident in England but owning property in Jamaica in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, the records of which are still in Somerset House. If a will could be found, it might cast more light on his social position and finances. The name 'Jurien' does occur in the records of the Dutch Church in London, where we find an entry for "Anna Margaretha Jurriaens" under the date of May 2, 1663 (Old Style), who apparently came from Woudrichem.⁵ The only reason for suspecting a connection is indicated by the references in Kuhlmann's works to a closer association between Holland and Bathurst in the period

⁴ I should like to thank the Librarian of the Lambeth Palace Library for the transcription. The reference is: F/B/1-1680-83. (No page reference.)

⁵ J. Hessels, *Archives of the London-Dutch Church. Register of the Attestations or Certificates of Membership* (London; Amsterdam, 1892).

after this marriage. Friedrich Breckling also mentions that Bathurst was in Holland near the end of the century.⁶

II

Through the kindness of Professor Leonard Forster I have come into possession of a curious document which may indicate that we know less about Kuhlmann's difficulties in Russia than the archives show.⁷ It is a copy of an extract from a letter by the Lutheran pastor in Archangel, Franciscus Laurentius Schrader. The copy seems to have been made especially for Ehrenfried Walter von Tschirnhaus and is at present in the university library in Wroclaw among the Tschirnhaus papers. The text is:

Archangel d. 17. Decemb. aō 1689

Die wegen Schwärmercy allhier eine Zeitlang gefangen gewesene Quirin Cuhlmann und Nordermann, (deren jener sich vor einen Sohn Christi und Stifter der Neuen Jesus Monarchie, über den gantzen Erdboden ausgeben dörrfen, auch in einem gedruckten gottlosen Büchlein, worin der Maulaffe sich nebst seinem Weibe als mit Sonn und Stern bekleidet auch den Monden unter seinen Füßen abconterfeyen laßen dergleichen in die Welt geschrieben, welchen ich auch von Schertzern, in Breviar Hülsemanni als einen Scurram benannt finde) sind in Mosco beyde öffentlich verbrandt worden.⁸

Franciscus Laurentius Schrader
Pastor in Archangel

Dieses sind des H. Schraders eigene worte, so ich aus seinem Brieffe abcopiert können solche nun M. H. dienen soll es mir lieb seyn. Vale.

The wording seems quite clear that Kuhlmann and Nordermann for some period of time were imprisoned in Archangel. It is not clear what the usual practice in Russia in regards to prisoners was, but it might be further evidence that the decision to put them to

⁶ Breckling calls him "einen blinden Edelmann Ritter und Gentilman." Baumgarten, S. J., *Nachrichten von einer hallischen Bibliothek* (Halle: 1756), p. 324 ff.

⁷ For more details about the Tschirnhaus papers see *Neues Lausitzisches Magazin*, CXVI (Görlitz, 1940), 100-108.

⁸ From the description it is obvious that Schrader is speaking of an engraving from the *Kühlpsalter*.

death was not made at the time of the examination, but considerably later as a by-product of the change in the Russian throne. It is certainly indicative that Kuhlmann was the subject of considerable interest at the time.

III

If Kuhlmann was the subject of so much interest, then it is strange that we find so little information about him. Unfortunately I am in the position of offering an explanation, which if true, makes research more complicated rather than less so. One of the most interesting of the headings in the entire *Kühlpsalter* is that for the 84th "Kühlpsalm" (hereafter, "Kps") in the sixth book, which runs (somewhat shortened) as follows:

Als er im Genffischem teutschem Predigerhause; nach sibenmonatlicher unsträfflicher beiwohnung, den 25 Julius gegen alles Völkerrecht unverhöht öffentlich wegen seines Gefehrten beraubet, den 28. Jul. verarrestiret, von 2 Syndicen und 2 andern Ratsdeputierten geexaminiret und darauf vom Rath frei erkläret; den 29 und 30 Jul. von Welt und Geistlichen geccomplimentiret; den 31 Jul. aufs neu durch Poliers teuflereien zur ewigen Genfferschmach verarrestiret . . .

Till now it has been inferred that Kuhlmann had very probably exaggerated the facts in his headings and twisted the interpretation of these facts. The archives in Geneva had been investigated a number of times and always with the same result: that there were no records of any such event. A typical answer was: "Les démêlés avec la justice dont se plaint Kuhlmann, n'ayant pas abouti à une inculpation, il est probable qu'aucun procès-verbal n'a été conservé . . ." ⁹ Naturally, this conclusion of the archivist made Kuhlmann's assertions doubtful and forced the conclusion that he exaggerated things out of all proportion.

Here however I should like to present several documents which I found in the *Archives d'État* in Geneva.¹⁰ Although they are incomplete, one can judge the situation fairly clearly. In the series

⁹ Quoted from a letter to the author from the *Archives d'État* in Geneva in 1951.

¹⁰ I should like to thank the *Archives d'État* in Geneva for permission to print these documents. I owe special thanks to M. Louis Binz of the archive staff for checking my transcriptions so carefully against the originals. The irregularities in the French are in the original documents. The second and third documents are in Kuhlmann's own handwriting.

Procès Criminels there is a folder containing five documents under the date of 19 juillet 1682 (OS) and under the title: "Fragment du Procédure contre Gottlieb Erich, gentilhomme du Bohème suspect pour ses relations et avoir changé de qualité" (*Archives d'État de Genève*, P.C. 4579). Four original documents and one copy from the period are contained in this folder and the four originals are reprinted here:

1.

[1] Reponces personnelles de S^r
Gottlieb Erich gentilhomme de Boheme
entre Prage et le pays de Saxe
de religion reformee:

- I. Ce qu'il fait en ce pays.
- R. Qu'il estoit venu icy pour y demeurer quinze jours a attendre des lettres de Change, Et que n'estant point venues ils sont obligez de rester icy:
- I. D'ou il attendoit ces Lettres de Change:
- R. De Paris ou il a un amy qui Luy doit envoyer trois mille escus pour faire Son voyage avec M^r Solmon a malthe en qualité d'ami; et dans Les dessein de voyager:
- I. S'il a pas esté en Angleterre,
- R. Qu'ouy, qu'il y esté trois fois en qualité de gentilhomme du Baron de Spaar: ¹¹
- I. S'il a esté en Holande.
- R. Qu'ouy, dans les gardes de M^r Le Prince: ¹²
- I. S'il a quelque communication en Angleterre.
- R. Qu'ouy, que ce sont des correspondances d'amis:
- I. S'il a pas quelque correspondance à Paris.
- R. Qu'ouy et que ce ne sont que correspondances d'amis.
- I. S'il a pas resté quelque temps a Paris:
- R. Qu'ouy, Qu'il a demeure huit jours, Et que M^r Salomon l'est venu joindre a Paris pour voyager de Compagnie, en Italie, Malthe, Et Jerusalem:

¹¹ Baron Per Sparre was Ambassador Extraordinary to the English court three times: 1) October 13-November 24, 1672; 2) March 23-October 9, 1674; 3) May 24, 1675-July 21, 1676. (I thank the Riksarkivet in Stockholm for this information.) He was Ambassador Extraordinary at the Hague from Dec., 1672 until May, 1673.

¹² Not yet identified, possibly the Prince of Orange, later William III.

[2]

I. S'il n'a pas des Lettres d'Angleterre Et s'il n'en reçoit pas quelques fois:

R. Qu'il y a des correspondances avec des amis, Et qu'à L'égard de M^r Salomon il n'y a des correspondances que pour en faire venir de l'argent.

I. S'il ne scait pas que Le s^r Salomon y a eu quelque disgrâce.

R. Que non, qu'il na que des affaires particulieres & non destat

I. Quand ils pretendent partir

R. Aussi tost qu'ils auront receu de l'argent:

I. Par ou ils s'en veulent aller:

R. Peut estre s'en retourneront ils par Basle ou par Paris:

I. Comment Le S^r Salomon s'est mis en Chemin pour Les aller joindre a Paris sans avoir de l'argent:

R. Qu'ils avoyent deux cents escus, pour venir icy Et que Le Surplus de leur argent ils Le devoyens toucher a Genns, Naples & autres endroits:

I. Si Le S^r Salomon est marié

R. Que non.

I. Quelle Lettre est celle qui luy a esté exhibee

R. Quelle es de la main du S^r Salomon:

I. A qui il escrit.

R. Au S^r Osman qui est avec eux et lequel le S^r Salomon a envoyé a Paris pour ses affaires:

[3] (Upper left corner: mrs Salmon, & Gottil:
Keiseintin [sic] Volkenstein)

I. D'ou est Le S^r Osman

R. de Chartres, et qu'il es medecin:

I. de quelle religion il est

R. Protestante

I. De quelle religion est le S^r Salomon

R. Qu'il est Luterien.

I. Ce qu'il veut dire par sa lettre.

R. Que c'est une reprimande qu'il fait au Dr Osman touchant les ordres qu'il Luy avoit donné d'avoir de L'argent.

I. Si Le S^r Salomon est marie

R. Que non

2.¹³

Clarissime,

Tuas ultimas, Lutetiae datas, variis affectibus plenas, Consolatio

¹³ The contemporary copy of this letter in the archives is headed: "Copie de la lettre de Mr. Salomon de Keirenstein demeurant chez Mons. Corn et laquelle il a envoyée au S^r Osman à Paris.

haec excipit. Noli alium me credere, quàm scis olim: noli verba mea duriùs intelligere, quàm intendi. Maneto Lutetiae, usque me oretenùs explicatorem audies, nec scribe aliquid ad Angliam, nec istos frivolos Sciolosque Lutetiae, de quibas indicas, cura. Toto corde apprecor Tibi, ut aliquà laetitià tui me labores sudoresque tandem afficiant, non tàm propter me, quàm propter Te. Si aliquid necessarium, vel si Plr abiit, et illa res cum suâ Principissâ sic sit, vel si aliquid certe de morte, aut morbo Regis Angliae audias, rescribe, et per Julium hunc scias me Geneva adhuc mansurum, augusto vero vel Septembri Deo dante, ero Parisiis. Quae jam hic fiunt, oretenus stupenti Tibi indicabo, Dei manu ductuque admirabilia. Dom Gottl. salutat Te. Vale. Gen. d. 11/21 Jul. 1682.¹⁴

3.

Amplissime Domine Syndice Primarie;

Rumor jam spargitur de pessimis calumniis, contra me sparsis. Peto igitur per Deum, ne publicè aliquid contra me intentetur, usque privatim inter nos acta sunt. Innocens ero in omnibus, et nomen meum illustrius est, quàm ut sine prostitutione vestrà aliquid fieri possit. Ignotum me vivere non propter ullam fraudem, sed propter Scripta mea, ad Gallos Pontificiosque pertinentia, demonstrabo. Judicate saltem, num verum sim Instrumentum Dei pro re reformatâ ex istis, qua mox vobis communicabo. Deus det vobis nunc sapientiam, quâ indigetis in Diabolicâ hâc fraude, quia propter vestrum interesse occulte vixi, post paucos menses notus. Impedito pro possibilitate tuâ, ne obruar tanto Calamniarum mari. Hoc desiderat et expectat

Vestr. Magnific. Genevensisque
Statûs

Occultate nomen meum, Scripta
mea, propter Vos; non propter
me, quia videbetis apertam
Diaboli fraudem.

Fidelius Cultor
Sal. von Kayserst.

4.

Voici ce que Monsieur Bec Gouverneur de Monsieur de Voinsor me marque de Paris touchant les hommes qui sont logé chez Monsieur Korn.¹⁵

¹⁴ Geneva did not adopt the Gregorian calendar until the beginning of the eighteenth century and thus the two dates.

¹⁵ I assume 'Voinsor' is a phonetic transcription of 'Windsor' but I have not been able to identify either person yet.

Je vous prie Monsieur de navoir point de commerce avec les gens qui sont logé chez Monsieur Korn car se sont des filoux qui changent leur noms en toutes les villes. Mons^r. Salmon s'appelle Quirinus Culman fils d'un petit marchand de Breslau. M^r. Hausman s'appelle St. Germain, ils ont trompé bien du monde en Angleterre et en Hollande, ou ils n'osent pas retourner.

In addition to these pieces there is also an entry in the *Registre du Conseil* (Du Vendredi xxi juillet 1682. p. 227) which is a necessary addition to the story:¹⁶

Dame Marie Germain femme du Sr. Duhamel appelée au suiet
Sr Othon Corne de ce qu'elle seroit allée dans la maison du
Sr Corne pasteur de L'Eglise Allemande

dépouiller¹⁷ de son auctorité privée sans provision de justice des estrangers pensionnaires dans ladite maison, sous pretexte qu'elle n'avoit esté payée des estoffes qu'elle Leur avoit vendu, A dit qu'elle sestonoit de ce qu'elle avoit esté citée puis qu'il ne comparoissoit aucune partie qui formast plainte contrelle, neantmoins que pour justifier sa conduite elle represente que lesdits pensionnaires ayans acheté dans sa boutique & chés Msr. Denormandie son gendre des estoffes de prix & apprenant du Sr. Isaac Bordier qu'elle devoit prendre garde à ces estrangers, suspects de se vouloir retirer de la ville sans payer Leurs dettes, Elles se porta dans la maison du Sr. Corne, apres en avoir informé Monsieur le Premier¹⁸ qui Luy acorda La permission des Les faire arrester au cas qu'elle vid qu'ils se voulussent retirer sans payer, mais qu'elle fist Le plushonestement qu'il se pourroit, & reconnoissant qu'elle ne pouvoit esperer aucune satisfaction du nomme Gotliebery qui avoit acheté les dites marchandises, elle luy dit qu'elle desiroit de luy, de trois choses Lune, où de se faire cognoistre, veu qu'ils avoyent teu & changé leur noms où caution, où a ce default payement, ce qu'iceux ne voulans ou ne pouvans effectuer, ils offrirent à ladite Germain de luy restituer les habits & estoffes qu'elle prist & emporta Et si bien ils luy remirent Une promesse du sr. de Sosigny de huit cents livres; elle la rendit audit sr. de Sosigny ne voulant pas sy confier, ne croyant pas estre en faute, de tant plus qu'elle reste perdante de passé quarante pistoles¹⁹ Et de ce deliberé en l'absence de ces parents & de son gendre oncle & neveux

¹⁶ Here also it has not been possible to identify these persons further.

¹⁷ = "pour dépouiller."

¹⁸ = "le Premier Syndic."

¹⁹ "de passé" = "de plus de 40 p."

inclus, Elle a esté liberée quant a present sans preiudice du droit du tiers, non oui, ni appelé.

It is a pity that these are all the papers which remain, for it is evident that the situation was in reality somewhat complicated. We have, in any case, partially confirmed Kuhlmann's factual information, although it has not been possible to confirm the first arrest. The date of the hearing for Marie Germain would correspond to Kuhlmann's dates (NS) as confirming the second arrest.

In the light of these documents can we consider Kuhlmann's other factual information as probably correct? It certainly seems that the names, dates, and places are accurate. In the hearing for the 77th Kps. he speaks of "zwei Gefehrten," as we have them here. He mentions Otto Korn in the heading for the 80th Kps. (and 84th Kps.) and here also we have the name. In the heading for the third part of the 80th Kps he speaks of the companion whom he sent back to Paris to raise money. Here we have Erich's testimony and the letter to 'Dr. Osman,' in Paris. In Kuhlmann's favourite code (through leaving out the vowels) this letter also contains the combination 'Plr', while the heading to the poems mention 'Stephanus Polier' in Paris. It seems justifiable, without paying attention to the emotional connotation of the adverb, to take a heading such as: "Als Badhors des in Feb zu Genff fest gesätzten Jerusalemmerreiswechsel, durch seines Weibes Rath teuflisch im letzten Augenblick mit ihm handelte . . ." (80th Kps.) as more or less factual: that Bathhurst had promised money and for some reason, possibly under the influence of his wife, had not sent it.

That Kuhlmann and his friends lacked money is clear, both from the poems of this period and from these documents. The people in Geneva had evidently also noticed this. This is a provision in the *Edits de la République de Genève* (1707 ed., p. 130) which seems to be the paragraph under which Marie Germain acted:

Si le demandeur allegue que le defaillant est suspect de fuite ou de latiter & transporter ses biens meubles, n'ayant aucuns immeubles, les Juges pourront par sommaire cogoissance, ordonner que les meubles soyent saisis & retenus jusques à ce qu'il ait comparu & respondru à la demande, & si besoin est pourront permettre d'arrester la personne à defaut de bien suffisans.

Although it is apparent that Marie Germain acted overhastily, the question which remains open, in respect to Kuhlmann, is that of judging not the facts but the interpretation of them and the tone in which they are phrased.

The situation becomes a little clearer, if we quote some passages from the 86th Kps.:

Drum ward ALLS im Mai vollführt!
Drum hat drauf di Erd erschüttert,
Das *Losann* und *Genf* gezittert,
Eh der fünffte Tag zum end!

...

Drum ward Weis und Blau di kleidung,
Von dem trauerschwartz di scheidung,
Di ich voller wonn zulis,
Wi Gott längst Kotteren wis.

...

Libster Vater! Als mein blühen
Alles *Genf* nach sich wolt zihen,
Und gleich siben Monden aus,
Fil des Satans sturm ins haus,
Ohne Recht, Gewissen, Wissen:
WEIS und BLAU wird hingerissen.
Das Genf spilte di Figur
Recht der Babylonischen Huhr.
Joseph ward sein Rokk entzogen,
Den ihm Gott gab huldgewogen.

Two of the more recent studies emphasize that the experience described here is exaggerated: that Kuhlmann is making "in echter barocker Übertreibung eine Mücke zum Elephanten."²⁰ This, of course, seems probable if one knows nothing of the background. But in the light of the documents reprinted here what do these lines now mean? Kuhlmann wore black clothes for a long time as a sign of spiritual depression. After an unexplained event in Lausanne, confirmed as extraordinary by an earthquake, he felt a prophetic stirring, a sign of grace, which he could best express through blue and white clothing, the colours standing both for Breslau and for heavenly election. Through his friend he bought clothes and fabrics, which remained unpaid. Finally Marie Germain took matters into her own hands, had Kuhlmann and his

²⁰ C. V. Bock, *Quirinus Kuhlmann als Dichter* (Bern, 1957) p. 27.

friend arrested, and took back the prophetic clothes and fabrics. For Kuhlmann with his irritable sensibility this event was not just personal but world-shaking. It was a severe blow to his plans and to his ego, particularly as he had found someone who would provide surety for him. If we read these lines with sympathy for his situation, we have to be less severe in our judgment. For our present-day tastes the feelings are exaggerated, but for Kuhlmann they were true. Besides this was necessary—as a prophet he had to present himself as innocent. The real question is, was he as innocent as he claimed to be? This is doubtful.

There are two further unsolved problems in the poems of this period: the name 'Polier' and the importance of the city of Lausanne. It is certainly tempting to assume a connection between them, since the Polier family played an important role in the life of Lausanne. Larousse has the following information about the family: "nom d'une famille noble, originaire du Rouergue, qui se retira dans la Suisse française pour échapper aux persécutions et n'avoir point à abjurer la foi protestante. L'expatriation définitive des Poliers eut lieu pendant le XVI^e siècle, époque où tant d'hommes distingués durent se réfugier sur le sol étranger. Le premier membre connu de cette famille est Jean Polier, mort en 1602, après avoir été secrétaire de l'ambassade de France à Genève."²¹ Of the members of this family the figure of Jean-Pierre Polier, sieur de Botten, is the most striking. Not only was he the mayor of Lausanne in 1665 but he also was the author of several books on religious questions. In a voluminous history of the church in the Vaud Henri Vuilleumier writes of him:²²

Mais son protestantisme avait une teinte particulière, peu commune en ce temps-là: le bourgmestre de Lausanne avait donné en plein dans l'interprétation des prophéties, spécialement de l'Apocalypse. Il se croyait la vocation de proclamer, selon ses propres termes, "les heureuses nouvelles qu'il avait découvertes dans les sacrés Registres, desquelles Dieu nous promet l'accomplissement es jours de la septième trompette auxquels nous sommes parvenus." Pour s'acquitter de cette mission, il ne publia pas moins de quatre ouvrages. Le dernier est celui qui nous intéresse ici le plus directement, parce

²¹ Larousse, *Dictionnaire Universelle du XIX^e Siècle*. For further details, *La France Protestante* (Paris, 1858), VIII.

²² Vuilleumier, Henri, *Histoire de l'Eglise Reformée du Pays de Vaud sous le régime Bernois*. 4 vols. (Lausanne, 1927-1933).

qu'il est dirigé spécialement contre la Rome papale dont il attendait la ruine à brève échéance. (II, 238-239.)

This mystical trend of mind and the themes of Polier's books would naturally have been of great interest to Kuhlmann, if we assume that he might have heard of him.²³

Among Jean-Pierre Polier's eleven children two are of special interest to us in this connection: George Polier, pastor in Lausanne and later professor of theology there, and Estienne Polier, who took a position in 1663 as equerry and chamberlain in the service of Elector Karl Ludwig of the Palatinate and later was steward and confidante for the Princess Charlotte Elisabeth.²⁴ Polier is supposed to have carried on the negotiations for her marriage with the Duc d'Orléans. Although the Elector and Liselotte both mention Polier in their letters, he remains a shadowy figure. He apparently possessed some medical knowledge, but it is unlikely that he was a doctor. He gave up his position under Liselotte about 1670 (at her marriage) but followed her to Paris, where he lived for many years in the vicinity of the Palais Royal and kept in close touch with her until his death. He was obviously deeply interested in religious questions, but, it seems likely, not in a formal dogmatic fashion. Liselotte herself had no respect for sectarianism but believed in a union of the various faiths. Interesting in this connection is, of course, the earlier friendship of the Elector and Liselotte with Franciscus Mercurius van Helmont, who also later visited Kuhlmann in Bromley by Bow. We should also not forget that Liselotte's aunt was Elizabeth, the Abbess of Hereford, who supported Anna Maria Schurmann and Jean Labadie and who knew of Kuhlmann through Breckling.

The relationship between Lausanne and Estienne Polier through his brother George Polier offers a possible reason for Kuhlmann's

²³ Here are two titles, as examples of Polier's themes: a) *La Venue de Messie pour rappeler les Juifs, pour rétablir la terre et mettre les siens en possessions de l'héritage et du royaume qui leur a été promis . . .* (Lausanne, 1666); b) *La Chute de Babylon et de son roy* (Lausanne, 1668).

²⁴ He is mentioned throughout all the volumes of Liselotte's correspondence in the *Bibliothek des Literarischen Vereins zu Stuttgart* (among them her letters to Polier) as well as in other published letters. His appointment on August 1, 1663, is given in the *Zeitschrift für Geschichte des Oberrheins* (N.F., 1893). At that time he had two valets and three horses and also a salary of "400 fl. Allemandes en argent."

trips to Lausanne.²⁵ We know little about Georges Polier de Vermand, of whom Vuilleumier writes at one point:

Tout ce que nous savons de lui, c'est qu'il avait souscrit *lubens* à tous les articles du Consensus; il ne devait donc rien laisser à désirer au point de vue de l'orthodoxie. Mais il paraîtrait que son enseignement était en somme plus scripturaire que scolastique, ce qui était dû peut-être à l'influence de son pieux et savant père de bourgmestre. (II, 548.)

It is by definition almost impossible for a pastor in French Switzerland to have been unorthodox, although Vuilleumier discusses such people in the course of his history. Certainly Pastor Korn in Geneva must have been unorthodox, and it is interesting that I could find no records of him in the church archives for this period. It may be a very tenuous deduction, but it seems that this characterization of Georges Polier is so cautious, that there may have been some remnant of his father's inclination to mysticism left in him.

One other fact speaks also for a possible connection between this Estienne Polier and Kuhlmann. In the first part of the *Kühlpсалter* there are two passages which are difficult to explain:

Als ihn der Geist Gottes plötzlich von London . . . nach Paris zum zweitenmahl geführt, wegen der figur seines dritten Anfanges, Frankreiches, und ihn mit dem leiblichem Friderichshause, in wunderlicher Vorsehung, heimlich vereinigte . . . (50th Kps. Pt. III.)

In entsätzung der so gar seltenen Wunderleitung Gottes, durch solche unerwartete fälle, dadurch er zum leiblichem Hause König Friderichs und seines Geschlechtes noch unerwarteter geleitet ward . . . (55th Kps.)

If Kuhlmann had made even a casual acquaintance with Polier at this time, he could have then associated this contact with his belief in an affinity between himself and the figure of Frederick, the "Winter King." The possibility is not excluded, though unlikely, that he may have met Liselotte herself through Polier. We should not forget the reference in the letter to Hausman concerning Polier and "suâ Principissâ." If this connection did exist, it

²⁵ It is perhaps worth noting that the *Bibliothèque des Pasteurs de l'Eglise Libre* in Lausanne owns several Kuhlmann volumes.

did not necessarily mean that Kuhlmann revealed the full extent of his religious thoughts and plans. If it were the same Polier it might also explain how the unknown writer of the fourth document discovered Kuhlmann's identity from the tutor of a well-to-do young Englishman in Paris.

Startling in these papers is the clear proof that Kuhlmann and his friends used pseudonyms. Two possibilities exist for explaining the use of aliases, which do not exclude each other. On the one hand it is certainly possible, as is said here, that he could not remain in a city for any length of time under his own name because of his reputation. In the examination in Moscow Kuhlmann explained the use of the alias "Ludovicus Ludovic" on his journey to Moscow by explaining that people might have kept him from reaching Moscow, if he had travelled under his own name. On the other hand, Hiel offers a theological explanation: "Und zwar meinst darumb/daß sich des Leser mit Creatürlichen Namen nicht möchte lassen gefangen nehmen zu einem erkiesenden Creatürlichen Zufalle oder Laster . . ." ²⁶ In any case Kuhlmann could have made a virtue out of necessity through giving a religious justification to his use of pseudonyms for practical reasons: his own name even became holy to him and was not proper for daily usage:

Salomon trug nur fürbilde:

Kühlmann hat des wesens schilde. (86th Kps., 13397-8.)

We know also, in this connection, that he never used the real name, Mary Gould, of the woman to whom he attached such importance that she was portrayed with him on the engravings for the *Kühlpsalter* but always only the name "Maria Anglicana."

The first example of a deviant name is the use of "Pathmus" instead of "Lubeck" at the end of a letter from the year 1675 written from Lübeck.²⁷ The use is clearly symbolic. Whether by accident or through simple carelessness, Kuhlmann discloses one alias in the *Pariserschreiben an Albertus Otto Faber*, describing the beginning of his trip to Geneva: "dass ich sehr getrost auch hirinnen scheiden möchte, weil di Karosse nach Dover vor Chris-

²⁶ Hiel, i. e., H. Janson, *Des Grundstück welches gründlich im Hertzen der Menschheit erkläret* . . . Quoted from the 1687 edition in the University Library in Copenhagen.

²⁷ See Appendix II in *Der Kühlpsalter* (Tubingen, 1962), I.

tian Victorious schon versprochen." In addition he published one pamphlet under the name of "Cyrus Refrigeratorius" and one under the name "Salomon a Kaiserstein." If we have rightly used the "Ars Combinatoria," of which Kuhlmann was so fond in his youth, we have an explanation for the lines from the 106th Kuhlpsalm of February, 1685:

*Di dreissig nahmen sind mir ewig ein Beweis,
Dass Gott der Herr ins Centrum mich gesätzet.
Si gründen sich auf sibtzig zeugen fest:
Si sind mir wunderlich in ides Wesen worden. (17854-57.)*

In other words Kuhlmann implies that he had used thirty pseudonyms until this date. If this interpretation is correct, the pseudonyms gradually came to share in Kuhlmann's numerical symbolism. It is tempting to interpret these lines now in this fashion because he makes a clear differentiation between the names and the seventy witnesses, whom we know out of other contexts are witnesses to Kuhlmann's mission. The last line also implies that they gradually became not mere aliases but part of his religious symbolism. It is also tempting, because we know that he attributed a symbolic significance to the name "Salomon a Kaiserstein" at the beginning of 1680, almost two years before he arrived in Geneva under this name. Certainly he used further pseudonyms between 1685 and 1689, as we can deduce from the Moscow examinations of Kuhlmann. We should also note the tendency toward concealment in the use of pseudonyms such as "Bach Crith" and "Nordcrith" in poems from 1686 and 1687 instead of the actual Dutch place names. With this we have an explanation as to why no one has been able to uncover records for Kuhlmann's life. To search for them one would have to know not only when and where but also under which name.

It is clear that Kuhlmann had planned an actual trip to Jerusalem. Planning was present, even though he writes that he was expelled from Bathurst's house in Islington and had to leave his belongings behind. The planning which these papers from Geneva indicate had gone into preparations for the trip (and for which the money from Bathurst was of importance) contrasts with Kuhlmann's descriptions of his hasty departure from Islington in his own writings and makes the tone of his statements questionable. Up to the point in Geneva when he had difficulties with the auth-

orities there is no indication of any "Geistreise" that cannot be explained as a later revision of the *Kühlpsalter*.²⁸ The trip was a failure. Kuhlmann himself apparently escaped from serious difficulties, because Marie Germain had acted too hastily. In order to save the situation and to justify himself, he reinterpreted this trip as being a false move: the real, geographical Jerusalem was the false Jerusalem. Kuhlmann had to seek the true, spiritual Jerusalem. This goal one could only attain through the spirit. The fiction of a "Geistreise" was an attempt to prevent the collapse of his hopes. We can probably say with some justification that the interpretations which Kuhlman places on the facts of his life are not necessarily directly connected with the facts. The same is true of the emotional tone of the headings for each poem. They are completely dependent upon the needs of the moment and may be changed at any time, if the need changes.

There were two people together with Kuhlmann on this trip, whose names never appear in any of his writings. He seems to have led at least two lives, of which only a part comes to light in the writings. In the circle of friends from the part of the life unknown to us, it does not seem to have been a rarity to use an alias. We find here "Gottlieb Erich" and "Gottlieb Falkenstein" as well as "Dr. Hausman" who is also "St. Germain." In other places in Kuhlmann's writings he mentions other companions on other trips without ever mentioning their names.²⁹ Only those names which play a particular role in the construction of his prophetic system are perhaps actual. But even here the titles given them are not always true: Bathurst was not a nobleman, just as Lenert Pietersz Holgraf was never a physician in Leeuwarden.³⁰ In Geneva the documents concerning Kuhlmann were under the name of one of these companions, whose name was previously unknown. If one looks in archives under whose name should one look?

As a final speculation growing out of these papers, if we do not wish to take Kuhlmann's innocence or ignorance at face-value, I should like to ask how Kuhlmann raised money for his expenses. Rich patrons were not always at hand, and the costs for printing

²⁸ Bock, *op. cit.*, pp. 65-74.

²⁹ For example in the *Historisch Verhaal, Lutetier oder Londener Schreiben, Sechstes Pariserschreiben* and also in the *Kühlpsalter*.

³⁰ Letter from the Gemeente Archief, Leeuwarden, of September, 1961.

his books alone, apart from his trips, must have taken a great deal of money. During the hearings in Moscow Kuhlmann stated that he was a merchant in Amsterdam. This is interesting, because he always stresses in all his writings his clothes and his appearance.³¹ In the engraving by R. White, Kuhlmann is an impressive figure. When he went to Lübeck in 1675 it was at the invitation of Christian Werner, who became a citizen there as a ribbon maker. Later Werner owned several houses in Lübeck and was the fiscal agent for the Danish court in Lübeck. In 1683 he moved to Copenhagen and with a royal privilege opened a cloth factory there which reached a rather large production. Werner was still alive in 1702 for his privileges were renewed then.³² Also in 1675 Kuhlmann mentions as friends the "Kaufmann in Lüneburg" and the "Kaufmann in Mittelburg." Here in these papers from Geneva we have the mention of "les habits & estoffes." It is tempting to assume that Kuhlmann, apart from the already known practice of magnetic healing, also dealt at times in fabrics. If the promise of de Sосigny for 800 livres were just to cover the fabrics mentioned in the hearing, then the purchases were not merely of a quantity sufficient for immediate personal needs but extremely large. The wages of a teacher for a year at this period, as a comparison, were not much more than 500 livres.³³ There is another reason for considering that Kuhlmann may have dealt in fabrics. His mother was widowed early and remained her whole life in Breslau. It is improbable that Kuhlmann, an only child, contributed to her support. His father is called, in these papers, "un petit marchand de Breslau." We do not know what his business was, but if it were a business in fabrics or notions, it would have been the kind of business which his mother could have carried on and thus supported herself—and she long outlived her son. If this were true, Kuhlmann could have learned such a business in his youth and picked it up again from time to time on his travels. Some such business would cover financially the period in Kuhlmann's life

³¹ For example: "(vor eine Fürst - oder Gräffliche Person mich haltend, davon das wenigste oder nichts dem samtnem Rokke; das meiste der starken Influentz bei mir zuzueignen) . . ." *Lutetierschreiben*, p. 64.

³² I should like to thank the Archiv der Hansestadt Lübeck and the Rigsarkivet in Copenhagen for the information on Werner.

³³ This comparison was suggested to me by a specialist in French seventeenth century history and I have not been able to confirm it.

from late 1681 until his death in 1689.³⁴ This hypothesis would also explain the existence of two or more circles of acquaintances completely separated from each other, as we can now dimly recognize them in his writings on the basis of these documents. Kuhlmann's life may have been even stranger and more complicated than we have thought up to now.

The Johns Hopkins University

³⁴ He certainly lived extravagantly. We learn from the *Kühlpsalter* that he bought a diamond ring in Geneva to replace the seal ring he had pawned in Constantinople. Yet he no longer had any prospects of money from Bathurst. Later he speaks of gold embroidery on his clothes.

OPITZ' ZLATNA

G. SCHULZ-BEHREND

The pastoral, written in imitation and emulation of the ancients, constitutes an important and bulky portion of Renaissance literature. In the course of time the pastoral assumed a bewildering variety of forms — lyric and epic poetry, prose interspersed with verse, drama with or without music — and exactly because of its protean shape, the pastoral was a convenient vessel into which the contents of didacticism, eroticism, panegyric, etc. could be poured with the utmost freedom. The pastoral tradition was particularly vigorous at the time when the creative forces of the Renaissance shifted from Italy to France, i.e. in the second half of the sixteenth century.

Martin Opitz (1597-1639), who dedicated his life to bringing German letters abreast of European developments, was of course aware of the high value which his contemporaries placed on "Hirtendichtung." Spurred on by the backwardness of German literature, he sought to popularize bucolic writing in the German language as part of his elaborate literary program. As early as 1617 he mentions a number of pastoral authors in his *Aristarchus*, and the list is augmented in later works. In his *Buch von der deutschen Poeterei* he treats of "Eclogen oder Hirtenlieder" as fully as of other genres, and in the Preface to his paraphrase of *Salomonis Hohes Liedt* he calls the individual songs "Hirtenlieder" and like other critics of his day, suggests a close relationship between this book of the Bible and Virgil's *Eclogues*.¹

Opitz' own bucolic production extends from a Latin poem in *Strenarum Libellus* (1615) and the "Daphnis Ecloga" of his Beuthen days (1616/7) by way of the programmatic poem "An die

¹ "Vorrede," *Geistliche Poemata* (Breslau, 1690), part III, p. 6.

Teutsche Nation," and many shorter poems to the longer pastoral *Lob des Feldtlebens*, to parts of *Vielguet*, and to the *Schaeferrey von der Nymphen Hercinie* (1630). He calls *Hercinie* the first pastoral in German, but this is true only in a very special sense; after all, a contemporary chronicler called the first German opera, *Opitz' Dafne* (1627), a "Pastoral Tragicomoedie."² Neuenheuser's statement that the pastoral element "runs like a red thread through Opitz' entire work"³ is only a slight exaggeration.

The most likeable example of Opitz' pastorals is *Zlatna oder von Ruhe des Gemüts*.⁴ This poem of 568 lines is best described as an idyll,⁵ for it presents a self-contained picture of rural life; its characters are relatively simple people; the tone, while serious at times, is generally pleasant, even humorous; its didacticism is not so heavy-handed as to suppress a modicum of personal experience; and the erotic element is present. In length *Zlatna* holds the middle between an eclogue and an epic.

The idyll is intrinsically "sentimentalisch": it is not, it *seeks* nature. It is composed and appreciated by city dwellers who wish to live—in the phrase of the Stoics—"secundum naturam," but who do not in the least intend to become farmers. They see themselves as rustics, sometimes with Greek names, in the company of nymphs and other mythological folk, but their habitat is the city, more specifically the court; they know they are not serious, and they do not want to be so considered. In this genre artifice is the norm, and realism is hardly expected.

What was Opitz' situation when he wrote the poem? He spent the time from ca. May 1622 until ca. August 1623 as a teacher of Latin in the academy at Weißenburg,⁶ a school which Prince Bethlen Gabor had founded in 1622 and which he hoped to raise to the rank of a university. Opitz must have had his reasons for accepting the position, but in spite of his talent for friendship he

² Otto Taubert, "Daphne, das erste deutsche Operntextbuch," Programm, (Torgau, 1879), p. 30.

³ Peter Neuenheuser, *Untersuchungen über Martin Opitz im Hinblick auf seine Behandlung der Natur*, Diss. (Bonn, 1904), p. 17.

⁴ Minutiae of spelling in titles have not been pedantically observed. References are to Witkowski's edition of *Teutsche Poemata* (Halle, 1902), where *Zlatna* is No. 150, but where the Notes have been omitted. My forthcoming Opitz edition will have a complete apparatus.

⁵ See Erna Merker, "Idylle," in the second edition of *Reallexikon*.

⁶ Various forms of the name of this town are: Roumanian = Alba Iulia, Hungarian = Gyula-Fejérvár, later German = Karlsburg.

soon wearied of life at the Transylvanian court, a court that had assumed importance only through the vagaries of political events, but which lay very much at the fringe of civilization. At Weißenburg the Germans who had been brought in by Bethlen Gabor were resented as preferred foreigners; of the Magyar courtiers few could speak Latin or German, and Opitz spoke no Hungarian. In such isolation one is apt to engage in wishful thinking and to make social contacts which would normally be eschewed. It is not surprising then that Opitz felt drawn to the local "underdogs," the Roumanians or Wallachians, among whom he found a girl he could celebrate in verse, his "tall Vandala." But even his sympathy with the Roumanians extended chiefly to an idealized past, to their descent from the Romans, to their history and archeology rather than to their indigent present.⁷

Under these circumstances many of the sentiments expressed in *Zlatna* assume a note of personal urgency that is far from the conventional. Yet, one must be careful not to overrate the matter, for poetic conventions of the late Renaissance severely restrict all self-revelation. For example, the lines 347-350, inveighing against the arbitrariness of princes, lost their importance when the prince was no longer Bethlen Gabor. Later versions omit these lines, partly of course from political reasons, but also, I feel because too much personal resentment had crept into them.

Limitations of space prevent a detailed analysis of our poem. The larger outlines of the contents, however, are these: the poet enjoys an occasional day away from school and city to visit his friend Lisabon, the manager of the gold mines at Zlatna, where Nature is as beautiful as she is bountiful, and where tangible evidence of the past abounds. (Excursions: the history of Zlatna and its vicinity in Roman times; contemplation of the value of gold and its inferiority to glory; Dacia under the Goths, Huns, and Wends; survival of the Roman heritage in language, mores; and the Roumanian hora, a dance described in some detail.) At this point Opitz reminds himself (l. 117 "Wo will ich aber hin?") that

⁷The pertinent articles are: Karl Kurt Klein, "Beziehungen Martin Opitzens zum Rumänentum," *Korrespondenzblatt des Vereins für siebenbürgische Landeskunde*, L (1927), 89-116; idem, "Opitz und Weighard Schulitz," *Vierteljahrsschrift des Vereins für siebenb. Landesk.*, LIV (1931), 1-26; two older works in Hungarian are still of some use: A. Herrmann, *Opitz Márton Erdélyben* (Budapest, 1876), and Jakab Bela, *Opitz Márton a Gyulafehérvár Bethlen-iskolánál* (Pecs, 1909).

M
he
mic
ever
wo
saty
of a
grea
quie
thor
N
Jew
here
com
ficul
of c
Line
poet
he v
arts
fame
of th
he h
T
Opit
Tran
prin
in th
cont
comi
orde
omis
tion
W
dige
in its
"hof
the r
* T
* T
XXIII

he had better revert to the subject. He now pictures Zlatna as a microcosm, a masterpiece of Nature, where God has arranged everything for the benefit of man—hills; valleys; rivers full of fish; woods full of game, timber, flowers, etc. If nymphs, naiads, and satyrs exist, they would be found here! The absence of wine and of a mansion is no loss, for vineyards grow nearby, and Rome was greatest when houses were simple. But Zlatna has gold, silver, quicksilver, and lead, all put there by God for the good of man, though men often have abused metals (l. 240).

Now we learn more about Herr Lisabon. He is a well-educated Jew from Antwerp, a victim of Alba's persecution, who has found here a life "noch Güldener als Goldt" (l. 244). To make his life complete, the poet advises him to take a wife. (Excursion: the difficulty of choosing a mate, the advantage of the married state, and of country life as against the life of a soldier or of a courtier.) Lines 381-448 describe in detail a happy farm couple's day. The poet wishes he, too, could live like that in his native Silesia. Then he would overcome his extrinsic, worldly desires and pursue the arts and sciences; he would become better acquainted with the famous Greek and Latin authors of antiquity and in emulation of them write more worthy German poetry than the erotic verses he has composed so far.

The first edition of *Zlatna* (X) was printed immediately upon Opitz' return—the Dedication is dated August 9, 1623—while the Transylvanian impressions were still fresh in his mind. X was the printers' copy for the poem in Collection A (1624). The changes in the text of our poem in Collection B (1625) indicate that Opitz continued to think about *Zlatna*; e. g. he removed from it an encomium of 24 lines which he had interpolated in X (and A) in order to curry favor with his Silesian dukes. The other change—omission of four lines on arbitrary princes—has already been mentioned above.

Witkowski calls *Zlatna* "das einzige größere scheinbar selbständige Produkt" in Collection A; even this, he continues, follows in its whole structure and in many details Philibert van Borssele's "hofdicht" *Den Binckhorst*. But Th. Weevers,⁹ who investigated the matter, reports that Opitz had adopted neither the structural

⁸ *Teutsche Poemata*, ed., Witkowski, pp. XXVII and XLII.

⁹ Th. Weevers, "Some Unrecorded Dutch Originals of Opitz," *Neophilologus*, XXIII (1938), 187-198.

principle of *Den Binckhorst* nor its style and rhythm. Van Borselen's language was not what the strict Heinsian Opitz considered worth imitating, and indeed the two poems have little in common except (1) the lark motif and (2) the fact that both are about a patron's home in the country. Witkowski's other two source references are to Heinsius: in l. 377 to "Elegie"; and in l. 485 to "Aen de eerbare . . . Anna Roemer Visschers." The latter only pinpoints a source that Opitz himself had given. More on this below.

In Collection B, Opitz prints a letter by Gregor Richter¹⁰ to a mutual friend, B. W. Nüßler, who had written a poem in praise of *Zlatna*. Richter, too, praises our idyll and compares Opitz to the Frenchman Jean de l'Espine (1505?-1597) who had also written "de tranquillitate animi." De l'Espine's *Excellent Discours . . . touchant le repos et contentement de l'Esprit*, 1587 and later,¹¹ is a moral prose treatise on seven major sins, and the only point of contact with *Zlatna* is its spirit of Christian stoicism.

Attempts to find one single model for *Zlatna* will prove futile, I believe, for although Opitz was still imitating Heinsius as late as 1622 ("Lobgesang vber den frewdenreichen Geburtstag . . .") and had translated the two *Lof-Sanck* poems (on Christ, finished January 1620, on Bacchus, sometime in 1621), he could in 1622/3 look back with considerable satisfaction on a major creative effort which was largely original: the Four Books of the *Trostgedichte*. Certainly by 1623 Opitz had outgrown the necessity of following models. The fact that his poetic imagination did not continue as richly as he might have wished, and that he hardly ever gave up translating does not invalidate my statement as far as *Zlatna* is concerned.

If there is not an individual poem on which *Zlatna* is modelled, we might derive some insight from scattered reminiscences and parallels, ancient and modern. According to Opitz' own prescription¹² a poet must have native talent and a thorough acquaintance with classical authors. Partly to prove that they had taken the necessary pain with their works, partly to exhibit their erudition, writers, like Opitz, Heinsius, Lohenstein, et al., were fond of adding learned notes to their poems. These annotations often pro-

¹⁰ Gregor Richter, Sr., pastor primarius in Görlitz, had been Nüßler's landlord. Richter retains a slight fame as Jacob Böhme's orthodox adversary.

¹¹ Louis Hugu, *Jean de l'Espine* (Paris, 1913), passim.

¹² *Buch von der deutschen Poeterei*, Chapter IV.

vide clues for the sources. The notes to *Zlatna* in X were fairly brief (and for reasons of space even these were all but omitted from Collection A), but in B they take up 12 quarto pages against 17 of the poem itself. Since we are looking at *Zlatna* as a poem, and not as a learned treatise, we can afford to take up some of the notes very briefly, but even then they give hints on the author's interests and reading; e.g. the note on l. 71 cites two authorities on the Roman custom of planting flowers on graves—Virgil and Juvenal; the words “noch Guldener als Goldt” in l. 244 are glossed as being translated from Sappho; and in remote connection with l. 456 Opitz quotes Winsbeke and thereby demonstrates his continuing interest in MHG literature! Use of the vernacular had greatly extended the audience of poetry and some of the notes are so elementary that they must have been meant for the “unlearned”: e.g., the note on l. 287 glosses Phebus as “Apollo der Gelehrten Gott.”

While on the one hand Opitz was not unwilling to show off his erudition, on the other he would sometimes pretend the artist's indifference to detail: e.g. in a note on l. 458 he refers to “some place in Claudianus, I can't recall where. Heinsius expresses it too,” and then he quotes two lines of Dutch poetry without stating the source—it is the poem “Aen Anna Roemer Visschers” mentioned above.

Although the very theme of *Zlatna* is Horace's Second Epode, “Beatus ille . . .” (which Opitz paraphrased as *Lob des Feldtlebens*, the second poet in Germany to do so, after Fischart), and although Opitz says in l. 459 that he was explaining Flaccus to a group of unappreciative boys, Horace is quoted only twice in the notes: first on Zl 9 where *Carmina* II, 6, 13-14 is copied and translated “Für allen winckeln in der Welt / Ist dieser der mir wolgefällt”; and second on l. 451, where Opitz documents his desire to go home (ll. 449-455) and to read the ancient authors (ll. 481-499) by quoting *Satires* II, 6, 60-63; “O rus, quando ego te adspiciam . . .” While the motifs of return and study have been greatly expanded, the other motif contained in the quotation—“somno et inertibus horis ducere jucunda oblivia vitae”—is disregarded entirely. (Incidentally, l. 451 receives another documentation: Virgil, *Culex* 94-95.)

Nevertheless the following correspondences from Epode 2 appear:

Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,
Vt prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura . . . exercet
Solutus omni fenore,

5 Neque exciatur classico miles truci

Neque horret iratum mare,
Forumque vitat et superba civium

Potentiorum limina.

Ergo aut adulta vitum propagine

10 Atlas maritat populos,

Aut in reducta valle mugientium

Prospectat errantes greges . . .

15 Aut pressa . . . mella

26 Queruntur in silvis aves,

27 Fontesque lymphis obstreperunt manantibus . . .

37 Quis non malarum, quas amor curas habet,

38 Haec inter obliviscitur?

39 . . . pudica mulier . . . 41 perusta solibus

47 Et horna . . . vina

48 Dapes inemptas adparet:

49-60 correspond more or less to 414-420.
Literally taken over is only:

59 . . . agna . . . caesa

333 O wol denselben wol, der so kan einsam leben,
Vnd seine gantze zeit den feldern hat gegeben,
Liebt nicht der Städte lust vnd ihren falschen schein,
Da offt zwar mehr Geld, doch auch mehr Sünden seyn.

369 Die grausame trompette

370 jagt nie jhn aus dem Bette,

373 Er schwebt nicht auff der See, da . . .

337 Er darff sein Hütlein nicht stets in der Hand behalten,

338 Wann er nach Hoffe kömpt

375 Er ehrt den Herren nicht . . .

Also

394 Führt nachmals seine rancken

395 Vnd junge reben auff.

383 Da gehen seine Küh,

384 Mit Lämmern vntermeugt, ins graß biß an die knie.

391 Dann geht er ferner auch zu seinen Bienen hin.

403 Der leichten Vögel schar

402 . . . ein schönes quell mit rauschen hin vnd wieder,

403 Fleust heller noch als Gläß.

(Verwirrungen) 330 Der liebe sonderlich, die hart' vns anzustrengen

331 Mit ihrer stärke pflegt . . .

395 . . . sein Weib, 396 Die nicht nach bisem reucht

426 Trinckt seinen Fernwein

412 vnd setzt den Tisch bald voll

413 Mit Speisen die sein Hoff vnd Landgut selber trägt;

417 Ein Lamb das heute noch lieff neben seiner Mutter

It can easily be seen that correspondences are more numerous than the notes indicate. Perhaps a careful examination would reveal additional parallels to Horace.

The references to Virgil (aside from the two already mentioned) are to *Georgica* I, 144-145 (with a separate Alexandrine translation to supplement Zl 177, on primitive life); to *Ecloga* VIII, 95-96 (Zl 432, on poisonous plants growing near the Pontus, i. e. not far from Transylvania); and to *Georgica* II, 486-489 (Zl 449, longing for home).

Seneca, that favorite author of Opitz' day, is represented by five references. Having remarked in his note to *Zlatna* 337 that "all the books are full of such thoughts," Opitz quotes from *Phaedra*, ll. 483-495, a portion of a speech by Hippolytus to the effect that simple country life is preferable to the temptations, sins, and vices of the city. Still glossing the same line, Opitz adds eight lines from *Hercules Oetaeus* (637-643), in which the Chorus of Etolian women deplores the greed and arbitrariness of kings. (Witkowski—*Teutsche Poemata*, p. XLII—quotes Heinsius' "Elegie" 93-96 as a source; I cited Horace's Second Epode, 7-8!) *Zlatna* 464 is paralleled by *Thyestes* 394-403, wherein Opitz sees a resemblance between his own desire for an unimportant life of self-knowledge and the expression of the same longing by the Chorus of this revenge play. A short passage from Chapter 17 of the dialogue *De vita beata* suggests *Zlatna* 502f.

Sallust (Zl 189-196) is quoted to confirm the thought that Rome was never better off than when life was simple and honest; the reference is to "the beginning of the *Bellum Catilinae*," and a particularly apt passage from Chapter 13 is cited.

Opitz himself quotes two references from the *Mosella* of Ausonius, but Peter Neuenheuser,¹³ who rather violently resents the fact that Opitz did not write like Goethe, tried to prove that Opitz lifted much more from Ausonius' idyllium than he wanted to acknowledge. In the process Neuenheuser overshot the mark and also missed one of Opitz' own references. Neuenheuser's juxtaposition of *Mosella* 45-46 and 48-50 and Zl 131-138 is acceptable; but Mo 75-79 bears only slight resemblance to Zl 137-138 and Opitz is not likely to have mistaken *ēdere* = tell for *ēdere* = eat. For the naiads of Zl 139-142 Opitz himself gives Mo 82-83,

¹³ *Untersuchungen*, p. 39.

while Neuenheuser refers to Mo 170-174. The Opitz citation which Neuenheuser overlooked is Mo 192-196 for Zl 143-148.

Other Latin authors mentioned in the notes are historians, geographers, scientists, generals, and jurists. Opitz also quotes numerous inscriptions which he had collected for his projected work *Dacia antiqua*. An important purpose of the notes is to document the antiquity or worth of names, places, customs, etc. by introducing classical "authorities" for them. Thus the poet C. Pedo Albinovanus, the friend of Ovid, is quoted to prove the antiquity and reality of the name of the river Apulus in Dacia. This uncritical approach and the mixing of science with poetry should surprise no one familiar with classical studies of that time. A very few Greek authors are also mentioned.

Only three French authors are mentioned in the notes: du Bartas (1544-1590), Desportes (1546-1606), and Pibrac (1529-1584)—all contemporaries of Ronsard (1524-1585), though none a member of the *Pléiade*. In ll. 407-408 Opitz employs onomatopoeia to suggest the song of the lark, as du Bartas had done in his *Première Sepmaine*, Fifth Day, 615-618. Opitz was fond of the device and recommends it in Chapter VI of his Poetics; later the Shepherds of the Pegnitz were to make the most of it. On Zlatna 475 Opitz quotes one six-line stanza of an "ode" by Philip Desportes.¹⁴ This poem in its entirety is filled with practically all of the clichés of the pastoral lyric, but its relationship to Zlatna is not particularly close after all.

The poem that Opitz had in mind more than any other single one is Pibrac's long fragmentary poem *Les Plaisirs de la Vie Rustique*.¹⁵ Pibrac is chiefly famous for his *Quatrains* (which Opitz translated in 1634), but the *Plaisirs* must have made a considerable impression on Opitz. If he read this poem at Heidelberg it must have been after writing his *Lob des Feldtlebens* (published separately right after Zlatna in 1623, but composed, according to the Dedication, in his student days and included in Collection A as "Die Lust de Feldebawes"), for it shows no trace of

¹⁴ Philippe Desportes, *Œuvres*, ed., Alfred Michiels (Paris, 1858); Michiels supplies the title "Chanson" and prints it under the heading *Bergeries*, pp. 430-433.

¹⁵ Guy du Faur, Seigneur de Pibrac, *Les Quatrains . . . suivis de ses autres poésies*, ed., Jules Claretie (Paris, 1874), pp. 111-135; *Les Plaisirs* was first published Paris, 1576 and dedicated by a sonnet to Ronsard. References are to Claretie's edition.

Pibrac yet. In *Lob des Feldtlebens* Opitz relies for structure and detail extremely heavily on his model, Horace's second Epode, without being able to infuse the translation with independent life. The result is a colorless pastoral. Opitz freely acknowledges his dependence and pleads that he wanted to enrich German poetry with an example of this kind. He thinks the words of *Lob des Feldtlebens* are "freyer vnd feister," but the poem is really bloodless and thin, an adaptation like many another. *Zlatna*, in contrast, is alive with individual detail; here Opitz moves freely on the paths of his predecessors—and Pibrac had shown him the direction.

Although Opitz quotes only four lines from Pibrac—he does not give the title of the poem—(*Plaisirs* p. 124, 19-22) he used others. For easier comparison I am quoting all of the pertinent passages side by side with the lines from *Zlatna*.

I have quoted here only those passages where direct dependence on Pibrac is obvious. Other borrowings are indirect, i.e. they go back to common sources, and these shade over into the commonplaces of pastoral poetry: the motif of the shepherd writing the name of his beloved (or verses) on trees, a chaplet of roses for someone to wear, etc. Nor does the significance of the borrowings from Pibrac lie in the fact that Opitz took over certain lines in more or less literal translation. The significance is that Opitz chose to follow Pibrac in writing NOT generally and panegyrically but specifically and rather realistically about certain people and a certain place. It cannot be ascertained which of several widely different versions of the *Plaisirs* Opitz saw, but he followed and even improved on some aspects of the poem and consciously disregarded others. While Pibrac, e.g., allows the viewpoint to shift, Opitz maintains one viewpoint—the whole of *Zlatna* is like a letter of thanks to his friend Lisabon. Also Pibrac's religious emphasis—his farm couple go to church and Marion prays in the morning—has been omitted, and not only because Lisabon was Jewish and a bachelor! But the specific description of a certain part of France is transformed into the specific description of *Zlatna* and its vicinity. (This still is not "local color," of course.)¹⁶ And the farm couple of the *Plaisirs*—though it took subtle skill to introduce them—are present in *Zlatna*.

¹⁶ ". . . vnd soll man auch wissen, das die gantze Poeterey im nachäffen der Natur bestehe, vnd die dinge nicht so sehr beschreibe wie sie sein, als wie sie etwan sein köndten oder solten." *Buch von der deutschen Poeterei*, Chapter III.

Page 122

- 19 Là mangent gayement leur potage & leur chair,
 20 Et boient à l'enui sans rien se reprocher.
 21 Le Mercure broyé, & la froide Ciguë,
 22 Et l'Aconite noir, qui promptement tuë,
 27 Et ce sang coillotté, qui prend dessus le front
 28 Du poulain frais naissant, dont les marâtres font
 29 (Les philtres veneneux . . .)

Page 123

- 4 N'a oncque de ceux-cy le courage esmayé.

Page 124

- 5 Le mary plus lassé le premier se despouille,
 6 Elle chiche du temps met au flanc sa quenouille
 7 Et remouillant ses doigts acheue son fuseau,
 8 Ou deuide au rouet vn entier escheueau:
 9 Puis sans faire nul bruit pres du mari se couche,

- 10 Desrobant doucement vn baiser de sa bouche:

- 11 Le reste par honneur ie ne veux publier . . .

- 15 Si leur lict estoifz ne sont si richement,

- 19 Si de musc parfumé ou d'ambre n'est leur sein

- 20 Pour le moins on se peut assurer qu'il est sain

- 21 Et qu'au partir de là on ne prend médecine,

- 22 Ou le breuuage faict de Gaïac, ou d'Esquine.

Page 125

- 20 Mais sa femme & Colin pourroient bien sommeiller

Page 120

- 4 Ains d'vn saut se leuant . . .

427

Ist gänzlich vnbedacht

428 Daß nicht ein guter Freund ihm etwas beygebracht:

429 Der reisende Mercur,

431 Das bleiche Wolffeskraut,

429 vnd das, so jungen Pferden

430 An ihren Stirnen hengt wann sie geboren werden

432

ist Dörffern vnbeckant.

433 Dann macht der Wirt sich erst auß müdigkeit zu Bette;

434 Sie spinnt mit dem Gesind' in dessen in die wette,

435 Vnd netzt die Finger wol, biß sie auch allgemach

436 Das Haupt legt auff die Brust, vnd

folgt dem Manne nach,

437 Den sie, wie sehr er schnarcht,

auß hertzlichem verlangen

438 Der keuschen wollust küßt auff seine braune wangen,

439 Vnd was zu folgen pflegt.

Ist schon jhr lager nicht

440 Verhangen mit damast, vnd ob das Stro gleich sticht

441 Durch ihren vnterpfü, so ist er dennoch reine,

442 Darff keines Artzes Tranck vom Holtze das ich meine, -

443 Vnd manchem rhaten muß:

445 So ruhen sie mit lust; biß es begint zu tagen, . . .

448 Vnd sind zugleich beyd' auff einen sprung heraus.

Opitz was quite independent (and much better than Pibrac) in structuring his poem, but modern readers who understand why Opitz included the passage in praise of the Silesian princes will skip lightly over it. Otherwise little can be objected to Opitz' choice of *res et verba*.

Disregarding here for a moment considerations of form, the content of *Zlatna* represents an important innovation in German literature; it is an advance over Opitz' own "Beatus-ille" paraphrase and the *Bloemhof* pastorals of a few years earlier. The matter of specific detail was previously mentioned: e.g. we learn a good deal about Lisabon, his background and his work; we learn a lot about Roman antiquities in Dacia; and we learn about the Roumanian hora. Who but a prejudiced Kraftgenie posing as a wiseacre would object to such information so well presented? Our age may also once more feel sympathetic toward the many expressions of Christian stoicism in *Zlatna*.

Opitz' language (aside from a few awkward locutions eliminated later — "thun" was used as an auxiliary in X) is elegant, sophisticated, to the point, and compares well with the language of the French and Dutch writers Opitz was emulating. It aptly expresses humor (35, 168, etc.) enthusiasm, indignation, nostalgia, determination, and much besides. No other German poem of the time reveals so much of the ambition, feelings, and longing of a young author. If the language is chiefly rational and rhetorical, that is in large part an inevitable phenomenon of the times; it is also a fated characteristic of the poet Martin Opitz.

The verse of *Zlatna* is, of course, the Opitzian Alexandrine, but its *gravitas* has here been lightened by much enjambement: the first sentence, e.g., extends over eight lines and there are whole pages where sentence and line (or couplet) do not coincide. Half-lines are effectively used in the description of the hora (110 ff.) and there is as much variety present as the verse permits. The rhyme is handled with extraordinary ease throughout (though the usual allowance must be made for Silesian pronunciation).

If any proof be needed, *Zlatna* proves that Opitz is not the imitator of French (or Dutch or Italian, etc.) imitators of the classics. Emulation of classical poetry in the vernaculars filled men like Ronsard, Spenser, Heinsius—not to mention the Italians—with the same sense of exhilaration that Horace had felt when he transferred Greek meters into Latin and enriched the Latin vocabulary

through the touch of his genius. In Germany Opitz was the "reformer"; it is unfortunate that after this "Spenser," Germany had no Shakespeare; but Opitz was no Gabriel Harvey—to carry the comparison one step further. Though Opitz relied on many sources (and I am sure a few more could be turned up) he used poetic insight to fuse the borrowed materials with his own structure, motifs, and language, thereby making the resulting work wholly his own. Pastoral convention and ornamentation—mythology, shepherds, eroticism—are either kept to a minimum or purposefully woven in. Thus Opitz created one of the most noteworthy German idylls. If in *Zlatna* observation and reflection are as important as the objects observed, the audience envisioned by the author, the rising middle-class intellectuals and courtiers, wanted and liked it that way. After the high point of *Zlatna* even Opitz' own later pastorals (*Vielguet*, 1629 and *Hercinie*, 1630) mark a falling off.

The University of Texas

NOTES

The So-Called "Neukirch Sammlung": Some Speculations.

Recently there has been a growth of interest in the anthology of Baroque poetry which Thomas Fritsch, the Leipzig publisher, assembled and which Benjamin Neukirch edited—or so Neukirch defines his function in the preface—under the title of *Herrn von Hoffmannswaldau und anderer Deutschen auserlesener und bißher ungedruckter Gedichte*.¹ Under this general title the anthology was eventually expanded to seven volumes. Completely apart from the literary interest of the collection, there are striking problems in bibliographical and textual analysis, particularly in the earlier volumes of the series, which are far from being solved. The series is a particularly clear example of the need to develop further our techniques of bibliographical analysis for German baroque books. In this respect we tend to lag somewhat behind English literary studies for the same period.² This lag is rather surprising, since printing practices were quite similar in England and the Continent, even if the merchandising of books differed. Nevertheless the lack of attention paid to bibliographical problems is understandable, for it reflects the long-standing prejudice against Baroque literature. Possibly we can apply some of the methods developed in the study of English printed books to German printed books and the following remarks are based upon this premise. It is necessary to regard any conclusions as tentative, since the examination of the various volumes of this anthology is not complete, but it is sufficient to indicate the general direction in which further research will probably tend. Only a most careful analysis along the general lines sketched out here will possibly lead to the clarification of

¹ A. G. De Capua and E. Philippssohn, "Herrn von Hofmannswaldau . . . Toward a History of its Publication," *Monatshefte*, XLVIII (1956), 196-202; *Neudrucke Deutscher Literaturwerke, Neue Folge* 1. (Tübingen: Niemeyer Verlag, 1961).

² There seems, for example, to be nothing comparable in German literary studies to R. McKerrow's *Introduction to Bibliography* (Oxford, 1927), or Fredson Bowers' *Principles of Bibliographical Description* (Princeton, 1949).

the complicated relationships between printings of this anthology.³ How complex these relationships are may be judged by the simple fact that Volume I exists in five printings and Volume II in four printings, all in the same octavo format, and yet three printings of Volume I and all four printings of Volume II have the same imprint date of 1697, although they cannot all have appeared in that year.

Before turning to the bibliographical evidence, it might be worthwhile to summarize what we know about Thomas Fritsch, the publisher of this anthology, and to give a possible general explanation for the consistency of imprint date, based upon the business practices of the time. Fritsch became one of the leading Leipzig publishers at the end of the seventeenth century and is an interesting figure of whom we know far too little.⁴ His father, Johann Fritsch (Fritsch, Fritzsche) had been the manager of the Jena shop of the Frankfurt publisher, Thomas Matthias Götz, who had married into the Merian family and carried on their business. Johann Fritsch married a daughter of Götz, Katharine Margaretha, and also gained a share in the Leipzig book firm founded by Thomas Schürer. Fritsch became the sole owner of the firm in 1675 and died only a few years later, in 1680. He must have been well-to-do through his wife's share in the Götz estate. In 1678 Johann Ludwig Gleditsch came into the Fritsch firm to learn the book trade. In the spring of 1681 his older brother, Johann Friedrich Gleditsch, who had already learned the trade in Wittenberg, also joined the firm and married Fritsch's widow in November, 1681. The business was carried on under the name of Gleditsch until about May 1694, when Johann Friedrich Gleditsch handed the business over to his stepson, Thomas Fritsch, and founded his own firm.

The brother, Johann Ludwig Gleditsch, remained in the Fritsch firm a little longer. In November 1694 he married the widow of Moritz Georg

³ The work on this article was assisted by the Deans' Fluid Research Fund of The Johns Hopkins University. I should like to thank the following libraries for information and photostats: Mount Holyoke College, Newberry Library, Haverford College, University of Illinois, Western Reserve University, The Johns Hopkins University, University of Texas, Harvard University, Yale University, New York University, Niedersächsische Landes- und Universitätsbibliothek, Göttingen, and the Westdeutsche Bibliothek, Marburg. In addition thanks are due to Professor Harold Jantz and Professor Fredson Bowers.

⁴ The material on Fritsch and the Gleditsch's comes from the following: Josef Benzing, "Die deutschen Verleger des 16. und 17. Jahrhunderts," *Archiv für Geschichte des Buchwesens* (AfGB), II, (1960); Adalbert Brauer, "Nachkommen des Leipziger Verlagbuchhändlers Johann Friedrich Gleditsch," *AfGB*, I, (1959); Friedrich Kapp and Johann Goldfriedrich, *Geschichte des deutschen Buchhandels*, 4 vols., Leipzig, 1886-1913; F. Lübbecke, *500 Jahre Buch und Druck in Frankfurt a/M.* (Frankfurt, 1948). The references to Fritsch in Kapp-Goldfriedrich, Vol. II, are so extensive that I have not given a page reference for every aspect of this discussion of Fritsch but merely summarized Goldfriedrich's information.

Weidmann and carried on the Weidmann business until he handed it over to his stepson, Georg Moritz Weidmann, in 1713, although retaining an interest in the firm until 1717. Thomas Fritsch had apparently learned the trade in Frankfurt am Main and had been a book dealer there before going to Leipzig. We know that he had given up his shop in Frankfurt by 1690. Therefore three of the principal Leipzig firms of the end of the century had direct and indirect connections among themselves and with Frankfurt. In addition they all had extensive business connections with the rest of the Continent and even with England. The first Fritsch title-page I have seen is from January 1694 and reads: "In Johann Friedrich Gleditschens Buch-Laden verlegt J. Thomas Fritsch. 1694."⁵ Fritsch died in December 1726. Together with his father's production the total number of Fritsch publications appears to be 993 works, some of large proportions, such as the *Allgemeines historisches Lexikon* of Johann Franz Buddeus. Fritsch was apparently vain, clever, a good writer and a shrewd businessman. He was particularly praised for his efforts to improve typographical standards.⁶

Fritsch was, however, also an astute publisher, who, to use a colloquial phrase, "knew all the angles." He was an active book pirate, who sometimes used as many as four printing houses to get a pirated edition out in a hurry. He was a shrewd manipulator of contracts to other's disadvantage, a master in using the privilege (*Privilegium*) to take the rights in a book away from someone else on a technicality, and a skilful evader of the requirements for free copies ("Pflichtexemplare") of books to the Imperial Book Commission in Frankfurt. He was far more interested in his own commercial advantage than in the Leipzig book trade. He was one of the leaders in printing wherever and whatever was to his profit.⁷ In the complaint of the Leipzig printers about censorship, it is specified that Fritsch is one of the principal evaders of the censorship by having doubtful books printed outside Leipzig, one of the main examples cited

⁵ W. E. Tentzel, *Monatliche Unterredungen* . . . 1694. (Princeton University Library copy). The various parts of the Tentzel were frequently reprinted by Fritsch and later by Stock. These reprints appear to be bound indiscriminately in most copies of this series, so that the actual sequence of imprints can only be arrived by comparing a number of copies of each volume.

⁶ Interesting in this connection is the fact that Fritsch was one of the signers of a petition in 1705 complaining about the slipshod printing of the Leipzig printers. *Archiv für Geschichte des Deutschen Buchhandels*, XIV, 230-31.

⁷ A casual examination of Fritsch titles shows a range from editions of the Greek classics to a large number of medical books to *Neu-entdecktes Geheimnis von der Schönheit der Damen* (1704) and imprints from Antwerp, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Frankfurt, and Leipzig (and probably other places). This was not uncommon for Bencard of Dillingen not only printed in Dillingen but also in Cologne, Augsburg, and even Venice, V. I. Heitjan, "Die Buchhändler, Verleger und Drucker Bencard," *AfGB*, III (1960).

being the works of Gottfried Arnold. (We must not forget that censorship in those days was more frequently theological and political than moral.)⁸ This practice, followed by others, deprived the Leipzig printers of work after they had built themselves up from 18 presses in 1679 to 36 presses, employing nearly a hundred people, by the end of the century. To add insult to injury Fritsch is accused of buying the paper for these books in Saxony and sending it "hauffenweise" to other printers outside of Leipzig.⁹

Both Fritsch and Gleditsch protested bitterly the requirement of *Pflicht-exemplare* to the University and to Dresden. The system of privileges in Saxony required that, apart from the cash fees for censorship and the privilege, a publisher had to deliver two copies of a book to the University and eighteen copies to Dresden. These copies had to be delivered not only for the original edition, but also for each reprint, each edition in a different format, and even for re-issues with a new title page. Apparently the grant of a privilege also meant that the book had passed the censorship. The publisher was, in addition, also required, if he sent his books to Frankfurt, to deliver free copies, postpaid, to Vienna. He was paying his authors with free copies alone, or with a combination of free copies and cash, and rarely with cash alone. In addition he had large amounts of stock tied up in the barter system which still dominated the book trade in those years. Since editions were not, as a rule, very large, these free copies were felt to be a heavy charge on the publisher, even though he gained a form of copyright through them.¹⁰ Thus there was a great temptation to evade the requirements for *Pflichtexemplare*, particularly for later reprints. David Bittorf, who became *Bücherfiskal* in 1685, complained later, "daß abgefeimte Verbrecher dahin 'abgerichtet' sein sollten, daß sie bei Wiederauflegung eines bereits gedruckt gewesenen Buch die vorige Zeit nach dem alten Exemplar daraufsetzen."¹¹ These copies would then be distributed in their stock in such a way that it would be difficult to establish, except by careful examination, that they were new editions. This was a calculated risk, since the penalty could be the loss of the privilege and even the closing of the business. It seems,

⁸ Censorship for obscenity appears to have been sporadic and not particularly serious. Kapp-Goldfriedrich, II, 162.

⁹ *Archiv für Geschichte des Deutschen Buchhandels*, IX, 145-146; XI, 305.

¹⁰ For the question of privileges, Kapp-Goldfriedrich, II, 173 *passim*. Also Ludwig Giesecke, *Die Geschichtliche Entwicklung des deutschen Urheberrechts*, Göttinger Rechtswissenschaftliche Studien, 22 (Göttingen, 1957). For a somewhat different view, Hansjörg Pohlmann, "Neue Materialien zum deutschen Urheberschutz im 16. Jahrhundert," *AfGB*, III (1961). For the question of free copies, see also Heitjan, *op. cit.* and Walther Krieg, *Materialien zu einer Entwicklungsgeschichte der Bücherpreise und des Autorenhonors vom 15. bis zum 18. Jahrhundert* (Wien, 1953).

¹¹ Kapp-Goldfriedrich II, 195.

however, that this may be a possible explanation of the dating of the various printings of the first two volumes of the Neukirch anthology.

It is also possibly worthwhile to speculate on how Fritsch came to the Silesian poets and to this anthology. We must remember, in this connection, that Johann Friedrich Gleditsch had associations with Silesia and with Neukirch as shown by the publication of Lohenstein's *Arminius* in 1689. Gleditsch also published Hofmannswaldau's *Teutsche Rede-Übungen* in 1695. In addition he had apparently established a relationship with Besser in Berlin, for he published Besser in 1694.¹² Possibly we may assume that Fritsch obtained at least part of the material for the first volume of the anthology from Gleditsch. The association of Gleditsch with Besser and Neukirch may also have suggested to Fritsch the idea of Neukirch as an editor for the first volume of the anthology. Perhaps we should refer to Neukirch as a "Korrektor," since it is claimed in the preface to the first volume that Fritsch gathered most of the material and Neukirch revised the text and added some of his own poems. We do not know how many poems he added, since a number of them were already in print and may have already been included in the material gathered by Fritsch. A corrector was normally expected to revise a text for a new edition or to prepare an edition to fit the publisher's plans among other duties, so that Neukirch's position would differ only in that he wrote a preface to the first volume and that he was allowed to dedicate the volume, for such dedications were often the source of extra money: the person to whom the book was dedicated reciprocated by making the author a present.¹³ It is clear that Neukirch had no rights in the edition and that he was not free to make changes to which Fritsch objected. The wording of one of the two versions of the preface to the first volume in 1695, to be discussed at greater length later, is emphatic: "massen ich alles / was bey meiner ankunfft in Leipzig noch ungedruckt gefunden / und der herr verleger zugelassen [my italics] / von dem bißherigen unkraute völlig gesäubert." A large part of the production of many publishers in this

¹² Georgi lists *Schriften in gebundener und ungebundener Rede* by Besser as published by Gleditsch in 1694. In Tentzel for February 1695 there is the following: "Herrn von Besser dessen vortreffliches Poema vom Leben des Herrn von Danckelmann er mit mehrern recommendiret/ welches wir im Julio vor dem Jahre recensiret." The edition is apparently lost.

¹³ The whole question of the editor and proof-reader is very unclear: Depending upon the size of the house, "Korrektor" can mean a scholar hired to prepare a particular text, an editor, a proof-reader, the master-printer himself, the manager, the journeyman or the compositor. Robert Estienne was, for example, his own editor and proof-reader. See H. D. L. Vervliet, "Une Instruction Plantinienne à l'Intention Des Correcteurs," *Gutenberg Jahrbuch* (1959), pp. 99-103. We lack in German the distinctions, even if unclear, between *prelecteur*, *collationneur*, and *correcteur*.

aged stemmed from their own initiative, and they then hired someone to prepare the copy for them.¹⁴

II

Before considering the evidence for the order of appearance of the two printings of the first volume of the Neukirch anthology, which both carry the imprint of 1695, we should first establish that the two printings, as we have them today, could not have appeared before late 1695. Both contain a number of poems from Benjamin Neukirch's *Galante Briefe und Gedichte* (Coburg, Pfortenhauer), printed in 1695.¹⁵ Both contain a poem by Besser on the elevation of Danckelmann to "Ober-Präsident," an event which took place in July 1695. This alone would justify us in assuming that the volume was first printed for the Herbst-Messe in 1695. Further evidence is the listing of "Neue Bücher" at the end of Tentzel's *Monatliche Unterredungen* for October 1695: "Herrn von Hoffmannswaldau und anderer Deutschen / bißher noch nie gedruckte Gedichte / mit einer Vorrede von der Deutschen Poesie. 8^o. Leipzig." It is a pity that we know so little about Neukirch's life. It is impossible to determine how this publication date fits in with his wanderings and how much time he may have had for the preparation of the manuscript. This publication date makes it almost certain, however, that only one of these two printings dated 1695 actually appeared in that year.

The problem is to determine which one appeared first. The two kinds of evidence are: 1.) bibliographical, under which one might also broadly count textual evidence, and 2.) metacritical evidence, the latter being general literary remarks in the prefaces or secondary evidence from references in other works. As a general rule the bibliographical evidence must take precedence, since evidence from the printing and makeup of a book is clearer than external evidence.¹⁶ Although we do not know

¹⁴ Kapp-Goldfriedrich, II, 203: "Von Joh. Friedrich Gleditsch ist es ausdrücklich bezeugt; eine Grabschrift auf ihn hebt hervor, daß er 'die nützlichsten Bücher selbst mit angegeben.'" A nice early example is the translation of Barclay's *Argenis*: "Vielmehr aber zweifle ich / ob jemaln dergleichen in Hochdeutscher Sprache gesehen und gelesen worden. Derowegen vnnnd damit auch solcher vortreffliche Schatz vnsern Hochteutschen gegönnet / und offen seyn möge / habe ich auff gutachten vernünftiger und Gelehrter Leute mich vnterwunden / solch herrlich Buch die *Argenidum* auff mein Unkosten Herrn MARTINVM OPTIVM verdeutschen / vnd in öffentlichem Druck außgehen zu lassen . . . Breslaw 1626 . . . David Müller Buchhändler daselbst." (Quoted from the 1644 Jansson edition.)

¹⁵ It might have been useful, if the editors of the *Neudruck* of the Neukirch anthology had indicated all the poems in the first volume which had appeared in the Coburg volume. It seems probable that there were more poems published in the form of *Einzeldrucke* which have been lost in the course of time, as can be expected with Neukirch's poem, "Der zunder der natur . . ."

¹⁶ Fredson Bowers, *op. cit.*

enough about the printing of German baroque books, the same general principles seem to operate there as in English books. A reprint in the same format will tend to attempt to achieve a normal set of gatherings with no extra leaves. It will try, except under unusual circumstances, to conserve space, unless it is a line-by-line reprint.¹⁷ In a reprint there may be more awkwardness in the arrangement, particularly if it is a line-by-line reprint, or if certain sections are divided among more than one compositor.¹⁸ There may be irregularities in the catchwords, although not always, in a reprint. In the texts of this first volume in its two 1695 printings there are no errata lists or glaring mistakes to make the task of analysis easier. The ornaments are also of little help, since they are found in other German books of the time over a relatively long span of years. The individual fleurons, in particular, seem to occur over a period of nearly one hundred years.¹⁹ Further study of the combinations in which they appear in Fritsch imprints might be useful. For our analysis of the various printings of the volumes of this anthology the printer's flowers are only of use when they indicate a standardization and tendency toward a unified style of production by the reduction to one or two simple flowers marking the divisions between poems.

A simplified description of the two printings with 1695 on the title-page follows. Since all the volumes of the anthology have title-pages printed red and black, *red* is indicated by italics. All volumes are octavo in format and all are printed in *Fraktur*, so these two items are omitted in the descriptions:

IA Herrn | von Hoffmannswaldau | und anderer Deutschen | auser-
1695 lesne | und bißher ungedruckte | Gedichte/ | nebenst | einer
Vorrede | von der deutschen Poesie. | (Ornament: Pegasus with
wings spread apart and curly tail flying in the breeze.) | Mit
Churfürstl. Sächs. Gn. PRIVILEGIO. || LEIPZIG/ | Bey Thomas
Fritsch. 1695.

Signatures: π^2 (=c.^{4,5}), a⁵ (-a^{4,5}), b⁵, c⁵ (-c^{4,5,8}), A-Z⁵, 2A-2C⁵, 2D².
(=a^{4,5}) 231 ll. (42) 420 pp.

Text-lines: Preface, 27 lines; text, 36 lines.

Description: (π^1), Engraving; (π^2), Titlepage; a^{1r} (signed a²).

¹⁷ An exception to the rule of conserving space would be, for example, a later illustrated or deluxe edition.

¹⁸ McKerrow, *op cit.*, pp. 196-197.

¹⁹ For German studies we seem to have nothing comparable to Ch. Enschedé's *Fonderies de Caractères et Leur Matériel dans les Pays-Bas du XVI^e au XIX^e Siècle* (Haarlem, 1908) or R. McKerrow's *Printers' and Publishers' Devices in England and Scotland 1485-1640* (1913). See Stanley Morison, "Leipzig as a Center of Typefounding," *Signature*, II (March 1939), 1-14. Morison reproduces type-specimens from the Gustav Mori collection (Frankfurt a/M.) which show some of the fleurons in the Neukirch anthology are of Dutch design but possibly cast in Leipzig.

Dedication; a^{1v}-a^{2v} (signed a²-a³), Dedictory letter; a^{3r} (signed a⁴), Preface; c^{2r}, end of Preface; c^{2v}, Index (alphabetical); c^{5v}, end of index; A^{1r}, Text beginning; ²D^{2v}, end of Text.

Notes: Pegasus ornament measures 54 x 34 mm. Gathering a is sewn as a gathering in 6, although the title page is inferred in the signing. The first leaf of gathering c is unsigned. There is a change in typeface, beginning with gathering P, A-O being in one typeface and the rest of the text in a different face. This certainly reflects simultaneous printing of the two halves of the volume. It is my assumption that ²D² was printed as the center fold of a and the title-page and engraving were printed as the center fold of c and that leaf c was blank and excised.²⁰ This printing contains a number of unique readings in titles to poems and in the texts of poems. It frequently preserves the 'b' in words like 'umb' and 'warumb.' The preface states that it has been purified of objectionable material present in an earlier printing.

IB-1695 . . . | und anderer Deutschẽn | . . . | Mit Churfl. Sächs. . . (1697?) | Bey J. Thomas Fritsch. 1695.

Signatures: π^2 (=a^{4.5}), a⁸ (-a^{4.5}) b⁸ c⁴, A-Z⁸, ²A⁸, ²B⁴. 216 ll. (40) 392 pp.

Description: (π^1), Engraving; (π^2), Titlepage; a^{1r} (signed a²), Dedication; a^{1v}-a^{2v} (signed a²-a³), Dedictory letter; a^{3r} (signed a⁴), Preface; c^{1v}, end of Preface; c^{2r}, Index (by categories); c^{4v}, end of Index; A^{1r}, Text beginning; ²B^{4v}, end of Text.

Lines: Preface, 28 lines; text, 44 lines.

Notes: The typeface is uniform throughout. For this and for all later printings of the first volume the engraving and title page are printed as part of the center fold of a, which is then sewn as a gathering in six, but signed as if the title page were included in the gathering. The preface is preceded by an ornament at the top of the page. The index to the poems is by categories, instead of alphabetical, suggesting padding to fill out c⁴. In this printing only the frequently occurring word 'blitzen' in all its forms is always spelt with a 'p': 'plitzen.' The volume contains five extra poems and reduplicates a sixth poem. (Three of the added poems remain in all later editions.) Text changes, when they occur, are closer to

²⁰ Or was this leaf used for another setting of the title page to be cut out and used for advertising purposes, as seems to be the case in England until into the eighteenth century?

most later printings and all titles (with one exception²¹) are the same, apart from minor differences in spacing and abbreviation, as later printings. There are fewer gatherings with text overlap than in IA and there are frequent awkward spaces, partially filled with an ornament or fleurons, within gatherings. The preface does not contain any remarks about a previous printing and is shorter by about one page than in IA.

The appearance of the printed texts seems to indicate that IA, despite the wording of the preface, is the copy-text for IB and that IB is the reprint edition. It is perfectly regular with 27 gatherings. It considerably reduces the size of the volume by increasing the number of lines on the page although there is an addition of 524 extra lines or nearly 12 additional pages not contained in IA. Another minor piece of evidence is that IB was the copy text for the later printings. It is also possible to regard the simultaneous printing of the two halves of IA as evidence that IA is, in fact, the first printing, since this might reflect extra haste to get the volume out in time for the book fair. The striking textual differences appear to reinforce, however, the bibliographical impression.

The three poems added to IB which remain in all later printings are more easily explained as addition to IA than as subtractions from IB. These three poems are as follows:

- 1: "Kennt Psyche diese Brunst" (272 lines) comes in IB from E³ to the beginning of F¹. It is a reasonable assumption to consider that "Kennt Psyche" was added to come at the end of the section "Verliebte Gedichte." The compositor in casting off counted on this poem finishing gathering E and so moved "Ihr augen fließet" (beginning on E³ and running over onto F¹ in IA) into gathering F to begin gathering F. However "Kennt Psyche" ran a little longer than expected and ran a few lines over into F¹.
- 2: "Das grüne feigenblatt" (100 lines) begins on H¹ in IB. It was simply added to the end of gathering G in IA to follow "Die schulen wissen noch" which runs six lines into gathering H in IA. The last two lines of this poem may have suggested that "Das grüne feigenblatt" would be a good continuation.
- 3: "Climine / prüfe fleisch und blut" (30 lines) begins at the end of gathering X in IB and runs into gathering Y. With the difference in the amount of material which could be fitted into a gathering in IB as compared to IA this means that the poem was merely added at the end of gathering Z and moved up in the resetting.

²¹ The poem, "Ach zürne nicht/ erlauchte Sylvia," which is entitled in IB: "Arie | Hertzogs Sylvius Friederick zur | Oelst auff seine Gemahlin."

The other peculiarities of IB are eliminated again in the later printings. "Der mensch tritt nicht vor sich" occurs at its expected position in gathering S in IB, since there is an approximate difference of twenty pages at this point between IA and IB and we find that it begins at the end of gathering T in IA and runs over onto gathering U. The later reduplication of this poem is puzzling. A Hofmannswaldau poem, "Ein himmlisches gemüthe," is added to IB directly preceding "Der mensch tritt nicht . . ." Since the "Venus" of Lohenstein occupies less space in IB, gathering S begins with the long poem "Nectar und Zucker." It is likely that in the resetting there was an empty space left in the outer form and that this Hofmannswaldau poem was used to fill in this gap because of its length. There seems to be no technical reason why the position of "Entferne dich du eitles wesen" was changed between IA and IB. The reduplication of "Der mensch tritt nicht . . ." on ²A⁷ recto and verso is also inexplicable, since it is divided between an outer and an inner form. The last addition, "Lob der Vergnügung," is clearly to be accounted for by the difference in space taken up by the resetting, since leaf ²B⁴ would otherwise be blank in IB. This would not have been efficient, if, as I assume, gathering c and ²B were imposed together.²²

If these gatherings were imposed together, or even as separate half-sheet impositions, a puzzling inconsistency in the preliminaries is also explained. The preface is shorter in IB than in IA and the amount omitted is about the equivalent of one page, estimated by counting the spaces, in the typeface of IB. It is therefore quite likely that the preface was shortened to fit the available space and that it was retouched by an editor, possibly Fritsch himself, to smooth over the transitions. It is not necessary to assume that Neukirch is responsible for every change between the original copy and the various printed versions. At this point we should elaborate on the bibliographical evidence by pointing out that IA contains a number of readings, both in the titles and in the texts of the poems, which are not to be found in IB or any of the later printings.

Four examples may serve for many. Lines 11 and 12 of "Der weißheit muster-platz" read in IA:

Doch wie sich jedges ding durch kunst und zeit verkehrt;
So hörte man auch bald ein ander urtheil fällen;

²² The existence of an extra four leaves in the IB copy in the Westdeutsche Bibliothek in Marburg with a poem imitating the style of the Neukirch anthology does not affect this argument. It is "Das | Portrait | Der | Silviae." and is anonymous:) (1^r, Title page;) (1^v) (4^v, Text. Fleuron ornaments at beginning of text. Running-titles: "Vermischt Gedicht." Lines: 36. The typography differs with a full use of capitalization of nouns, occasional roman face for the name "Silvien," and the use of boldface type. The poem is probably bound in with this volume rather than being printed with it. If it were a part of ²B, then c would be a half sheet imposition, but from the photographs it seem to be tipped in.

but in IB and later editions they read:

Doch wie ein seiden-wurm in raupen sich verkehrt;
So muste ieder auch ein ander urtheil fällen.

which is closer to the original Neukirch reading.²³ Another example is from "Ich habe / grosser mann" where IA has:

Der himmel möge doch / nach so viel gnaden blicken /
Wofern er blitzen wil / nur leichte donner schicken!

but in IB and later printings these lines read:

Der himmel möge doch / dafern er ja will plagen /
Auff dieses glücke nur mit kleinen ruthen schlagen.

The title of one of the poems in IA, typical of a number of titles, is:

An eine hoch-adel. frau über den tod ihres zu
Frankfurt an der Oder an einer unglücklich emp-
fangenen wunde verschiedenen Sohnes.

but in IB and later printings it becomes:

An die hoch-adel. frau mutter / Herrn Abraham
Siegmunds von Hohberg / als derselbe in Franckfurt
an der Oder nach einer unglücklich-empfangenen wunde
seel. verschied.

Particularly striking is the difference in the dedication at the very beginning of the volume. In IA it reads:

An | Seine | Excellenz | Den | Herrn von Bülow / |
Sr. Hochfürstlichen Durchl. zu | Sachsen-Coburg
würklich geheimbten | Rath/ Hof-Marchalln und
Obristen über ein regiment zu | fusse &c.

but in all other printings it reads:

An | Seine Excellenz | Den | Herrn von Bülow / | Seiner
Hochfürstl. Durchl. zu | Sachsen-Coburg hoch-betrauten ge- |
heimbden Rath und Hof- | Marschall &c.&c.

The revision here from IA to IB is a type of revision which would, it seems to me, be hard to ascribe to Neukirch but possible on the part of the corrector for Fritsch. The variants between IA and IB would seem to confirm the conclusions about the printing order.

Nevertheless the metacritical evidence would seem to contradict this

²³ This poem was printed at the beginning of the second volume of the *Arminius*. There are striking variants from the 1690 printing in the Neukirch anthology.

argument completely. One subsidiary piece of evidence is to be found in the imprints of the various numbers of Tentzel's *Monatliche Unterredungen* from 1693 to the end of 1696. Eliminating the numerous reprints of individual numbers, we find the following scheme:

1693: Jan.-Dec.: In Verlegung Joh. Friedrich Gleditsch/ Buchhl.

1694: Jan.-April: In Johan Friedrich Gleditschens Buch-Laden
verlegt J. Thomas Fritsch.

May-Nov.: Verlegt / Von J. Thomas Fritschen / Buchhl.

Dec.: Verlegt von J. Thomas Fritsch.

1695: Jan.-Dec.: Verlegt von J. Thomas Fritsch.

1696: Jan.-Jul.: Verlegt von J. Thomas Fritsch.

Aug.-Dec: Verlegt von Thomas Fritsch.²⁴

One 1694 imprint bound in with the Tentzel as a subsection, "Der Brandenburgische Pelikan," gives the name as "Joh. Thomas Fritschen / Buchhl." One must bear in mind that this was a continuing series, not carrying Fritsch's Pegasus trademark on the title pages, in a standard format and probably from one printing firm. The name appears much later again as "Fritschen." In all discussions of the Leipzig book-trade the name appears only as Thomas Fritsch. It would be necessary to locate other Fritsch publications from these years with the Pegasus trademark in order to establish the standard form of his name at any given time. It is possible that the form of the name was a matter of the styling of one of the printing houses with which Fritsch dealt.

The evidence from Tentzel is almost more significant, however, than the wording of the preface and the dedicatory epistle to the first two printings of the first volume. The two versions not only vary in their phrasing at the end of the preface, but also appear to be internally self-contradictory. In the preface to IA Neukirch writes:

(c¹ verso) . . . Allzufrey gedancken habe ich in dieses werck nicht eingerückt/ und diejenigen/ so man etwan bißher darinnen gelesen/ waren nicht allein ohne mein wissen/ sondern auch wider meinen willen mit eingeschlichen. Ich habe auch bei dem ersten verlage solches gleich erinnert . . . (c² recto) . . . Was demnach unlängst in druck gegangen/ hat der herr verleger selbst gesamlet: ich aber habe dabey nichts mehr gethan/ also daß ich etliche unverständliche örter verbessert/ unterscheidene von meinen gedichten mit eingestreuet/ und gegenwärtige vorrede beygefüget. Solcher gestalt hat es in meiner gewalt nicht bestanden/ etliche unnöthige zusätze zu verhindern: welches iedennoch/ so viel mir möglich gewesen/ bey dieser neuen verlegung geschehen ist. Ich sage/ so viel mir möglich: massen ich alles/ was ich bey meiner ankunfft nach Leipzig noch ungedruckt gefunden/ und der herr verleger zugelassen/ von dem biß-

²⁴ It is not certain whether these may not be reprints, since I would assume that the change would begin with the beginning of a new volume.

herigen unkraute völlig gesäubert. Es hoffet derowegen so wohl der verleger/ als ich . . .

but in IB this reads simply:

(c¹ verso) . . . Allzufreye gedancken habe ich in dieses werck nicht rücken wollen; und dafern sich ja einige darinnen finden/ so sind sie wider meinen willen mit eingeschlichen. Endlich hoffet so wohl der verleger/ als ich . . .

The differences between these two versions would obviously seem to indicate that IB is the earlier printing. We should point out some of the problems in both prefaces.

In the dedicatory epistle Neukirch claims that he collected the material for the volume. In the longer version of the preface he states that he had no rights in the edition but merely functioned as a "Korrektor" and that the publisher not only collected the material but also maintained a veto power over changes. Neukirch presumably had little contact with Besser and yet there are sixteen poems by Besser or attributed to Besser in the anthology. He praises Hofmannswaldau highly in the preface, save for some "harte Metaphoren" in the *Liebes-Briefe*, but he excuses Lohenstein's *Arminius* and Lohenstein's poems by pointing out that Lohenstein had little time to work on them and would have revised them if he had lived. However, Neukirch then claims that he extensively revised all the Hofmannswaldau poems and only the "Venus" of Lohenstein in order to improve those passages which the two authors had written incorrectly and to bring their thoughts in order. Nevertheless we find changes also in the Lohenstein poem, "Auf das Albinische und Kamperische Hochzeit," which had appeared previously in Lohenstein's *Blumen*. Strangely enough we find changes in the Neukirch poems which are not necessarily improvements.

This brings us to two technical questions. In IA the two parts of the volume were printed simultaneously. This could only be done if the manuscript (or corrected printed copy) were completely in hand. Thus there is a contradiction between the statements in the preface of IA about textual changes and the printing evidence. This could raise a question about the person responsible for the textual changes and suggest that Neukirch may not have been responsible for the differences from the text of IB. There is a similar question in regard to the text of IB. In the preface to IB (and IA) Neukirch mentions the "Venus" by Lohenstein twice—the only poem mentioned by title. He also claims the responsibility for the attribution of the poems by initials. But in IB the "Venus" is attributed to Besser despite the remarks in the preface. This is particularly striking, not only because of the preface, but also because it is the longest single poem in the volume. To sharpen the problem,

we find an absolutely innocuous poem by Neukirch, "Ihr Musen/ lauft zusammen!", which is anonymous. Do these two facts mean possibly that Neukirch did not see the final copy for IB? In that case who prepared the manuscript and made the text changes?

A further problem is the interpretation of the phrase, "Allzufrey gedanken." It is difficult to take this at face value, since our standards have changed. Some of the poems common to all printings would be in bad taste to-day. We also have bear in mind that Johann Friedrich Gleditsch not only brings the poem, "Ruhstatt der Liebe," in the middle of the section, "Galante Gedichte," in his authorized edition of Besser's poems in 1711 but also features this poem in his "Bericht an den Leser":

Ja/ da unsere Sprache durch Unwissenheit der Fremden/ die solche nicht kennen/ in den Redens-Arten einer Weitläufigkeit/ und in Liebes-Sachen einer Plumpheit und Ungeschliffenheit beschuldiget wird; so hat wohl/ vor allen andern Deutschen/ unser *Autor* diß beydes auf das allernachdrücklichste widerleget; das erste mit dem Leich-Gedichte der höchstseeligsten Königin von Preussen . . . Das andere aber mit dem Gedichte: Ruhstatt der Liebe oder Schooß der Geliebten: da unser *Autor*, in einer der allerzärtesten und schamhaftesten Materiën/ mit einer so grossen *delicatesse* verfahren: daß er eine Sache/ die an sich unberührlich zu seyn scheint/ mehr als zwanzig mahl nennet und beschreibet ohne zu besorgen dem allerzünftigsten Leser eine Schamröthe darüber einzujagen; oder sich auch zu scheuen/ alle die andern Sprachen aufzufordern/ ob sie so etwas Bescheidenes in den ihrigen, von einer dergleichen *Materie*, sich aufzuweisen getrauen.²⁵

This "modest" poem has been referred to as one of the most offensive poems in the first volume! Or were the prefaces used as a form of advertising? In that case arguments from the preface are irrelevant. Neukirch himself can be coarse and graceless enough to make us wonder about the disclaimer and about his role as editor.²⁶

Neukirch's statements at the end of the preface also conflict with the earlier words about the purpose of the volume:

Allein/ weil man auch hierzu/ wie schon gemeldet/ ohne vorgänger nicht wohl gelingen kan; so hat man dahin gesonnen/ wie man ein werck verfertigen möchte/ welches aus unserer eigenen leute arbeit bestünde/

²⁵ *Herrn von B. Schrifften* (Leipzig: Johann Friedrich Gleditsch und Sohn, 1711), "Bericht an den Leser," Leaf 6.

²⁶ We should note Neukirch's lines on Lälies's nose from "Als neulich Lälia": "Und dennoch soll dein schlam der liebe zunder seyn/ Und Lälies ihr ruhm aus deinem rotze grünen." It makes one wonder whether Neukirch would have changed the Besser line from "Die schöne Margräfin," "Wenn du ihm Kinder wirst nach deiner Schönheit zeugen" to the reading of the anthology, "Wenn du ihm engel wirst an deinen kindern zeugen." Did someone else make the change? There are other puzzling examples in the anthology.

und den leser/ wo nicht in allen/ doch in den meisten stücken vergnügen könnte. Und dieses ist die ursache/ warum man gegenwärtige gedichte zusammengetragen/ und in einem begriffe zeigen wollen/ was man in vielen unserer Landlaute bißher umsonst gesucht.

At the end of the preface he is excusing himself for the collection and attempting to disassociate himself from the book! How could he persuade the publisher to print such a disclaimer, if he could make so few changes? If IB were the first edition, then in IA the best that Neukirch could do was basically to eliminate two anonymous poems and one poem attributed to himself. This is not very much in the light of the preface. We must not exclude the possibility of the commercial value of such disclaimers. There seem to be some good reasons for considering that Neukirch wrote only one preface to order and that this preface was tinkered with by an editor in various fashions for the two printings in 1695 and further by the deletion of a sentence for the 1697 printings.²⁷

In any case, the final determination of which of these two printings was the first printing can only be made by a thorough collation of all the copies which we can locate. Only then can we determine whether there is a further unrecognized variant between or preceeding IA and IB, whether prefaces might have been interchanged, and what the direction of the text changes might contribute to the solution of the problem. Even an analysis of the fleurons might contribute to the solution, since there are some differences. A more detailed typographical analysis might be useful. On the basis of an admittedly incomplete collation of the texts and the typographical evidence there are good grounds for considering IA as the first printing and IB as the reprint. But this is not an absolute certainty.²⁸ It seems likely that the reprint appeared about the time of the first publication of Volume II in 1697 so that they could be sold together.

III

At the end of the preface to the first volume the sentence appears: "wird es wohl auffgenommen/ so dürffte dieser theil leicht noch einen gebähren/ in welchem man alles/ was in diesem versehen wird/ sich auff das äusserste zu ersetzen bemühen wird." It is possible that Fritsch had more material available than was used for the first volume and intended to await sales to determine whether to issue a second volume. It is more

²⁷ In 1697 printings the passage from IA, "Solcher gestalt . . . völlig gesäubert," is deleted. It was certainly no longer relevant.

²⁸ When one considers the costs of composition and printing and of the paper, it is difficult to visualize a volume of 29 gatherings, containing less material, as being a reprint of a volume with 27 gatherings which contains more material. An analysis of the catchwords is necessary, since there seem to be some in IB which do not fit the text.

likely, since sales were good, that he hired someone, possibly Neukirch but equally likely someone else, to collect material for a second volume with the same general arrangement of the poems. In 1697 the second volume appeared, and this volume was also quite successful for there are four printings. We have much the same problem as with the first volume but here the bibliographical evidence may be contradictory. The first printing seems to be:

IIA Herrn | *von Hoffmannswaldau* | und anderer Deutschen | auser-
1697 lesener | und | bißher ungedruckter | *Gedichte* | anderer Theil |
(Ornament: Pegasus as IA) | Mit Churfürstl. Sächs. Gn. PRIVI-
LEGIO. || *LEIPZIG*/ | bey Thomas Fritsch. | 1697.

Signatures: π^1 (= $^2B^8$), A-Z⁸, 2A - $^2B^8$ ($^2B^8$). 200 ll. (2) 384 (14) pp.

Volume Sign.: II. Theil.

Lines: 36.

Notes: The volume signature appears on the first leaf of every gathering except A. Titlepage is π^1 and the Register begins on $^2B^1$ recto.

Sometime thereafter, but prior to 1703, it was decided that the volume was successful enough to be reprinted and it appeared as follows:

IIB-1697 (Titlepage identical in phrasing but different ornamental 'G' (1700?) in "*Gedichte*").

Signatures: $][^8$, A-Z⁸, $^2A^8$. 200 ll. (16) 384 pp.

Vol. Sign.: Hofmannsw. 2. theil.

Lines: 36

Notes: Volume signature appears in all gatherings with minor variations in spelling. From page 192 on the volume is mispagged. Gathering N begins with 167 and there are further errors within these later gatherings. The mispagination may be a memorial error, indicating that N was set directly after L which ends with 176. Title page and index are contained in $][^8$. Text begins with A. A comparison of the fleurons and the texts shows that this volume is completely reset and not simply a reissue.

The following evidence might indicate that IIB is the first printing: the ornamental 'G' on the titlepage and the existence of a preliminary gathering, $][^8$, containing the index, whereas IIA contains the index in the final gathering. One would have to analyze the catchwords and the relative frequency of fleurons in relation to the later volumes, particularly Volume III, where they become standardized. The evidence for IIA as the first printing is primarily the volume signature, since most later volumes of the anthology and the reprints of Volume I have a standardized volume signature. The mispagination, if it is a memorial failure on the part of the compositor, as seems likely, might also be evidence that IIB

was set from printed copy. The appearance of leaf N¹ (167, i.e. 193) might also suggest that IIB is later. The index to IIB should also be compared carefully: there would be reduplication of page numberings in the index, since "So ungeneigt ich auch," for example, and "Dein schwanen reiner geist" would both appear as being on page 172 because of the mispagination. If, however, the pagination in the index to IIB were given as if the volume were correctly paginated, then IIB would have been set from printed copy. Further examination of the two printings is clearly needed.

With the appearance of Volume III and the first printing of an edition of Volume I with 1697 on the title-page, we have a complete standardization of volume signature, number of lines per page, and most important to note, a reduction to one or two very simple printer's flowers. (It appears to be reduced to one leaf pattern in the majority of later printings.) This applies only to the Fritsch printings. It is unclear whether IC appeared prior to Volume III or together with it. If the dating of IIB is approximately correct, I assume that the next printing of Volume I came between IIB and III. The exact date cannot be determined:

IC-1697 Herrn | von Hoffmannswaldau | und | anderer Deutschen | außer-
(1702?) lesner | und | bißher ungedruckter | Gedichte | erster theil/ |
nebenst | einer vorrede | von der deutschen Poesie. | (Ornament:
Pegasus as IA) | Mit Churfl. Sächs. Gn. PRIVILEGIO. || LEIP-
ZIG/ | Bey Thomas Fritsch 1697.

Signatures: $\pi^2 (=a^{4.5})$, $a^8 (-a^{4.5})$ b^8 $c^8 (-c^{4.5})$, A-Z⁸, ²A.-²B⁸, ²C²
(=c^{4.5}) 224 ll. (44) 404 pp.

Vol. Sign.: Hofm.w.I.Th.

Lines: 38

Notes: The engraving (π^1 verso) has not yet been redone and the initials, M.R.sc., are still legible in the lower left hand corner.

One can easily distinguish this printing from later printings by the "außerlesener" in the title and by the engraving.²⁰ The text has a number of changes from the 1695 printings, but there are certain minor variants which are still closer to IB than the later printings. If this dating is approximately correct, then Neukirch cannot be considered as the editor responsible for the textual changes. The next volume to be issued is Volume III with identical typographical styling:

IIIA Herrn | von Hoffmannswaldau | und anderer Deutschen | außer-
1703 lesener | und | bißher ungedruckter | Gedichte | dritter Theil. |

²⁰ This confirms the rule that the starting point for analysis is a complete and careful transcription of the titlepage. A copy of this volume is in the Newberry Library, Chicago.

(Ornament: Pegasus as in IA) | Mit Churfürstl. Sächs. Gn. PRIVI-
LEGIO. || LEIPZIG/ | bey Thomas Fritschen. | 1703.

Signatures: π^1 (=Z⁸), A-Y⁸, Z⁸ (-Z⁸). 184 ll. (2) 362 (4) pp.

Vol. Sign.: Hofm.w.III.Th.

Lines: 38

Notes: Titlepage is π^1 and Register is Z⁸-Z⁷.

As far as we can tell there are no bibliographical problems in Volume III.

The next two volumes in the series seem at first to be somewhat puzzling, since they appear under the imprint of a different publisher.³⁰ They are obviously printed in a different house and the entire typographical layout differs, including the fleurons. There is good reason, however, for considering them as part of the Fritsch production:

IVA¹ Herrn | von Hoffmannswaldau | und | anderer Schlesier | bißher
1704 noch nie zusammen-gedruckter | Gedichte | Erster Theil. | (Orna-
ment: intertwined calligraphic lines) || Glückstadt und Leipzig/
| Verlegt Gotthilff Lehmann/ | König. privil. Buchhändler. |
M DCC IV.

Signatures: π^4 , A-Z⁸, ²A-²B⁸. 204 ll. (8) 368 (32) pp.

Vol. Sign.: Hofm.w.IV.Th (F missed: Hofm.w.VI.Th.)

Lines: 36

Description: (π^1) Title-page, verso blank: (π^{2r}), Dedication;
(π^{2v-3v} , Dedictory epistle; (π^4); Publisher's preface;
A-²A^{5v}, Text; ²A⁶-²B^{7v}, Register, Errata list at end of
Register; ²B⁸, blank.

The volume signature shows clearly that this volume was planned as a regular continuation of the anthology. The mistake in the title page was corrected by a cancellans with slightly different wording and ornament:

IVA² . . . | und anderer Deutschen | auserlesener | und | . . . | Vierd-
1704 ter Theil. | (Ornament: Two flowers, bells turned down towards
left and right, intertwined ornamental stems) | . . .

It is amusing to note the similarity of the wording of the title in IVA¹ with the wording of the announcement of the first volume in the Tentzel for October 1695: "bißher noch nie gedruckte . . ." Next comes:

³⁰ We know very little about the publisher, Gotthilff Lehmann. However, in the Rigsarkivet in Copenhagen there is the following about Lehmann (T.K.I.A. Inländische Registratur 1704, ff. 48-49): "An Den Magistrat zu Glückstadt. Consentiren Ihr. Mayj daß der dortige buchführer Gotthilff Lehman, gleiche freyheit mit dem buchdrucker und buchbinder, daselbst haben und genießen möge. Copenhag. d. 4, Martij. 1704. + Daß wir auff allerunthertänigstes ansuchen Gotthilff Lehmann, buchführer, allergnädigst bewilliget, daß derselbe gleiche freyheit mit dem buchbinder und buchdrucker in Glückstadt haben und genießen möge und solle, so haben wir Ein solches, Zu Eurer nachricht, kundthun wollen. Monnarchij." The above entry might indicate that he was not privileged until 1704, so that Volume IV could not have appeared until the fall of 1704.

- VA Herrn | von Hoffmannswaldau | und | anderer Deutschen | bißher
 1705 noch nie zusammen-gedruckter | *Gedichte*/ | Fünffter Theil. |
 (Ornament as IVA²) || Glückstadt und Leipzig/ | *Verlegts Gotthilf*
Lehmann/ | König. privil. Buchhändler. | M DCC V.
 Signatures: π^4 , A-Z⁸, ²A-²B⁸. 204 ll. (8) 377 (23) pp.
 Vol. Sign.: Hofm.w.V.Th.
 Lines: 38
 Description: (π^1), Title-page, verso blank; (π^2), Dedication;
 (π^{2v-4v}), Zuschrift; A-²A^{5r}, Text; ²A^{5v}-²B^{5r}, Register;
²B^{5v}, Errata; ²B^{6r-v}, "Die Vergnügung. | S.D."; ²B⁷⁻⁸,
 blank.

In 1706 volume IV is reissued with an identical title page:

IVB | M DCC VI.

- 1706 Notes: The "Druckfehler-Verzeichnis" has been removed and the
 missigned volume signature on F corrected.

Only a careful collation of the texts could tell whether any changes, apart
 from corrections of misprints, had been made in the text.

About this time there comes another printing of the first volume of
 the anthology. It must come earlier than 1708, since it still uses the
 virgule for punctuation. It is assigned to this date, however, because the
 comma begins to appear instead of the virgule sporadically in some of
 the poems. It is to be differentiated from IC as:

ID-1697 | auserlesener |

- (1706?) Notes: Signatures the same. The engraving has been redone
 and the initials have now disappeared from the lower
 left corner. Slight differences in spacing of titles and
 minor textual changes reflect normal printing house
 changes from edition to edition, resulting from a cor-
 rector going through the text.³¹

This is followed by another edition of Volume IV with the Fritsch im-
 print on the title-page:

- IVC Herrn | von Hoffmannswaldau | und | anderer Deutschen | auser-
 1708 lesener | und | bißher ungedruckter | *Gedichte* | vierdter Theil. |
 (Ornament: Pegasus as in IA) | Mit Churfürstl. Sächs. Gen. PRI-
 VILEGIO. || LEIPZIG/ | bey Thomas Fritschen/ | 1708.
 Signatures: π^1 (= ²B⁸), A-Z⁸, ²A-²B⁸ (-²B⁸)

Notes: Reissue of the Lehman sheets, omitting the preliminaries.

This use of the Lehmann sheets is another indication that IV and V
 were sponsored by Fritsch. This edition is followed by Volume VI, the
 last of the volumes of this anthology to be edited under Fritsch's spon-
 sorship:

³¹ This is the copy-text for the *Neudruck*, *op. cit.*

VIA Herrn | von Hoffmannswaldau | und anderer Deutschen | auser-
 1709 lesener | und bißher ungedruckter | *Gedichte* | sechster Theil, |
 nebenst einer Vorrede | wider die Schmeichler und Tadler der
 Poesie. | (Ornament: Pegasus with wings together over back, tail
 less curly) | Mit Kön. und Churf. Sächs. allergnäd. Privilegio. ||
Leipzig, | bey Thomas Fritsch, 1709.

Signatures:): (^s ,): () : (^s, A-Z^s, 200 ll. (32) 360 (2) pp

Vol. Sign.: VI Theil.

Lines: 36

Description:): (¹, Title-page, verso blank;): (^{2r}, Dedication;): (^{2v-4r},
 Dedictory epistle;): (^{4v-}): () : (^{3r}, Preface;
): () : (^{8v}, "Auf die neuen theile von Hoffmanns-
 waldau. | E.G.): () : (^{4r-v}, "Neue Bücher"; A-Z^{4v},
 Text; Z^{5-8v}, Register, followed by "Corrigenda."

Notes: Pegasus ornament: 54 x 38 mm. Commas used throughout
 instead of virgules. More fleurons are used and are sim-
 ilar to those in IA and IIA.

The whole style of the volume with advertisements and a poem on the
 volume marks a departure from the styling of the previous volumes. The
 volume signature may be different for this reason, or the volume may
 have been printed in a different printing house and the printer did not
 realize that there was a standard volume signature.³²

In the regular style Fritsch issued further printings of Volumes I, III,
 V. In a somewhat different style he also issued a printing of Volume II.
 In a radically different style he issued a further printing of II and IV.
 These seem to be arranged in about the following order:

IE-1697 | von der deutschen poesie. | (Ornament: Pegasus as VIA)
 |

(1709) Notes: Commas instead of virgules. The dating is based on
 Georgi, who lists Vol. I as 1709, even though he is often
 unreliable. Volume signature as IC and ID.

IIIB (Title as IIIA: Different ornamental G in *Gedichte*. Pegasus as
 1710 VIA).

Notes: Commas instead of virgules. Volume signature as IIIA.

VB Herrn | von Hoffmannswaldau | und anderer Deutschen | auserles-
 1710 ener | und | bißher ungedruckter | *Gedichte* | fünfter theil. | (Or-
 nament: Pegasus with head raised higher and wings spread apart
 at a different angle from IA and bushier tail) | Mit Churf. Sächs.
 Gn. PRIVILEGIO. || *Leipzig*, | Bey Thomas Fritsch, 1710.

Signatures: π^1 (=U^s), A-U^s (-U^s), X⁴. 164 ll. (2) 317 (9) pp.

Vol. Sign. Hofm.w.V.Th.

Lines: 38

³² Or he may have been given a copy of IIA as a sample to work from and
 copied the volume signature.

Description: (π^1), Title-page, verso blank; A-U^{7r}, Text; U^{7v}-X⁴, Register. Pegasus: 60 x 40 mm.

Notes: Completely reset in standardized Fritsch format with extensive text changes.

The following volumes are again completely different in the form of the Pegasus ornament:

IIC-1697 As IIA (different typeface on titlepage) except for the Pegasus ornament: Pegasus *en face* with wings spread apart and a scrawny tail, 60 x 37 mm.

Signatures: π^1 , A-Z^s, ²A^s, 193 ll. (2) 379 (5) pp.

Vol. Sign.: II. Theil.

Lines: 36

Description: (π^1), Titlepage, verso blank; A-²A^{6r}, Text; ²A^{6v}-^{sv}, Register.

Notes: Comma instead of virgule. Printer's flowers standardized but with a different flower from the earlier volumes and printings. The volume signature may come from IIA being the copy-text, as shown by apparent similarities in orthography. It is interesting that the same fleuron also appears in the same fashion in Gleditsch's 1711 printing of Besser's poems.

The next two volumes I date very much later, since there are no printer's flowers dividing the poems and the ornament at the head of the text is replaced by fleurons.

IVD-n.d. As VD except: . . . | anderer Teutschen | . . . | vierdter (1720?) Theil. | (Ornament: Pegasus as IIC) | . . . Churfürstl. . . . || LEIPZIG, | bey Thomas Fritschen.

Signatures: π^1 , A-Y^s, Z^s. 183 ll. (2) 353 (11) pp.

Vol. Sign.: Hofmw. IV. theil.

Lines 37 (?)

Description: (π^1), Title-page, verso blank; A-Z^{1r}, Text; Z^{1v}-Z^{6r}, Register; Z^{6v}, blank.

Notes: Commas instead of virgules. It is unclear without a full collation to what extent there may have been text revisions.

IID-1697 As IIA (different typeface) except: . . . Ornament as IVD . . . (1722?) | Leipzig. | bey Thomas Fritschen. | 1697.

Signatures: π^1 (=Z^s), A-Z^s (-Z^s). 184 ll. (2) 359 (7) pp.

Volume Sign.: II. Theil.

Lines: 36

Description: (π^1), Title-page, verso blank; A-Z^{4r}, Text; Z^{4v}-I, Register.

Notes: It is unclear whether there are text changes.

In 1722 Fritsch also reissued Volume VI, of which I have not seen a copy.

but I date IID as being issued at the same time, since these two volumes were not reprinted at the time Straube took over the anthology from Fritsch. The Marburg copy of IID bears an ownership inscription dated 1728. This may reflect that the volume was still available then. The use of rules instead of fleurons between poems is also typical of the Straube and Blochsberger editions, which is another reason to date IVD and IID so late.

IV

To sum up then, we know all too little about printing practices to be able to make generalizations without careful examination of title pages, signatures, catchwords, typography and general makeup of German baroque books. We also do not know enough about business practices of the time to be able to assume that even a Gryphius or a Grimmelshausen had any rights in their books and any direct connection with the form in which their books appeared. A careful transcription of the title page may reveal differences which indicate a different printing, as with IC and ID of the Neukirch anthology. An analysis of the signatures may reveal whether a book is printed from manuscript or from printed copy, such as in the Gryphius collection of 1665, where *Cardenio und Celinde* begins on R⁶. (I have not noticed that anyone has given the correct number of pages for this edition, which is mispaginated: [18] [794] pp.) An analysis of signatures may also reveal something about the composition of the book, as with Kuhlmann's *Neubegeisterter Böhme*, where the signatures reveal that Kuhlmann added material partway through the book after the entire book had been set and printed off.³³ We also know too little about editorial practices and the role of the corrector or the publisher himself in the determination of the final form of the book, as evidenced by the 1650 edition of Gryphius. It is a mistake to assume that the relationship of an author to his publisher or a manuscript to a printed text in the seventeenth century was the equivalent of the same relationship today.³⁴

I have not discussed the fascinating and difficult problems of the texts of these volumes. There is the question of the choice of a copy text and its rationale. What principle should determine whether one edits the text of the Neukirch anthology on the basis of either of the 1695 printings or on the basis of one of the 1697 printings. Obviously, if one wishes to come closer to the original copy for the edition, a decision must be made

³³ The normal sequence of signatures is interrupted by q⁶ following Q and the pagination is confused beginning with 224. When one analyzes this clue, one realizes that the pagination is correct, for each leaf is being counted as a page, and therefore the printer was attempting to make new material conform to the already completely imposed book and thus added 64 extra pages.

³⁴ Even to-day many authors leave pointing and minor style changes to the publisher's editor.

about which of the 1695 printings is earlier and that should be made the copy text. Together with this there is the question of the treatment of the text: to what extent should one follow the copy text and to what extent one should emend with a reading from another printing? An example is Lohenstein's "Venus: "Die wälder werden düstern/ | Nun sich der wurtzel-safft den ästen will verschwistern/," which reads this way in all copies except IA, where we find "lüstern." If any printing but IA were used as the copy text, "lüstern" would seem to be a preferable reading to be substituted in the copy text, with the original reading of the copy text and possible other variants for this line listed in the textual notes. To do this, however, both the substantives and accidentals must be carefully and consistently collated and a definite and clearly established method for dealing with variations must be formulated. It is possibly significant in the determination of the order of the texts, whether one or another version has "für fehler" instead of "vor fehler" or "Fillis" instead of "Phyllis," punctuates "Zirkel der gedanken" instead of "Zirkel der gedanken/" or reads "zu hart" instead of "zu rauh." To be sure of the variants one has to collate more than one copy of each edition, since the possibility of press corrections, not present in all copies, always lurks in the background.³⁵ One also has to define clearly for the reader the fullness with which one is indicating variants in the text and what variants are to be indicated.

These things are particularly necessary, when we have such an unusual example in the Neukirch anthology of the role of a corrector, either for the publisher or the printing house, in preparing a new edition, exemplified in all printings, but particularly evident in the variants from ID to IE. Several examples may be helpful in showing this. Line 7 of "Wenn dein rubinen mund" reads in earlier printings, "Mich dünckt/ die engel selbst die fahren auff und nieder/" but in IE it reads "Mich dünckt/ die engel selbst die fahren auf dich nieder/." In "Nachdem des glückes ball/" in line 48 the phrase "sein liebes-lied mit heissen thränen schliessen" becomes in IE "sein liebes-lied in heissen thränen schliessen." In the "Venus" line 194 changes from "alles sonst auff's minste" to "alles so auff's minste." Many of the changes indicate that a line was felt to be unclear or the choice of a word was no longer correct. These changes cannot be attributed to Neukirch.

The suggested changes in the chronology of the volumes of this anthol-

³⁵ The differences between the variant readings given in the *Neudruck* and those found in the copies of IA and IB used by me might point that way, e.g. in "Entferne dich du eitles wesen/" the *Neudruck* reads: "10: Diese strophe fehlt sowohl in A wie in M216." The strophe was present in both IA and IB. In "O Venus leihe mir . . ." the *Neudruck* lists only a variant from IA for line 11: "Noch schöner möge seyn/. . ." with the variant "möchte." This variant is in IB and is the kind that possibly could have been a press correction.

ogy and the related problems of the textual accuracy of any given printing may help to show that there are still serious textual and bibliographical questions to be solved in our study of Baroque literature. It does not yet seem that we have established a perspective on these problems or developed a consistent method for dealing with them.³⁶ A book is not merely the product of its author but also of the publisher and the printing house. We can find evidence for this from the beginning of printing down to Hermann Hesse's "Der Autor an einen Korrektor."³⁷ A particularly nice example is in the preface to Volume IV of this anthology: "Die kürzte der zeit so zu verfertigung dieses werckes noch übrig gewesen/ nebst der abwesenheit des verfassers sind uhrsache/ daß ich dieses werck/ nicht so gar von allen druck-fehlern befreyet stellen kan/ als es wohl mein vorsatz gewesen/ auch in desselben anwesenheit ohnfehlbar geschehen wäre. Die vornehmsten derselben sind zwar zu ende dieses buches verbessert worden/ doch sind derer wieder mein vermuthen noch welche darinnen verblieben/ in dem nicht selten denn vor den/ daß vor das/ und dergleichen zu finden werden seyn." One is tempted to ask, what else was overlooked. Admittedly this examination of the Neukirch anthology is speculative; nevertheless I hope that it has shown that almost all the problems one might wish for in bibliographical and textual analysis are contained in the anthology. These problems deserve further study, since they cast light on general questions of textual fidelity and editorial method.

The Johns Hopkins University

ROBERT L. BEARE

TABLE

	A	B	C	D	E
I	1695	1695 (1697)	1697 (1700)	1697 (1706)	1697 (1709)
II	1697	1697 (1700)	1697 (1712)	1697 (1722)	
III	1703	1710			
IV	1704	1706	1708	n.d. (1720)	
V	1705	1710			
VI	1709	1722			

³⁶ I hope to be able to discuss the problems of editing in detail on the basis of the comparison of marked printer's copy for a baroque book with the printed text. The basic rule would seem to be that the first edition should be the copy text, unless we can prove bibliographically and textually that an author is responsible for later changes *in extenso*.

³⁷ The Hesse letter appeared in the *Neue Züricher Zeitung* (1946), Nr. 1780.

On Editing Opitz

The function of a scholarly editor is to furnish the modern student with a text which as closely as possible acquaints him with the intentions of the author. It is that simple. But let no one assume that the making of a critical edition is equally simple. The modern scholar has a right to demand a reliable text. He will not always get it. The editor is under obligation to furnish the text. He can not always do it. And here is where the compromises begin.

If editing were no more than going back to an early text, photography would be our best policy. Such, however, is seldom if ever the case. Unduly close reproduction usually perpetuates editorial problems, while unduly loose editing creates new ones.¹ An editor must, of course, know his author—often know him better than the author knew himself; he must not assert his knowledge in undue competition with his author; and he must have the courage to make thousands of small decisions involving punctuation, spelling of words, the correction of errors. But the most important initial decision for each text is the choice of the copy text.

For a long time there was not much question about this. The "Ausgabe letzter Hand" was *ipso facto* considered best. The rationale behind this choice was that authors spent the better part of their life polishing and perfecting their works, so that the last edition is the best. Another approach in editing wants to stress the development of an author's works. The poems of C. F. Meyer or of Hölderlin come to mind in this connection. Only now are editorial techniques being devised to cope with such writers.

Still another approach would have to be used where there exists a number of only slightly varying versions which must be combined into a standard text. Here the least corrupt or most authentic text must be determined, and legitimate readings from other versions must be incorporated or given in the apparatus. This is the method of our classical colleagues. Lachmann applied it to MHG texts and (with certain modifications) it has been used for NHG texts as well.

¹Two specific examples of insufficiency in editing may illustrate my point.

One editor who reprinted excerpts from *Trojanerinnen* (1625) used the notoriously faulty edition *Opera*, Breslau, 1690. On line 509 "Weg und Sieg" he theorizes that this reading might be an unnoticed printer's error for "Weg und Steg." The *Einzeldruck* clearly reads "Steg." The note is superfluous; there was nothing to explain. The wrong copy text was chosen.

In Witkowski, Neudruck, 1902, line 75 of "Zlatna" reads "Todtenkopff." This corrupt reading came in with Collection C (1629) and has had an unusually tenacious life. An urn for ashes is meant, "Tödtentopff." The printer dozed; no proofreader, no editor caught the error.

What is the best approach to Martin Opitz? The answer varies from one work to the next. Quite a number of his works exist in only one authentic version (and by version we mean printed version, for virtually no manuscripts have survived). Examples are the *Buch von der deutschen Poeterey*, the Seneca translation *Trojanerinnen*, the translation of Barclay's *Argenis*, etc. Not that there are not two, three or more printed versions, but only one of them is authentic. The editor finds out which one it is and uses it for his copy text. He must, of course, justify his choice in the Introduction. His next task is to see to it that the author's intentions are not frustrated by misprints old and new, or similar accidents; he glosses difficult words, gives factual explanations as needed, and that's that. There are no variants. Where would they come from? Nevertheless, some editors have provided them — from unauthentic editions, some of them posthumous. The claim is that contemporary printers and proofreaders were closer to the language of the time and that they can provide light in instances of obscurity and doubt. I may be wrong, but I think a modern editor can do as good a job as any old printer.

When more than one authentic version exists, the editor must weigh the claims of each and select the best for his copy text. Often the question of whether to use an earlier or later version becomes meaningful. Let me illustrate by means of the first collection of Opitz' poems, *Teutsche Poemata*, Straßburg, 1624 (Collection A). Georg Witkowski made this the copy text of his edition (Hallesche Neudrucke, No. 189-192, 1902). He gave all the variants down to and including the *Ausgabe letzter Hand*. I have no quarrel with the variants, and aside from some serious misprints the *Neudruck* is an edition one can work with — up to a point. But was Collection A a good choice for copy text? No, for in 1624 Opitz' intentions had been only imperfectly realized. He had put the MS of his poems in the hands of his friend Zinzgref when he left Heidelberg in October 1620. At that time he had not yet completely put into practice the new poetic technique which he advocated. This he was able to do in the four years between his departure from Heidelberg and the publication of the first collection in 1624. But communication between the friends had been halting and when Collection A appeared, Opitz, who had not seen proof, was unhappy, but the book was on the market and Zinzgref had meant well. To assure the public that he could do better, Opitz hurriedly published in 1625 *Acht Bücher, | Deutscher Poematum | durch Ihn selber herausgege- | ben/ auch also vermehret vnnd vbersehen/ das die vorigen | darmitte nicht zu uer- | gleichen sindt* (Collection B).

The fact that there is no pagination until the third leaf of the eleventh gathering and that the column title "Fünffttes Buch" erroneously con-

tinues through the sixth and seventh books betrays a certain haste in the production of the volume. The metrics of Collection B are much improved, though some poems have been omitted and quite a few added. Witkowski knew the poet's correspondence and quotes the pertinent passages from it in his Introduction; yet he chose the 1624 Collection as his copy text and thereby created a confusion of which we have not yet seen the end. In this case neither the first nor the last edition should have been made the basis for an edition. It is the second edition that is authentic, and of the variants some should point backward, others forward. The edition by Walther Gose in preparation for the new series of *Neudrucke* correctly uses 1625 as its copy text, for it is the one Opitz himself approved.

Most of the poems that eventually found their way into a collection had first appeared separately. Therefore these *Einzeldrucke*, whenever they have survived, should become the bases for a modern edition; the editor must then furnish variants from the successive collections in which Opitz had a hand. In this way there will be plenty of variety, for different printers had different styles in spelling and composition. Opitz did make changes in most of his poems, changes he must have considered improvements, although to us the results appear to be less spontaneous than the original formulations.

In collecting variants I have noticed something peculiar: a great number of changes occurred when an Alexandrine poem was transferred from an *Einzeldruck* (in quarto) to the next collection (in octavo). Finally I saw the reason for this. The twelve or thirteen syllables of the Alexandrine can rather comfortably be accommodated on a quarto page—in fact, there is room to spare for fancy spelling and ornamental letters. But when this same line is transferred to the narrower octavo page, there results—notwithstanding the smaller type size—what the printer calls a "tight" line. The typesetter must then try his best to fit each Alexandrine line of the wider quarto onto the narrower octavo page. To do so he resorts, if necessary, to all the space-saving devices known to his trade—short spellings, standard (or even obsolescent) contractions and abbreviations, minimum spacing between words and after punctuation, even capitalization to mark new words. Most of the time he will succeed, but some run-on lines are unavoidable (*Zeilenumbruch*) and then he can again splurge with the extra space. (In this way printers have used different spellings and spacing to "justify" lines ever since the invention of printing.)

If one keeps in mind that orthography did not become frozen until much later, it is often for no other reason than space within the line (*Raumnot*) that an octavo line reads *nit* as against the quarto *nicht*; *ru* vs. *Rhue*; *ū* viz. *vnndt*, etc. Again, these "variants" are not true var-

iants and should be left out of the apparatus (except by general mention). Occasionally there will be borderline cases, as with printer's errors, but the editor should make his decision and pray that he be right.

So much for copy text and variants, without which no edition could be called critical. But there are numerous other matters which may or may not be included in an edition. An introduction should primarily contain factual information, i. e. bibliographical data, possibly information on sources used in the text, pertinent biographical data, etc. Some introductions, especially since the *geistesgeschichtliche* period, have been frighteningly long and *tiefsinnig*. The question obtrudes: is an author so introduced well served? The editor's favorite notions may be out of fashion by the time the edition appears in print, and then such an introduction becomes an intellectual mortgage which increases with age, while the text proper will be called upon to make the interest payments. I have therefore resolved to confine my introductions to factual information, with special attention to bibliographical data. In Britain and America analytical bibliography has been developed to an extent seldom if ever practiced in Germany. Our so-called Opitz-bibliography has made little progress since Oesterley published his check list in *Centralblatt für Bibliothekswesen* in 1886; it is about time Opitz received his bibliographical due.

In conclusion I should like to bring up some typographical problems that have, at least in part, resulted from changes in printing practices. One is the virtual disappearance of the *Fraktur* member of the typographical family. What is an editor to do when the prospective publisher (with an eye on the future as he sees it) refuses to employ *Fraktur*? The compromise suggested was this: roman and italic will stay roman and italic; but a clearly recognizable variant of roman will be used to indicate *Fraktur*. The solution may not be ideal, but it is better than what some recent baroque editions show, where one kind of roman represents both roman and *Fraktur*.

In certain ways every reprint must be different from the original. How closely a reprint should try to approach the original is a matter of disagreement. In this connection certain typographical features have assumed a shibboleth importance which they hardly possess in fact. Such "illusion begotters" are the slash mark (virgule) instead of the comma, initial *v* and *j* instead of *u* (or *ü*) and *i*, capital *J* instead of *I*, long *s* instead of the round one, etc. Critical texts of ancient classics and of medieval works have long done without imitation of manuscript practices. Why can not critical Renaissance and baroque texts use only current typographical means, which, I submit, are entirely adequate for re-presenting the texts?

The University of Texas

G. SCHULZ-BEHREND

Brockes' Poetic Apprenticeship

Even the specialists in the field believe that the earliest preserved poem by the Hamburg poet, Barthold Heinrich Brockes, was an epithalamion dated December 3, 1708, presumably issued as a leaflet at that time, later appearing with the large body of his juvenilia in the appendix to his translation of Marino's *Bethlehemitischer Kinder-Mord* (1715 and later). After a few further occasional poems his first great success appeared in 1712, the oratorio "Der für die Sünden der Welt gemarterte und sterbende Jesu," set to music by several of the leading composers of the day, among them Händel, translated into English and other languages, greatly praised in its time and often reprinted. With that he became a famous man of letters, the rest of his career is well known, but to this day his first small collection of poems has remained unrecognized and unidentified.

These nine earliest poems did not appear under his name but they did appear in a relatively prominent place and in such a way that they are not difficult to identify.

Barthold Feind's volume of *Deutsche Gedichte*, issued at Stade in 1708, is well known for its fine musical dramas and especially for its brilliant critical essay, "Gedancken von der Opera," which anticipates so much that is usually attributed to Lessing. It would seem, however, that everyone has overlooked the notice he added to the preceding critical essay, "Von dem Temperament und Gemüths-Beschaffenheit eines Poeten." I quote the notice in full, noting only that of the two initials, "L. B.," the first is in Roman type, thus obviously of a title, here possibly, "Licentiat," the second is in Gothic type, thus of a name, here possibly "Brockes" (73):

Geborgt ist nicht geschenckt. Die unter den vermischten Gedichten mit ††† gezeichnete sind, auf mein vielfältiges Ersuchen, mir von einem gelehrten, geschickten und polit homme communicirt worden, wodurch ich den Liebhabern der Poesie keinen unangenehmen Gefallen werde erzeugt haben; nicht darum, weil sie mir gefallen, sondern weil sie gelesen und beyzubehalten würdig. Darum recommendire ich sie nicht, weil sie sich selber recommendiren, zumahl der Herr Auctor L. B. so wenig dasselbe würde wohl auffgenommen haben, als den heutiges Tages so verhassten Nahmen eines Poeten, oder seinen Nahmen bekandt zu machen.

When we search in the text, we find nine poems marked with the triple cross sign (pp. 505, 519, 521, 523, 531, 533, 535, 555, 600). One is in Italian, two are in French, four are translated from the French, two

from the Italian. The one in Italian (521 f.) furnishes us with the proof of Brockes' authorship; with two lines added it was reprinted in the poetic appendix to the *Verteutschter Bethlehemitischer Kinder-Mord* and kept in the later editions (1754: 545 f., 1742: 613 f.).

The two translations from the Italian are well done, the first one, from Guarini, not as well as the later one from Marino. Three of the French translations are inconsiderable, but the fourth is of some importance, intrinsically and not only for length; it is the eighth satire of Boileau, entitled "Die Thorheiten der Menschen." The critical note, with its references to the comments of Thomasius, Pufendorf, and Gundling makes sure that the reader does not misunderstand the satire's paradoxical hyperbole in attributing greater sense to animals than to man. The translation itself is smooth and reads well on the whole. It is not quite on the level of the first, little known German translation of 1694, the *Verschiedene Satirische Schriften, Des Herrn D. XX*, by two anonymous brothers, apparently Austrian noblemen, but it is in many passages as good as, in some better than the nearly contemporary translations of the eighth by Caspar Abel and Benjamin Neukirch.

With this poem and with the translation of Marino's *Strage degli Innocenti* Brockes had served his poetic apprenticeship, an apprenticeship that gave few indications, except in the matter of formal mastery, of the creative poetic career that lay ahead for this gentle genius. Again and again one sensitive reader after the other discovers for himself how very good Brockes really is and is indignant at the critical neglect that has been his reward. By now everyone knows the "Kirsch-Blüte bey der Nacht," this delicate piece of pure impressionism, for it appears in most of the anthologies. A few know some of the longer poems of high quality in the first two volumes of his *Irdisches Vergnügen in Gott* (1721, 1727), even though they have only rarely been anthologized.

At this point, however, the clichés and logical inferences take command. First of all, the literary histories and critical works continue to tell us that the *Irdisches Vergnügen* was influenced by (or imitated from) James Thomson's *The Seasons*, a work that Brockes translated. Just how a work published in 1721 could be influenced by a work published in 1726, critics and historians do not tell us. If they should ever decide to look in the opposite direction (in which everyone knows in advance there could be no movement), they might find something very interesting, but that would compel them to a detailed examination of facts and phenomena, something not at all as delightful and reassuring as the old wind-blown absurdities.

Seemingly far more impressive and unshakable is another critical myth that runs something like this: though there are a number of great poems in the first volume or two of the *Irdisches Vergnügen*, it is inconceivable

that such a fine poetic vein could have been sustained through volumes three to nine of this work issued at intervals during a long life time. After the first volumes, therefore, one may infer without hesitation that the poet merely continued to repeat himself with slight variations. If these critics had been art historians, they would have stopped looking at Titian after the second or third Madonna and have totally dismissed the ninety-eighth and ninety-ninth as the ultimate in boresome repetition. In the case of Brockes, a few unconventional souls have gone on to volume seven, 1748, intrigued by its title, "Landleben in Ritzbüttel." They have been enchanted by it and thought of it as a charming poetic revival that occurred when Brockes left Hamburg with his family to take up his post as administrator of this isolated coastal town under the sovereignty of the Republic of Hamburg.

A few most unconventional souls went even farther. Von Faber, as usually, had read the poems instead of making plausible *a priori* inferences about steadily declining poetic powers as volume after volume appeared. Wilhelm Fraenger also found good poems in the first six volumes and published a selection in 1920. Nevertheless, a few of the finest poems in the later volumes have never been made available to the modern reader. One of them, I believe, ranks in poetic quality with the "Kirsch-Blühte," and yet is so entirely different from it, except for its verbal impressionistic mastery, that one is filled again with something of the same wonder at Brockes' lyric evocative powers as the poet was filled with wonder at the tiniest and the grandest aspects of the nature that was spread out before him.

I shall not quote this fine poem. It was discovered by a student of mine who should have the pleasure of introducing it to our century. Instead, I shall make things as difficult as possible for myself by turning to volume nine, about which no one has spoken a kind word. It would be worth perusing the volume for its Goethe anticipations alone. For instance (529):

Die Jugend meynt, es sey von ihr die Wahrheit überall gefunden;
Das Alter und Erfahrung lehrt: sie sey fast überall verschwunden.
Hierinn besteht der Unterschied, womit wir uns behelfen müssen:
Die Alten wissen wenig mehr, als daß die Jungen wenig wissen.

The poem I should like to quote is a brief one, not as good as "Kirsch-Blühte" or the other, but one of which any poet before Goethe could have been proud (379):

Ich sah den dickbelaubten Wipfel von einem hohen Eichbaum an,
Durch dessen dichtverschränkte Blätter, und grüner Schatten
Dunkelheit,

Wie tief er sich darinn versenkt, der schnelle Blick nicht dringen
kann,

Bis ich zuletzt, an ein Paar Stellen, des hellen Himmels
Heiterkeit.

Wie helle Sterne schimmern sah, die ich um desto mehr bemerkte,
Als mir der dunkle Gegensatz der grünen Nacht die Augen stärkte.
Es zeigt mir, dacht ich, dieß Gesicht die Wahrheit mit
Vergnügen an:

Wie irdische Dunkelheit den Glanz des Himmels noch verschönern
kann.

The autumn of 1741 must have been one of the most beautiful the German north ever experienced, quiet, sunny, mild deep into November, grass green, the leaves on the trees going through a mutation of lovely colors such as one usually finds only in an American autumn. And finally (VIII, 221):

Die Blätter, welche gleichsam völlig ihr Ziel erreicht, und
gereift,
Die werden heuer nicht, wie sonst, von Sturm und Winden
abgestreift,
Und weit von ihrem Stamm geführt. Man sieht ein lind und
sanft Bewegen,
Bey einer still- und lauen Luft. Es fällt, als wie ein bunter
Regen,
Der Blätter Heer, von selbst, herab. Nicht mehr an ihren
Aesten fest,
Scheint es, als ob der müde Baum sie selbst herunterfallen
läßt.

So it was with Brockes' poetry. In the serene, quiet, sunny autumn of his life it was transmuted into a gold that glowed soft and ageless in the last sunset. "Wer achtet sein?" Those who have passed him by heedlessly and unseeing have left behind an untold treasure of delight for those who will linger and look.

The Johns Hopkins University

HAROLD JANTZ

W. C.
in Fr
launc
ers, v
have
hand
but s
woul
self:
work
any o
it ma
some
If
volun
than
as hi
guide
unde
the u
pous-
of T
...)
(p. 3
tains
he d
and s
readi
auteu
pleas

REVIEWS

W. G. Moore, *Racine: Britannicus* (London: Arnold, 1960. 48 pp. *Studies in French Literature*, 1). WITH this small volume Professor Moore has launched a novel enterprise: to provide students, rather than their teachers, with a series of "companions" to French literary masterpieces. These have not been conceived, however, along the lines of the conventional handbook of biographical or background materials which are relevant but still extrinsic to a given work. Professor Moore and his collaborators would teach the student to read with an eye for what is in the work itself: "We think that every student should be made aware . . . that a work of art is not a copy, nor a sermon; that it is never the same as any or all of its sources; that its value never consists in the moral truths it may contain. We approach famous works of art as attempts to make something, to construct a pattern" (pp. 7-8).

If this initial contribution is a fair measure of the quality of future volumes there can be no doubt as to the usefulness of the series. Rather than a method, Professor Moore offers an approach. With common sense as his chief critical tool, and with his long pedagogical experience as his guide, he raises some of the really basic questions which most non-French undergraduates (and perhaps many of the French as well) often have the urge but seldom the courage to put into words: Why read this pompous-looking stuff by Corneille and Racine? Isn't *Britannicus* just a rehash of Tacitus? That boring *Alexandrine*! (Shakespeare, on the other hand, . . .). "Why should busy people be concerned with marking syllables?" (p. 33). Why don't the characters talk *naturally*? Professor Moore entertains questions no more sophisticated and no less basic than these. And he does so in a disarming, chatty style, entirely his own, which creates and sustains in the reader the pedagogically useful illusion that he is not reading a book, but listening to someone speak. *On s'attendait à voir un auteur, et on trouve un homme*. An example: "It is fatal, to your own pleasure no less than to good scholarship," the student is warned, "to

think of [Racine's] work only academically, as if he set out to write a 'classical' play. He wrote for money and in competition" (p. 18). Here, as throughout, Professor Moore's purpose is to make the student feel what we all know he is seldom made to feel—that the classical dramatist was doing something vital, important, exciting; that in *Britannicus*, as in all his plays, Racine was out to grip and involve the spectator, move him deeply, take him "completely out of himself" (p. 17). This is the book's theme. Everything in it is calculated to illustrate and elaborate on this theme.

With enviable taste and judgment Professor Moore shows how Racine altered and added to his Tacitean sources in an effort to isolate and amplify the most excitingly dramatic elements in the Nero story; hatred, sex, jealousy, violence. But the student must not concentrate his attention on mere incident or plot. The form's the thing: "In a classical play the form shows the subject. It is not the icing on the cake, it is the cake" (p. 29). Form, however, is more than structure (on this, see p. 44); in Racine it is language—the Alexandrine with its particular economy and techniques. In a few superbly dense pages (pp. 29 ff.) the student is made to see—almost taste—the variety and suppleness of Racine's twelve-syllable line, how it can be used to delight the ear, communicate sense, and suggest irony and tension all at the same time.

Professor Moore's freshest and most penetrating comments are contained in his final section: "Characters in Conflict." Here the reader is shown how all the elements in the play—story, language, psychology, verse—are fused around an inner core of "contrasts and clashes" (p. 44)—how whole scenes, long descriptions, bits of dialogue, single lines work uniformly and harmoniously to evoke that Racinian world in which the violent and the gentle, the good and the evil, the understanding and the unknowing live hopelessly at odds with one another.

In Professor Moore's *Britannicus* the Racine specialist will find little to learn, but much to admire. Nothing in it is really new, and yet everything it says is important. For the student I know of no better introduction to the essential Racine. Nowhere will he be afforded a fresher, more penetrating view of the nerves and muscles of a great work of art.

Columbia University

JULES BRODY

Viktor J. Johansson, *Sur la Correspondance littéraire secrète et son éditeur* (Göteborg: Akademiförlaget-Gumperts and Paris: Nizet, 1960. 109 pp.). ALTHOUGH the *Correspondance littéraire secrète* by Métra is a most important source of information on the social and literary history of the eighteenth century, very little is known about the work itself: its beginning

and development, and especially its author or editor. Any new light shed on these matters is always welcome. Mr. Johansson's book deals mainly with two major problems confronting the reader of the *Correspondance littéraire secrète* (Cl): its relationship to the *Correspondance secrète littéraire* (Cs) and the identity of its editor. Not all the facts presented here are new. Mr. Johansson has already touched upon these problems in his *Essais sur Diderot* (Göteborg and Paris, 1927), and more specifically in an article "Om *Correspondance littéraire secrète* 1775-1793" published in a *Festskrift tillägnad Yrjö Hirn* (Helsingfors, 1930), which, being written in Swedish, has had only a very limited circulation. All this information, presented in a new and enlarged form, is included in the present work, along with the results of Mr. Johansson's more recent investigations.

In the first part of his book, Mr. Johansson, who is one of the first scholars to have been able to see all the numbers of the Cl, with the exception of six numbers of 1782, proves conclusively that the Cs is not, as so often stated, a reprint of the Cl but rather an autonomous work which borrowed extensively from the Cl as well as from other literary journals of the time, particularly the *Bulletins de Versailles*. This practice was by no means uncommon. The *Chronique scandaleuse* also made ample use of the Cl. What is surprising, however, is that the editors of the Cl, undoubtedly aware of this heavy borrowing, did not hesitate to shower praise on both the Cs and the *Chronique scandaleuse*. That there existed a certain relationship between the three works seems well established. However, Mr. Johansson leaves his reader in suspense by not even attempting to determine the nature of this relationship. But one must certainly not continue to assimilate indiscriminately the Cl and the Cs. Thus, although the first article of the Cs is dated 1774, there is no evidence that the Cl began before June 4, 1775.

The second and most important part of Mr. Johansson's work deals with the identity of the editor of the Cl. Rejecting all previous attempts at such an identification, he bases his own research on the biography of Métra given by Barbier according to whom the author of the Cl was a Parisian banker and agent of Frederick II of Prussia, who, having lost his fortune, took refuge in Neuwied from where he sent out his newsletter. Mr. Johansson has assembled in his book an impressive number of official documents testifying to the existence of such a man. He was Jean-François Mettra le Jeune, son of the banker Jean-François Mettra to whom Edmond Schérer had previously attributed the authorship of the Cl (*Melchior Grimm . . . Avec un appendice sur la Correspondance secrète de Métra* [Paris, 1887], p. 465). At his father's death, in 1763, Mettra le Jeune became Frederick of Prussia's commercial agent in Paris, and also engaged in some unsuccessful diplomatic missions to Prussia in 1768 and 1771. However, he was replaced as the king's agent in 1771 and fell into

bankruptcy the following year. Nothing more is known of Mettra for the next fifteen years. He then appears in Neuwied, in 1787, as head of the *Société typographique de Neuwied*, which published the *Cl*, and briefly, in 1792, as a secret diplomatic agent for the French government in Prussia. In spite of the lapse of fifteen years during which all trace of Mettra is lost, official documents establishing the editor Mettra's identity lead Mr. Johansson to conclude: "J'estime que le négociateur Mettra de 1792 a prouvé d'une manière convaincante son identité avec l'interlocuteur de Frédéric le Grand en 1771, avec l'agent Louis-François Mettra le Jeune" (p. 81).

In spite of a rather loose organisation of his material, which sometimes confuses the reader, Mr. Johansson's solid documentation and abundance of material proof is very convincing. Jean-François Mettra le Jeune was certainly the editor of the *Cl*. But although Barbier claimed that Mettra was also the author of the correspondence, Mr. Johansson does not attempt to answer this question, or the question of the relationship between the *Cl* and the *Cs*. This is probably the main fault of the book. While settling definitely and authoritatively certain specific problems, it raises other questions which are left completely in the dark. Mr. Johansson will perhaps answer them in the monograph of the *Cl* which he intends to write. Within its rather narrow limits, the present work will be of great service in rectifying past errors concerning the *Cl* and in bringing new information on a very interesting but relatively unknown subject.

University of Illinois

JEANNE R. MONTY

Fredric Jameson, *Sartre: the Origins of a Style* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1961. 299 pp. \$5.00). COMME la plupart des études consacrées à Sartre, ce livre essaie d'éclairer l'œuvre littéraire à l'aide de références à la philosophie. Mais cette fois-ci l'œuvre dramatique est à peine touchée et surtout l'auteur s'attache à l'explication, non pas d'œuvres en bloc, mais de passages choisis comme significatifs. Une connaissance préalable de Sartre sera utile au lecteur s'il veut placer les analyses en perspective.

Ces analyses sont pénétrantes et déliées. La pensée suit celle de Sartre avec sûreté, ce qui ne l'empêche pas de se ménager un certain recul. Le sujet est ainsi bien dominé. Problèmes et solutions particuliers à un certain écrivain: tel est le biais adopté. Plusieurs procédés typiques sont mis en lumière.

Le préambule fait allusion à Roland Barthes. De fait, il semble que l'étude s'intéresse plutôt à "l'écriture" de Sartre qu'à son "style," selon

la distinction que Barthes a proposée. Si le style, c'est l'homme, on pourrait dire, de la même façon grossière, que l'écriture, c'est la philosophie. M. Jameson laisse de côté certains aspects de la forme sartrienne: ainsi l'imagerie et ce mélange de jargon métaphysique et d'argot qui rend si remarquable l'essai sur Genet. Se référant à des schémas abstraits plutôt qu'à une vision unique et globale, M. Jameson éclaire peut-être moins le style de Sartre que certains procédés d'un sartrien—qui se trouve être Sartre. Cette limitation est volontaire. Elle n'est pas à critiquer.

En résumé, ce livre m'est apparu comme un des ouvrages les plus astucieux, solides et précis qui aient été écrits sur Sartre. J'espère que l'auteur aura le goût de poursuivre plus avant une entreprise aussi bien entamée.

Indiana University

ROBERT CHAMPIGNY

La Fontaine, Contes et Nouvelles; introduction, notes et relevé de variantes par Georges Couton (Paris: Garnier, 1961. xlv + 443 pp.). LA FONTAINE'S tales in verse are vulnerable to criticism on at least two counts. One is their immorality, their thinly veiled licentiousness—although few of them would really shock readers today—and their *succès de scandale* may help to account for their enduring popularity. A more serious charge, made by some eminent admirers of La Fontaine, including Paul Valéry, is that they are written in doggerel and have no value as poetry. As a result, these tales are widely read but not by the right people. Few critics and scholars look into them, few serious students of literature become acquainted with them. An important element of French classical sensibility goes overlooked. Some of the best-told stories in man's history pass unnoticed, along with many rewarding pages of verse—verse which is part lyrical, part comical, and often the equal of the finest pages in the poet's fables. These strange circumstances should make us applaud the new Garnier edition of La Fontaine's tales which, it is hoped, will help to return them to their rightful position in French literature.

In recent years the publishers of the Classiques Garnier have expanded their collection and have also brought out a number of improved editions of standard works. This time it is a superlative new edition of La Fontaine's *Contes et Nouvelles en vers*, the best since the one prepared by Pierre Clarac in 1934 for the series *Les Textes Français*.

The editing of this book was entrusted to Professor Georges Couton, the author of several scholarly studies on La Fontaine. He has gone to great pains to make it an authoritative work which is at the same time attractive and readable. His Introduction provides a detailed account of the publishing history of the tales, which began in 1664 and continued intermittently for the next thirty years. This is followed by a biblio-

graphical notice, by a useful list of scholarly studies, then by 16 pages of engravings taken from some of the lavishly illustrated editions of the tales which have appeared in the past few centuries. Reproductions of the original title pages of the various books of tales are also provided. Thus the reader has many visual aids to further his enjoyment of the text. He will also be helped by the historical and explanatory notes, fifty pages of them, at the end of the volume.

The *Contes et Nouvelles en vers* are generally presented in five parts or books, or, more properly, four parts originally published in separate volumes plus nine other tales which appeared in other collections or else posthumously. Professor Couton has adopted for the text of each section the latest edition, during La Fontaine's lifetime, whose publication the poet presumably supervised. The various Holland editions are eliminated, since the author had no control over them, and their variants have no claim to authenticity. Other variants, when at all meaningful, are listed here in footnotes. I believe that Professor Couton has done well to modernize the poet's spelling and he has good reasons for retaining, as much as possible, the archaic punctuation: "Cette ponctuation, qui ne correspond plus à nos habitudes, reflète souvent, croyons-nous, la diction même du conteur; les pauses ou les précipitations malicieuses de son débit." The text includes *Climène*, that charming comedy and important literary document which La Fontaine released to the public in Part III of his tales in 1671. Everywhere Professor Couton reveals his thorough understanding of La Fontaine and his awareness of recent scholarship devoted to him. This is a major edition of a neglected classic and it should be sought out by every lover of French literature.

University of Illinois

PHILIP A. WADSWORTH

BL

cer
the
Jul
has
to
tion
sole
ero
psy
with

A
mor
Mar
stay
don
Tho
brea
for
"Qu
et v
l'an
By
and

¹ C
185.

ALFRED DE VIGNY AND JULIA

BLANCHE A. PRICE

I

The name of Julia appears frequently in the documents concerning the separation of Marie Dorval and Alfred de Vigny in the summer of 1838. Although she has been given the name of Julia Battlegang, her real identity has never been ascertained nor has her role in the separation been described. Certain references to her in Vigny's correspondence have been overlooked, and notations about her in his memorandum books have been interpreted solely from the point of view of an additional revelation of Vigny's eroticism. Who was she? What was she really like? What was her psychological importance to the poet as he watched his love affair with Marie Dorval shatter before his eyes?

After many months of jealousy and recrimination, the tragic moment of rupture had arrived. Early in the spring of 1838, both Marie Dorval and Alfred de Vigny knew that they could no longer stay together. Each wanted freedom, but neither had succeeded in dominating the passionate love which still bound them together. Though they had lost faith in one another, they were unable to break off their liaison. A note from Vigny's memorandum book for 1841, three years later, expresses the tragedy of the situation: "Quelquefois il arrive que deux amants se trompent mutuellement et veulent se séparer, alors commence une lutte comme celle de l'ange et de Jacob où ni l'un ni l'autre ne peuvent se terrasser."¹ By the summer of 1838 all confidence between the two had ended, and the fault was not completely that of Marie Dorval.

¹ Charles Gaudier, *Marie Dorval: Lettres à Alfred de Vigny* (Paris, 1942), p. 185. Gaudier quotes this as an epigraph to the fourth part of his work.

The name of Julia began to appear in Vigny's memorandum book in the spring of 1838. On April 3, 1838, he noted, "Julia, jour de bonheur." He began to visit her studio which he had rented for her at Batignolles, a small *commune* just to the north of Paris proper which, like Montmartre, was annexed to the city only in 1860. On the eighth of May, they spent the whole day together at Saint-Cloud to celebrate her birthday. Several days later, he took her to the *Jardin Turc*, then to the *Moulin Rouge*.² During the months of June and July, according to the memorandum book, Vigny was in love with Julia who had already yielded to him.³

At the same time, however, he was alternating between bitter quarrels and reconciliations with Marie Dorval.⁴ She, in turn, desperate because she knew that there could be no future happiness for herself or for Vigny in their liaison, had abandoned herself to fate and was drifting along. She was even seeing Jules Sandeau, a pretext, as she called him in a letter, to bring about the final break with Vigny.⁵

Vigny's indecision continued until August 17, 1838, when he wrote in giant letters in his memorandum book *RUPTURE*.⁶ That very morning he had visited the grave of his mother who had been dead since the preceding December.⁷ Perhaps at her grave, he recalled her advice written to him when he was seventeen, to avoid the most dangerous and heartless of all women, the actress—advice he had so tenaciously disregarded.⁸ Since the unconscious struggle between him and his mother had ended with her death, he perhaps wanted to ask her forgiveness and to admit that she had been right. Perhaps, his decision made, he had in spirit returned to the mother who had loved him deeply and generously, though sometimes mistakenly, needing her comfort.

The next day, August 18, Vigny saw Julia but wrote, "Sentiement du vide de ma vie."⁹ The following night in a nightmare,

² Gaudier, p. 193.

³ Gaudier, pp. 194, 195.

⁴ Gaudier, pp. 194 ff.

⁵ Gaudier, p. 195.

⁶ Gaudier, p. 198.

⁷ Gaudier, p. 198.

⁸ Robert Eude, *Alfred de Vigny intime* (Paris: Comité Alfred de Vigny, 1912), pp. 29-54.

⁹ Gaudier, p. 198.

he dreamed that he was eating the skeleton of Marie.¹⁰ Into September, Vigny continued to see Julia. They had lunch together at the *Moulin Rouge* on September 14.¹¹ Two days later he noted gaiety and laughter with her.¹² On September 17, Marie Dorval tried to see Vigny at his home, but she was not received.¹³ On the twentieth, Vigny called on Julia in the morning and left for Tours that evening, the first stop on the way to his property in Blanzac, *Maine-Girud*, where he was to spend the fall.¹⁴ The affair with Julia was probably over, although he may have seen her again when he went through Paris in November on his way to London to press his wife's claims to the estate of her father who had just died.¹⁵ But it may be that his mind was fully possessed by the memories that were irrupting into the *Colère de Samson*,¹⁶ and that he was too preoccupied for visits in Paris, too bitter for moments of gaiety.

There are also a number of references to Julia in letters. An important one is found in a letter written by Madame Duchambge, confidant to both Alfred and Marie. Authorized, she claims, to announce their separation to mutual friends, she wrote to Alexandre Dumas on September 16, 1838 and added a bit of gossip at the end of her letter. "Enfin pour en finir, je vous dirai que, pendant le grand voyage de Marie à Marseille, Alfred lui a fait une infidélité, et puis aujourd'hui ce qui lui donne la force de ne pas mourir, c'est qu'il a une belle maîtresse de 20 ans, femme du grand et beau monde (ce que Marie ignore)." ¹⁷

Marie may have been ignorant of the exact identity of Vigny's new mistress, but she had been jealous for long months. Early in January 1838, she had written to Vigny who, in his grief over his mother's death, had temporarily abandoned her: "Tu vis chez toi dans ta maison dans l'intimité de deux jeunes filles (je les ai vues à l'église) il y en a une qui est belle tout s'explique pour moi. Sans cette consolation ce charme qui est là près de toi pourrais-tu

¹⁰ Gaudier, p. 198.

¹¹ Gaudier, p. 206.

¹² Gaudier, p. 206.

¹³ Gaudier, p. 207.

¹⁴ Gaudier, p. 208.

¹⁵ Gaudier, p. 210.

¹⁶ Alfred de Vigny, *Œuvres complètes*, ed. F. Baldensperger, 2 vols. (Paris: Gallimard, 1950, 1948), II, 1119. (This will be cited hereafter as *Pléiade*.)

¹⁷ Gaudier, p. 207.

rester si longtemps sans me voir?"¹⁸ Not many days later she countered Vigny's expression of jealousy about the men she saw in society with another reference to the unknown young lady. "Est-il plus dangereux pour notre amour que je voie beaucoup d'hommes au spectacle ou dans un salon à qui je ne parle pas avec ma fille toujours à mon côté que vous de vivre, de pleurer avec une jeune femme belle qui est toujours chez vous?"¹⁹

The identity of the two young guests of the Vigny couple is uncertain. However, given the circumstances of a recent death in the household, we can assume that they must have been close friends or relatives of the family, acceptable both to the poet and to his wife. Since they were received during Vigny's period of mourning, they must have come from too great a distance to postpone their visit. It is possible that they were either English or American.

Several critics have mentioned two young American sisters. Lauvrière, in his study of the poet, says that toward the summer of 1838, Vigny was attracted platonically to a young American student of painting, Julia Battlegang from Charleston, Virginia (sic), while his friend Léon de Wailly was interested in her sister Marie, a student in music.²⁰ Baldensperger refers to two pairs of sisters. The first pair are Sophie and Jane Du Pret whom he calls two Americans from Boston.²¹ In his *Journal* in the spring of 1839, Vigny also refers to two beautiful sisters, Sophia and Jane at Norwich (England), neither of whom spoke French, neither of whom would ever understand the verses he composed for their album.²² Since he seems to have met them during his trip to England in 1839, they were probably not the two beautiful girls or sisters living in the Vigny household in the winter of 1838. Baldensperger also mentions Julia and Marie Battlegang whom the poet accompanied to Le Havre on September 27, 1840. He was to put them aboard the brigantine *Baltimore* which would take them back to Charleston where, according to Baldensperger, they would disappear forever.²³ Such a gesture of kindness on the poet's part seems

¹⁸ Gaudier, p. 191.

¹⁹ Gaudier, p. 192.

²⁰ Emile Lauvrière, *Alfred de Vigny: Sa Vie et son oeuvre*, 2 vols. (Paris: Grasset, 1945), I, 332.

²¹ *Pléiade*, I, 252.

²² *Pléiade*, II, 1118.

²³ Alfred de Vigny, *Journal d'un poète*, ed. Baldensperger (Paris: Conard, 1935), p. 542.

to indicate a closer relationship between him and the Battlegang sisters than between him and the Du Pret sisters from Boston and/or Norwich (of whom no one has found any trace).²⁴

But Baldensperger was not quite exact; the Battlegang sisters, Julia and Marie, did not really disappear forever. Vigny himself mentions them again in his correspondence with Léon de Wailly in 1843. In a tone both amused and amusing, he wrote: "J'ai reçu de grosses lettres des deux sœurs Carolines datées du 16 novembre. Vous saurez que Zulia (sic) vient de faire, l'hiver dernier un grand tableau bien *zoli* qui représente, m'écrit-elle, un Flore entourée d'anges bien *zentils*. J'en ai ri de bon cœur et vous"? ²⁵ Further along in the same letter which was dated April 2, 1843, he complains good-naturedly: "Que vous êtes ennuyeux de me renvoyer cette diable de lettre de Julia. Où trouverai-je une virtuose à lui fournir et à jeter à la poste pour elle? Je vais pourtant en chercher une et par Madame Duchambge je n'en désespère pas. Donnez-moi par écrit le nom de mes voisins du Roule pour que j'aille leur en parler aussi." ²⁶

Alfred de Vigny was as good as his word. He began an unsuccessful search for the virtuose requested by Julia and her sister. A week later he wrote to Wailly: "J'ai vu Madame votre belle-soeur qui se charge de ma lettre et va demain vous trouver; elle vous dira qu'il est assez difficile de déterrer une jeune personne enchanteresse douée de tant de perfections car assurément elle voudrait rester à Paris et Paris ne voudrait pas la laisser partir. Nous cherchons de notre mieux, j'ai trois émissaires en quête mais rien ne vient. Le maître de harpe de Marie s'en mêle, mais il a secoué un peu la tête en voyant dans la lettre que l'on voulait 9 heures par jour données à la maison de Charleston, ce qui exclut la liberté de donner des leçons particulières. Enfin il cherche et m'apporte en attendant les petites choses qui lui étaient demandées par une lettre du 16 novembre 1842 ce qui n'est pas hier pour une famille qui allait *partir* sous peu. Ces petites choses délicieuses arriveront en Amérique quand la famille sera en Chine à Hongkong. Voilà ce que c'est que la distance. —Si vous voyez les

²⁴ Note the name Du Pret.

²⁵ Alfred de Vigny, *Correspondance*, ed. Emma Sakellarides (Paris, 1906), p. 104.

²⁶ Sakellarides, p. 104.

ballons dirigés à volonté qu'on vient d'inventer à Londres, vous nous ferez part de leurs avantages et de leurs sûretés, j'y embarquerai ma jeune personne quand je l'aurai." ²⁷

These quotations show that Vigny continued to correspond with Julia and her sister even after their return to America. Julia had enough confidence in him to ask him to find a teacher of music for a "maison de Charleston," and he felt kindly enough toward her to make every effort to satisfy her request, though he grumbled good-naturedly. It is interesting to note that there is no tone of passion or intimacy, and that Wailly and Vigny shared the letters of *les sœurs carolines*.

From these details it can be assumed that Julia was a young woman from Charleston, South Carolina. She had come to Paris to study painting while her sister studied music, specifically, the harp. Julia was attractive, elegant and gay. To Pauline Duchambge, she appeared to be a lady. She must have spoken French with some ease since she and her sister proved to be amusing companions for two sophisticated French men of letters. That she did speak French is proved by the fact that Vigny mocks her lisp in his letter to Wailly, something he would probably not have noticed had their conversations been in English. Her tastes in entertainment were light, her presence aroused gaiety and laughter, her ideas were neither deep nor passionate. Vigny was accustomed to feeling light-hearted with her, and she must have amused him often, as she did in her letter when she described a pagan Flora surrounded by Christian cherubs!

From the point of view of chronology, it can be said with certainty that Julia and her sister were in Paris during the early spring and summer of 1838. They were probably there in 1839 as well, since they left France supposedly in September 1840 and were back in Charleston in 1842 and 1843, judging from the letters they wrote to Vigny and Wailly. At that time, they were trying to find a music teacher in France to come over to a *maison de Charleston*. This *maison* must have been a school rather than a private home or plantation since the teacher would be occupied nine hours a day with lessons.

Drawing upon some knowledge of Charleston in the early nineteenth century, a city of wealth, elegance, and beauty, a port sur-

²⁷ Sakellarides, p. 106.

rounded by great plantations, we can add a few probable details to the factual ones. The two young ladies were probably from a well-to-do environment since they could afford to spend several years studying in Paris. Moreover, the very fact of their trip abroad proves that their family was interested in perfecting their accomplishments. Their being alone in Paris gives rise to some speculation. It is said that they were vaguely related to Madame de Vigny. Therefore they could have been left under her general supervision. It is also possible that they were of French origin, since Charleston was a center of French Huguenot emigration after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. In this case, the family would certainly have had vague or even close connections in Europe.

It may be assumed that Julia had the charm and beauty of a traditional southern *belle*, raised in a city described by Lafayette as a most distinguished and cultured city.²⁸ Her attractiveness is attested by the gossip of Madame Duchambge in her letter to Dumas and by the jealousy of Madame Dorval. Raised to please, Julia probably had the good manners and the grace of a lady of a sophisticated society together with the gaiety and lack of prudishness of an American girl. Bred to the flirtations of southern gentlemen, she was probably not amazed by Vigny's attentions, although she may have been somewhat overwhelmed by his persistence, ungentlemanly in southern terms. Yet, if we judge from the reported notations in Vigny's secret memorandum books, she yielded to his passion and the amorous dalliance passed into an eroticism in which Vigny took great pride.

But moments of purely sensual pleasure must have been spiced with light-hearted excursions around Paris, frequent lunches and enough uncomplicated laughter and pleasure to relieve the poet of his burden of passionate jealousy, compulsive emotion, of insecurity and of guilt.

Vigny fell in love with Julia at a time when he had psychologically absolved himself of a large portion of whatever feelings of guilt he may have had. He had long since realized that his constant devotion to his ailing wife would have to take the place of the love he could not give her.²⁹ He had in part paid for feelings

²⁸ Levasseur, *Lafayette en Amérique, 1824-25*, 2 vols. (Paris: Baudouin, 1829).

²⁹ Alfred de Vigny, *Correspondance*, ed. Baldensperger (Paris, 1933). See letter to Victor Hugo, February 3, 1825, p. 88.

of guilt toward his dead mother by having given up his beloved actress, Marie Dorval. He did not need to feel guilty toward Julia since she was not so much his innocent victim as she was an accomplice in love, a girl who had accepted the attentions of a married man.

It is to Julia's credit that she made the poet laugh. The summer love affair was light, uncomplicated, exotic, somewhat like a return across time to the long ago autumn in Pau when Vigny had discovered the charms of the English colony and had become engaged to Lydia Bunbury, his "fille d'Otaïti" (as he wrote Hugo), who was in Pau with her father's young wife, perhaps looking for a husband. Briefly, amidst his dying passion for an aging actress, of whom Julia probably knew nothing, Vigny's new "fille d'Otaïti" gave him the opportunity of reliving briefly the joys of his former courtship of his wife. Julia, too, was from the colonies, spoke English and led his mind to dreams of the New World. But this time there were no complications. (Her laughter must have been a pleasing antidote to the recent passion of Dorval.) She was young and beautiful, filled with the vitality of America. She demanded no permanent bond. Whether she was innocent in her love for the married poet, much older than she, or too much of a lady to show her deeper feelings, she seemed not to have made him feel guilty of seduction. It was probably the uncomplicated youthfulness of the whole affair that kept the poet from cracking under the months of torture over the inevitable break with the woman he had loved completely.

One sketch in the *Lettres à Eva*, so light in color and tone, so lacking in passion and memory, that it could not apply to Marie Dorval, stands out among the others. Entitled "Eva d'Este," it could well be a description of that summer's Eva: Julia Battlegang.

July 10, 1838.

Eva d'Este.—S'il y a quelque chose d'adorable au monde, c'est la vue de cet abandon voluptueux qui succède dans les rendez-vous d'amour à la contrainte composée du monde, de la vie extérieure.—Si vous l'aviez vue ce matin couchée sur ce lit et à demi endormie dans mes bras, vous auriez dit un enfant dans les bras de sa nourrice. Quand l'heure de se lever est venue, tout en jasant elle s'est habillée, comme le matin d'ordinaire, sans s'inquiéter si je la regardais ou non, et par je ne sais quelle habitude de pensionnaire s'est assise par terre, sur le tapis, pour mettre ses bas à ses

jolis petits pieds.—Elle était là accroupie comme une femme de l'Orient et me regardait avec un sourire délicieux et enfantin, allongeant sa jambe délicate, avec lenteur, pour retarder notre départ.³⁰

II

It was hard to believe that Battlegang is a real name. To an English ear, the combination of an English noun and a German verb does not ring true. Could it be one of the complicated codes that Vigny devised to conceal from curious eyes the real details of his private life. Could it possibly be exactly what it seemed to be: an English noun and a German verb, meaning "went to battle Julia?" To verify what might be called an unfounded linguistic intuition, a search made through many lists of the early residents of Charleston failed to reveal any such name. It could not be found in other lists of early inhabitants of the United States, nor in so mundane a tool of research as the contemporary New York City Telephone Directory!

With the hypothesis that Battlegang might be a fictitious name, we checked a list of Charleston artists in 1840.³¹ It, too, revealed no Battlegang, but it did offer the name of one young artist whose first name was Julia. Further research revealed that many details of her early life from 1836-1840 coincided with the clues that we have already noted in our study of Julia. We present her as the probable identification of the young woman.

Her name was Julia Clarkson Dupré (spelled in various ways: Du Pré, DuPré or Du Pret). There seems to be little information as to the ancestry of Julia although she seems to have belonged to one of the numerous families of French Huguenots who came to America after 1685.³² The Dupré family was probably among the exiled Protestants since one finds the name in England, America and even in Germany in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Julia's mother, Madame Julia Schmidt Dupré, was a woman of energy and intelligence who made a place for herself

³⁰ *Pléiade*, II, 1105.

³¹ Anne Wells Rutledge, *Artists in the Life of Charleston* (Philadelphia: The American Philosophical Society, November 1949), Vol. 38, Pt. 2, p. 160.

³² Most of the material about Charleston and the families of Charleston has been found in the *Journal* of the Charleston Historical Society. Other genealogical material has been found in the usual sources of genealogy.

in the life of Charleston. Of Julia's father, no trace has been found, and our only lead to the identity of her paternal ancestry comes from family records set down long after Julia's death by her daughter-in-law. According to these, Madame Dupré had a wealthy brother named John who lived at 40 Portland Place in London.³³ There seems to have been neither a John nor a Jean at that address, but there was a James Dupré, born on June 10, 1778, a member of Parliament for a number of years, who died at 40 Portland Place in 1870, a wealthy man.³⁴ His first son was nineteen years older than Julia and his eleventh child was named Julia. That there was some connection between the English family and Julia's mother seems to be probable.³⁵ However, unless she had separated from her husband and taken back her maiden name, she could not have been the sister of James Dupré.

Madame Dupré showed considerable acumen in sending her two daughters north to one of the best known of the early American boarding schools for girls, The Troy Female Seminary in

³³ See the Bonnetheau papers preserved in the National Collection of Fine Arts in Washington, D.C.

³⁴ Boas, *Modern English Biography*, Vol. I. Listed under the name DuPré.

³⁵ From a list of wills recorded in Somerset House, London, of testators from Carolina. Will no. 469 by Collins. The father of James DuPré of London was named Josias DuPré. He was an English citizen who had been the governor and commander-in-chief of the Fort and Settlement in Madras, India between 1770 and 1773. He had married a sister of the Earl of Caledon in 1766 and by her had had six children, of whom only one, James, was a son. Unless Madame Dupré had resumed her maiden name, she could scarcely be his sister. To further complicate the question, there was a close connection between the DuPré family living in London and the branch in South Carolina. The will of Josias DuPré, father of James, probated in 1780 mentions his nephew Josias Du Pré Porcher "son of my late sister." This sister is called Elizabeth in one record and Marie in another (her name could have been Marie Elizabeth). She married Paul Porcher of Charleston, named her son for his famous uncle and then allowed him to go off to London to make his fortune. This detail establishes nothing more than a family connection between the Dupré family of South Carolina and the Du Pré family of London, making it possible for a Du Pré of London to have been related to Julia's mother.

In another place we find a record of a Josias DuPré who came to the American colonies late in the seventeenth century on the ship, *The Richmond*, bringing French refugees from England to the colonies. He was mentioned again in 1703 as having been granted 730 acres of land near Charleston. He, or his son, was mentioned also in 1699 as representing James Du Pré at a baptism because the latter, the godfather of the infant, was in Europe.

Later in the century when Josias DuPré went to Europe, he went with an uncle named James Du Pré, who was incorrectly identified as having been the governor of Madras.

Troy, New York, which attracted many young women from the South. Its founder, Mrs. Emma Willard, was an unusually active and far-seeing woman. Shocked by the frivolous training given to women, she was determined to respect their intellectual capacity and to train them to be intelligent wives and useful women. Her students received a fairly rigorous training in religion, moral and social refinement, philosophy, rhetoric, mathematics, Latin grammar and even in American history and French or Spanish.³⁶

Julia Dupré and her sister Marie entered a rather cosmopolitan and serious atmosphere when the two young girls arrived at the school in 1834. The school was far from insular. Language teachers were brought from abroad. Lafayette had honored the school with a visit during his American trip in 1824-25. Several years later, he graciously received Mrs. Willard in his home during her stay in Paris. Shortly after her European voyage, Mrs. Willard demonstrated her sympathy toward the Greek fight for independence by founding a school for girls in Athens with the funds from the sale of the memoirs of her travels in England and France.

Evidently the two sisters were good students and pleasant young ladies, for at their departure, after having finished the course of study, they left behind them most agreeable memories of their charm and achievements. In a paragraph devoted to Marie Elizabeth Seabrook Dupré taken from *Emma Willard and Her Pupils*, we read: "Like her sister . . . [Marie] possessed unusual beauty of person and with her rare accomplishments reflected much credit upon the school with which she was for a time identified."³⁸

In 1836 both girls graduated or left the school and were taken to Europe by their mother. Julia was to study art, and Marie was to continue her study of music. We learn from family records that Julia studied oil painting in Julien's studio and spent much of her time copying paintings of note in Paris and in Versailles.

While Madame Dupré and her daughters were in Europe, the family suffered serious financial losses through the failure of a bank in Charleston. This probably took place during the panic of 1837, since we know that the bank of Charleston suspended

³⁶ *Emma Willard and Her Pupils, or Fifty Years of Troy Female Academy* (New York: published by Mrs. Russel Sage, 1898).

³⁷ *Emma Willard, Journal and Letters from France and Great Britain* (1831).

³⁸ *Emma Willard and Her Pupils*, p. 181.

specie payment on May 17, 1837.³⁹ It is almost certain that Madame Dupré would have had to return to Charleston to appraise her financial losses and to reorganize her life. If she did so, it is quite possible to imagine that she might have left her two daughters in Paris to complete their studies, especially since Julia and Marie had scarcely begun their work, and since the family had friends there.⁴⁰ In September of 1841, she opened the Charleston Female Seminary for young ladies. By this time Julia and Marie were both old enough to help their mother in her enterprise, and they did so upon their return from Europe.⁴¹

It is in the spring of 1841 that the *Charleston Courier* begins to mention Julia Dupré, the charming young artist. On May 17, the newspaper speaks of a copy of a portrait from the pencil of an interesting young artist. In August it speaks of the beautiful landscapes of "our gifted Miss Dupré." In September it announces a raffle of landscape paintings, copies of *Lantara* by Miss Dupré. In 1843, the newspaper mentions floral wreaths and cupids, perhaps the very ones that made Vigny and his friend Wailly laugh so mockingly!

We know also from family papers that Julia Dupré had also painted an oil of Abdul-Kadir, copied from the picture at Versailles and had done a beautiful head from Greuze in pastels, copied from one in the Louvre. In 1849, more oils of Dupré (now Mrs. Bounetheau) are mentioned. In January 1857, Mrs. Bounetheau showed four large pastels entitled "The Seasons," which the *Charleston Courier* described as having been done by a native artist, "a lady who passed the last summer in Paris." Finally in the *Courier* of December 19, 1861, we read of a disastrous fire that had started in the Negro quarters of Charleston and spread

³⁹ R. C. McCrane, *The Panic of 1837* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1924).

⁴⁰ See the Bounetheau papers. It is possible that Julia Dupré was vaguely related to Madame Lydia de Vigny, whose maiden name, Bunbury, is found in Charleston with a slightly modified spelling, Banbury. Madame de Vigny also came from the New World.

Henry Briental Bounetheau, the Charlestonian gentleman who later became Julia's husband was also in Paris. In the records of the Emma Willard school as reported in *Emma Willard and Her Pupils*, it is said that Julia was married to Mr. Bounetheau in Paris in 1841. This detail contradicts the statement of Baldensperger that she returned to America in the fall of 1840.

⁴¹ This would explain why Julia Battlegang was looking for a "virtuose" for "une maison de Charleston."

through a large part of the city. In this fire, Mrs. Bounetheau lost her very fine portrait of Count Alfred de Vigny which had hung in the art museum.⁴²

This newspaper item from a century ago is definite proof that Julia was interested in Alfred de Vigny. While it is possible that she might have copied a portrait of the poet without ever having met him, this possibility does not seem probable. Moreover, another small detail to be found among the family papers gives definite proof that Julia knew the Count Alfred de Vigny and that she was a friend of his about 1840.

In the will of Julia's husband, Henry Briental Bounetheau, a well-known miniature painter who died in 1877, eight years after his wife, we find the conclusive evidence. Among his possessions he lists a picture presented by the Count Alfred de Vigne (sic) given to "my wife about 35 years ago in a top of a Jewel Box and the only part saved during the Late Civil War."⁴³ Since the date of the will was 1876, this would indicate that the gift was made to Julia about 1841, the year of her marriage. In fact, further research through family papers reveals that it was called a wedding gift by her descendants. In one account of the picture, it is described as a miniature set in gems on the top of a box. It was stolen by a Negro who ripped off the jewels but returned the picture. In another similar account, it was originally circled with diamonds, had been lost, then found by a Negro who kept the diamonds and returned the miniature. Mr. Bounetheau sent it to Tiffany's in New York where it was reset in a satin and leather case.

Recently the picture has been identified as an extraordinarily fine miniature by Henri Joseph van Blarenberge (1741-1826). Entitled "A Country Fair," it contains so many tiny figures that they can be seen only with a magnifying glass. It is on display today in the miniature collection of the National Collection of Fine Arts in Washington—visible proof that Alfred de Vigny cared enough for Julia to send her a valuable and intricate work of art, suitable to a young and charming artist who was marrying a painter of miniatures.

Julia Dupré married Henry B. Bounetheau, a gentleman from

⁴² See also the *Mercury* of Dec. 19, 1861, a Charleston paper.

⁴³ See Bounetheau papers.

Charleston who was but a few months younger than Alfred de Vigny. The wedding took place in 1841 after her return from France.⁴⁴ Her only son, Henry Dupré Bounetheau, was born in February 2, 1842. Julia continued to paint, as we have seen, taught painting and drawing in her mother's school and later seems to have opened a school of her own in Augusta, Georgia, not far from her old family home in Aiken. In 1856, she spent some months in Paris. We do not know whether she saw Alfred de Vigny again or not. However, the experience was so stirring that the following year, she tried very seriously to have her husband appointed consul in a European city. In spite of her letters to many authorities and excellent recommendations from friends, Mr. Bounetheau was not appointed. Julia did not again return to France. She died in 1869 and was buried in Jacksonville, Florida, where she had been visiting her only son.⁴⁵

It is unfortunate that none of Julia's work seems to have remained, for it might give us added insight into her character. Just as her portrait of the Count de Vigny was consumed in the Charleston fire of 1861, so were other paintings of hers destroyed in the great Jacksonville fire of May 1901 when a whole portion of the city was burned, and her only son lost his life trying to save family papers.⁴⁶

Nothing seems to be left of her charm and her gifts. There are no direct survivors; her paintings are destroyed or lost; no letters or memoirs tell us of her student life in Paris. The only thing that has survived is the pride her family took in her friendship with the Count Alfred de Vigny and the wedding present which he sent her. Was her acquaintance with the poet only a youthful flirtation which she forgot easily in married life, or was it a more lasting memory? We shall probably never know any more than we know now: her laughter, her gaiety and her beauty protected a French poet from despair in the crucial summer of his life.

The Johns Hopkins University

⁴⁴ See Bounetheau papers. This contradicts the school record which says she was married in Paris in 1841. (See footnote 40.)

⁴⁵ See Bounetheau papers.

⁴⁶ See the Jacksonville, Florida newspapers of May 3, 6, 7, 1901.

MARCEL PROUST AND THE "CHANT D'UN ROSSIGNOL" AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER

RICHARD A. MACKSEY

Proust translates the world of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, its courts and courtiers, into the interior world of the narrator's imagination. Like the dynamics of Elstier's art, the translation is a process of metamorphosis not imitation; for Proust the complex metaphors which unfold like fans are not simply ornaments of style, but the necessary instruments of a theory of knowledge which held that all cognition must be recognition, that to recover its profound identity the imagination must submit the dislocated rout of sensations to an analogical recombination, "une sorte de nouvelle création du monde." Thus the tapestry of salons and duchesses of the Faubourg is seen as a teeming zoological garden of obsessive images; the inescapable solitude of each character, the utter failure of spontaneous communication, is dramatized by the gratuitous transmutations and deformations he endures in the alembic of the narrator's mind. At the center of this inhuman world of change the great aristocratic ladies of the Guermantes clan move like beautiful and elaborately mannered birds. The narrator, at once roving biologist and acolyte of a cult, observes the hieratic line of Oriane's profile, "d'un nez en bec d'oiseau, le long d'une joue rouge, barrée d'un œil perçant, comme quelque divinité égyptienne."¹ Even the imitation world of the Verdurin has its bourgeois bird as presiding emblem; *la patronne* is transformed in an ornithological image which anticipates the ultimate flight of her

¹ Marcel Proust, *A la recherche du temps perdu*, eds. Pierre Clarac and André Ferré, 3 vols. (Paris: Bibliothèque de la Pléiade, 1954), II, 62.

ambition and destiny: "Telle, étourdie par la gaité des fidèles, ivre de camaraderie, de médisance et d'assentiment, Mme Verdurin, juchée sur son perchoir, pareille à un oiseau dont on eût trempé le colifichet dans du vin chaud, sanglotait d'amabilité."² The narrator's attempts at communication are met again and again with images of beady eye or predatory beak; rarely do his impassive birds risk song. Proust the memorialist of a dying society becomes the mythographer of social change, his novel an *Ovide moralisé*.

The metamorphic transformations and reversals of a society seen with such cruel clarity also suggest the irreducible subjectivity of the novelist's portrait, a world in flux refracted by a changing consciousness. Swann and Marcel can comprehend the vertiginous masquerade only by imposing their own habit of analogical vision. Unlike Swann, Marcel finally learns that even his own optic is relative; as a social astronomer, he recognizes that the very point of vantage of the observer is itself moving in time with the system observed. The Ptolomaic central intelligence of Saint-Simon's cosmology is replaced by a Copernican artist whose perspective describes a trajectory in time and space.

Proust's impressionism leads him to compose his social mosaic of intimately observed details redeemed from a lifetime of trivial accuracy; but his relativism forces him to deny any coherence to the social specimens so patiently studied. Coherence and continuity can be found at last only in the affective depths of the observer himself. Quite naturally, then, Proust composes each character of his comedy not from a living model, but from the multiple and contradictory aspects of many models. Resolutely he resists his friends and critics who would see his work of radical transformation as a *roman à clef*.³ He likens his fictional selection and recombination of fragments to the art of Françoise's *bœuf mode*.⁴ Again, the artist of the resurrected memory argues that the denizens of his world, capriciously translated as birds and fish and

² *Ibid.*, I, 908.

³ Proust describes the microcosmic world of his imagination by a biological analogy: "la réalité [dans le roman] se reproduit par division comme les infusoires, aussi bien que par amalgame." (From the dedication of a copy of *Du côté de chez Swann* to Jacques de Lacretelle.) Again, he writes to Lacretelle: "Il n'y a pas de clefs pour les personnages de ce livre; ou bien il y en a huit ou dix pour un seul." (Quoted in Lacretelle, "Les Clefs de l'œuvre de Proust," *Hommage à Marcel Proust* [Paris: NRF, 1927], p. 190.)

⁴ *Op. cit.*, III, 1035.

statues, cannot be reconstituted into his historical contemporaries anxiously seeking out their own faces: "il n'est pas un geste de ses personnages, un tic, un accent, qui n'ait été apporté à son inspiration par son mémoire; il n'est pas un nom de personnage inventé sous lequel il ne puisse mettre soixante noms de personnages vus, dont l'un a posé pour le grimace, l'autre pour le monocle, tel pour la colère, tel pour le mouvement avantageux du bras . . ."⁵

Among the papers deposited at Evergreen House, Baltimore, Maryland, is an unpublished letter⁶ from Marcel Proust to Mrs. John Work Garrett⁷ which sheds some light on the novelist's metamorphic method and raises once again the pernicious question of the models (like the "romanticisms" best in the plural). The letter, with the postmark April 25, 1919, reflects the impending crisis of Proust's forced removal from the Boulevard Haussmann apartment which had become his "Noah's ark," and rehearses several of the favorite themes of the professional invalid familiar to all readers of the correspondence. More important, however, is the reference to the "second Swann" and the translation of a minor incident in the garden gallery of the Ritz; character and place are transmuted. Proust writes:

Madame

Je vous avais écrit et ma lettre m'est revenue. Dans l'intervalle j'ai reçu la vôtre, si belle; mais j'ai été si malade qu'il ne m'était possible de vous répondre. J'aurais pourtant voulu alors vous dire

⁵ *Op. cit.*, III, 900.

⁶ Reproduced through the gracious permission of the Librarian of the John Work Garrett Library, Miss Elizabeth Baer, and the Trustees of the Evergreen Foundation.

⁷ Mrs. Garrett, née Alice Warder, was the wife of John Work Garrett (1872-1942, American diplomatist then Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Netherlands and Luxemburg. Mr. Garrett had previously served as a special agent of the Department of State to assist the Ambassador at Paris (1914-1917) and had been active in investigating the conditions of prisoners of war in Germany. He later served as Ambassador to Italy. Mrs. Garrett was a life-long friend of Edith Wharton and, consequently, an intimate of the circle of Walter Berry, President of the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris, elegant lawyer and bibliophile. It was Berry who had offered Proust, on the suggestion of Mme Scheikevitch, a volume worked with the arms of the Guermentes. The novelist dedicated his *Pastiches et Mélanges*: "A Monsieur Walter Berry, Avocat et lettré, qui, depuis le premier jour de la guerre, devant l'Amérique encore indécise, a plaidé, avec une énergie et un talent incomparables, la cause de la France, et l'a gagnée."

bien des choses: combien j'étais triste de savoir votre souffrance; les miennes m'aidaient à la ressentir mais plus cruellement, avec cette pitié qu'on ne peut pas éprouver pour soi-même; je devenais aussi qu'il devait s'y ajouter la souffrance morale d'être privée de ce don du chant, par où vous vous exprimiez. Mais heureusement il y a à peu près un mois et demi j'ai appris que vous étiez revenue à Paris, que vous étiez guérie, que vous pouviez chanter à nouveau. Par quel pressentiment vous ai-je comparée dans mon second Swann à un rossignol. J'ai eu d'autant plus de joie il y a un mois à apprendre que le rossignol avait retrouvé son chant que c'était un moment où j'étais particulièrement malade et désespéré. Et cette bonne nouvelle m'a été très douce. Pour continuer les affinités singulières, la dernière fois où je vous vis fut un jour où vous étiez en proie à l'horreur du déménagement. Or il y a qq. temps, quand j'étais le plus malade et que les médecins me défendaient à l'avenir tout toxique, mon propriétaire vendait l'immeuble, où j'habite encore pour qq. semaines, à une banque, ce qui me forçait à déménager, et la nouveauté du logis quel qu'il soit, où qu'il soit me forcera à accroître la dose des toxiques au lieu de la diminuer, par ce que dans tout logis nouveau j'ai pendant plusieurs mois des étouffements incessants qui ne peuvent être combattus autrement. Je crois qu'il s'est glissé un malentendu dans ce que je vous ai dit que j'avais écrit des choses sur vous, et, ce qui n'a aucun rapport, que j'avais écrit des Pastiches qui n'étaient pas aimables pour tout le monde. Ce que j'ai écrit sur vous sont des pages qui ne seront pas imprimées, que j'ai même peut-être brûlées, où j'essaye d'exprimer l'admiration que j'ai ressentie pour vous les rares fois où je vous ai vue. Les seules lignes de cela qui paraîtront dans qq. jours, sont dans le second Swann (A l'ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs), la chose du rossignol et naturellement sans vous nommer. Quant aux pastiches que paraîtront en même temps j'y nomme au contraire les gens mais pas vous pour deux raisons. 1^o Vous pouvez bien penser que je n'aurais pas composé sur vous un seul mot que ne fût entièrement aimable puisque toutes mes impressions ont été admiratives. D'ailleurs ne l'eussent-elles pas été, que jamais je ne serais assez mal élevé pour nommer des personnes autres que celles que je ne connais pas, étant libre à l'égard de celles-là.⁸ Mais ces pastiches comportent aussi des parties admira-

⁸ Proust had worked into his imitation of Saint-Simon, the longest and most convincing of the pastiches, sketches of such friends as the Duc de Guiche, Prince Antoine Bibesco, and Mme Straus. Like the stylistic model, the pasticheur characteristically delights in the unchecked flow of spoken language and draws openly on the spirited conversation of Mme Straus (who objected sharply

tives pour certaines personnes. Seulement je ne voulais pas puisque les noms y sont, écrire sur vous sans vous soumettre la chose. Aussi comme le 1^{er} volume de pastiches était en épreuves (la publication seule a été retardée), j'ai remis à la suite de celui de St. Simon, suite qui est annoncée mais ne paraîtra que plus tard, de parler de vous.⁹ Quand je ferai le 2^e pastiche de St Simon (le 1^{er} paraîtra en même temps que *A l'ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs*, je vous enverrai tout cela), je vous demanderai à vous voir pour vous demander ce que vous aimeriez que je dise de vous. Je pense qu'à ce moment-là j'aurai trouvé une maison, et si je m'y suis habitué, y serai un peu moins malade.¹⁰ Cela me rendra plus facile de causer avec vous de ce volume futur de Pastiches. En attendant vous recevrez bientôt le 1^{er} volume de Pastiches (où vous n'êtes pas) et *A l'ombre des j. filles en fleurs* où il y a seulement, sans vous nommer, quelques lignes sur l'impression délicieuse que j'eus un soir où vous me dites bonsoir de loin dans la galerie du Ritz et où sur le fond des ramures assombries votre voix s'éleva pure comme celle du rossignol. Veuillez agréer Madame, en me rappelant au souvenir de Monsieur le Ministre, mes respectueux hommages,

Marcel Proust

The tone of the disavowals about the Saint-Simon pastiche recalls the winter-long negotiations with Mme Straus over her inclusion in the piece, an affair which taxed Proust's patience and resources of literary strategy; his insinuating voice is, in Samuel Beckett's

to her inclusion). Cf. *Correspondance générale, VI: Lettres à Mme et M. Emile Straus* . . . (Paris: Plon, 1936). Proust inscribed a copy of *Pastiches et Mélanges* to her "pour qu'elle puisse voir son portrait."

⁹ *A l'ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs* finally appeared after a series of delays and skirmishes with Gallimard on June 23, 1919; *Pastiches et Mélanges* followed on June 27, 1919. Cf. Philip Kolb, *La Correspondance de Marcel Proust* (Urbana, Ill.: University of Illinois Press, 1949), p. 217, n. 2. Despite the promise of "à suivre," the second Saint-Simon pastiche never appeared; all the novelist's energies and stylistic inventiveness were absorbed in trying to finish the great work in time. (An earlier version of Saint-Simon, published in *Le Figaro* of January 18, 1901, had given Proust a pretext, under the pseudonym "Horatio," to flatter Comte Robert de Montesquiou-Fézensac, who had just survived a duel with Jean Stern.)

¹⁰ Proust finally left the Boulevard Haussmann on the last day of May, after elaborate delaying actions, winning from his landlord an indemnity and the cancellation of 25,000 francs in back rent. He moved to temporary quarters at the house of Mme Réjane in the rue Laurent-Pichat; from there he made one final, painful transfer—to the dismal furnished apartment in the rue Hamelin where he worked away the last years.

phrase, that of "the old dowager of the letters." The voice of the nightingale in *A l'ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs* belongs to Marcel's first *altesse* the Princesse de Luxembourg; the place of the evening encounter is no longer the gallery of the Ritz but the passage by the garden at Rivebelle. At other points in the novel the fictional princess borrows tones and gestures, retinue and quarters, from other ladies of the author's acquaintance, including two who shared her title: the Princesse Alice de Monaco and the Princesse de Sagan, a great trophy of the Second Empire. (The latter's husband, Boson de Sagan, lends a transformed name to the Duc de Guermantes and some traits to his brother, Charlus.) The passage alluded to in the letter describes Marcel's encounter with the Princesse de Luxembourg in the glass-enclosed corridor leading from the dining room where the narrator has experienced the euphoria of alcohol and music:

" . . . Souvent, comme il faisait, même après dîner, encore un peu jour, on n'allumait pas ce long corridor et, côtoyé par les arbres qui se penchaient au dehors de l'autre côté du vitrage, il avait l'air d'une allée dans un jardin boisé et ténébreux. Parfois dans l'ombre une dineuse s'y attardait. En le traversant pour sortir, j'y distinguai un soir, assise au milieu d'un groupe inconnu, la belle princesse de Luxembourg. Je me découvris sans m'arrêter. Elle me reconnut, inclina la tête en souriant; très au-dessus de ce salut, émanant de ce mouvement même, s'élevèrent mélodieusement quelques paroles à mon adresse, qui devaient être un bonsoir un peu long, non pour que je m'arrêtasse, mais seulement pour compléter le salut, pour en faire un salut parlé. Mais les paroles restèrent si indistinctes et le son que seul je perçus se prolongea si doucement et me sembla si musical, que ce fut comme si, dans la ramure assombrie des arbres, un rossignol se fût mis à chanter.¹¹

The chance meeting in the shadows and its harmony reveal a paradoxically gracious lady translated into a Philomena, barely recognizable as the aristocrat who had condescended to the narrator and his grandmother, as to the animals at the zoo, in an earlier interview. In the first comic encounter the princess's sinuous movements suggested a tangle of serpentine images and her attempts at a greeting evoked the ludico-grotesque: ". . . dans son désir de ne pas avoir l'air de siéger dans une sphère supérieure à la nôtre,

¹¹ *Op. cit.*, I, 814.

elle avait sans doute mal calculé la distance, car, par une erreur de réglage, ses regards s'imprégnèrent d'une telle bonté que je vis approcher le moment où elle nous flatterait de la main comme deux bêtes sympathiques qui eussent passé la tête vers elle, à travers un grillage, au Jardin d'Acclimatation."¹² And still the metamorphoses continue with each shift in time or point of view; for Saint-Loup the princess suggests neither serpent nor songbird, but "Une carpe . . . comme toutes ses pareilles."¹³ The Princesse de Luxembourg, like all the other shifting, hermetic characters, is for the novelist a composite portrait and for the young Marcel a fascinating paradox.

The Johns Hopkins University

¹² *Op. cit.*, I, 699.

¹³ *Op. cit.*, I, 780.

THE USE OF WORDS IN CONTEMPORARY FRENCH THEATER

EDITH MELCHER

Since the years when Copeau and the Cartel were rediscovering the primitive concept of total theater, when the surrealists and Antonin Artaud were proclaiming a revolt against words, and Jean-Jacques Bernard was stressing the importance of *l'art de l'inexprimé*, much has been written about the use and importance of the unspoken in French drama.¹ My purpose is to examine the values that some playwrights have given, not to the unspoken, but to language itself, a subject whose importance is recognized in every study of contemporary theater. While Claudel and Ionesco, or Giraudoux and Adamov, may be widely divergent in many respects, they are comparable insofar as they have given to language poetic rather than discursive or scientific value. I shall try to show that there is a basic similarity among the various writers I discuss, although they may seem to fall into two opposing categories: those who believe in the power and importance of words, and those who do not.

In the first group I wish to consider Claudel, Giraudoux, and Audiberti, whose concept of language is similar, however different their work may be in other respects. For them the significance of words may be complex, obscure, implicit rather than explicit. Language may suggest by analogy, metaphorically or symbolically, meanings that depend largely on subjective interpretation. It may

¹ See May Daniels' thorough study, *The French Drama of the Unspoken* (Edinburgh, 1953). In writing this paper, I have found the following books helpful also: Suzanne Langer, *Philosophy in a New Key. A Study of the Symbolism of Reason, Rite, and Art* (Cambridge, Mass., 1951); Brice Parain, *Recherches sur la nature et les fonctions du langage* (Paris: Gallimard, 1942), and *Sur la dialectique* (Gallimard, 1953).

be used to express or to arouse feeling rather than thought. Dictionary definitions become less important than emotive associations. And above all, speech is a creative act, giving direction to man's destiny, establishing his bonds with the universe.

Claudel has explained his conception of the nature and significance of the spoken word in many passages of his writings, but perhaps nowhere more fully than in the two versions of *La Ville*. In the earlier version, Ly describes the rôle of the speaker as both active and passive:

Je ne parle pas selon ce que je veux, d'abord le souffle m'est enlevé!

Et de nouveau, de l'existence de la vie se soulève le désir de respirer!

Et j'absorbe l'air, et le cœur profond, baigné,

Il dit, et je restitue une parole;

Et alors je sais ce que j'ai dit. Et telle est ma joie.²

In the second version, Besme addresses Cœur, the poet-priest:

Explique-moi d'où vient ce souffle par ta bouche façonné en mots.

Car, quand tu parles, comme un arbre qui de toute sa feuille S'émeut dans le silence de Midi, la paix en nous peu à peu se succède à la pensée.

Par le moyen de ce chant sans musique et de cette parole sans voix, nous sommes accordés à la mélodie de ce monde.

Tu n'expliques rien, ô poète, mais toutes choses par toi nous deviennent explicables.

And Cœur replies:

Dilatant ce que j'ai en moi, j'ouvre la bouche,

Et, ayant aspiré l'air, dans ce legs de lui-même par lequel

l'homme à chaque seconde *expire* l'image de sa mort,

Je restitue une parole intelligible.

Et, l'ayant dite, je sais ce que j'ai dit.³

Later Cœur defines the poet's rôle as

... cette fonction double et réciproque

Par laquelle l'homme absorbe la vie et restitue, dans l'acte suprême de l'expiration,

Une parole intelligible.⁴

² *Théâtre*, Ed. de la Pléiade (Paris: Gallimard, 1956), I, 311.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 428.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 488.

Thus the poet holds the key to the mysteries of the divine order, whose universal harmony is in some measure revealed by what Claudel calls the chemistry of words,⁵ a blending not only of sound and color, but also of savor, weight, and tension, whose effect is sensual and spiritual rather than intellectual. Words, which are the human expression of the Word, should bring joy to the soul before arousing conscious thought.

The characters in Claudel's plays are not all poets, nor are they all aware of the creative power of speech. They seem more often to serve as passive instruments through which flows the lyrical stream of images that compose the author's vision and his message. The speakers exercise little or no conscious guidance as they are swept along this stream, and the dramatic tension is caused more by the interplay of harmonic vibrations than by the sense of the words. This is the meaning, I believe, of Besme's question:

N'est-il pas vrai, ô Cœur, que toute parole est une réponse,
ou l'appelle? ⁶

That all speech is for Claudel essentially dialogue, essentially theater, may account in part for the dynamic effect of the Claudelian *versets*.

A comparison of earlier with later works, and especially of the different versions of certain plays, notably *Partage de midi*, shows that the language tends to become more discursive. Many passages continue to give the impression, however, that the words, flowing through the speaker, produce their "chemical" effect on him as well as on his hearers. Thus, in *Tête d'Or*, an exclamation of horror and grief not only expresses these emotions but increases their violence within the soldier who sees the King's bleeding wounds:

Horreur! Plus qu'horreur! Spectacle
Détestable, lamentable, effroyable, pitoyable! ⁷

In the prologue of *L'annonce faite à Marie*, the words that reveal Violaine to herself seem to give order and clarity to her individual world:

Je suis Violaine, j'ai dix-huit, mon père's s'appelle Anne
Vercors, ma mère s'appelle Elisabeth,

⁵ *Positions et propositions* (Paris: Gallimard, 1928), p. 71.

⁶ *Théâtre*, I, 428.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 281.

Ma sœur s'appelle Mara, mon fiancé s'appelle Jacques. Voilà, c'est fini, n'y a plus rien à savoir.⁸

Often speech may have the force of an incantation, as in Lechy Elbernon's seducing of Louis Laine, with its variations on the two motifs: "Aime-moi, car je suis belle!" and "Sois libre!"⁹ or in Mara's desperate "Rends-moi mon enfant!" repeated throughout the scene that prepares the miracle in *L'Annonce*.

As long as the body breathes, words can be spoken, and so speech comes to symbolize the triumph of life over death, as in the opening scene of *Tête d'Or*:

Simon.—Je ne mourrai point, mais je vivrai! Je ne veux point mourir, mais vivre!

Sache que je ne suis point seul.

Cébès.—Qui as-tu donc avec toi?

Simon.—La voix de ma propre parole!¹⁰

But this human language, this God-given gift, exerts its mysterious power most often without control of the mind: "La parole qui dans l'âme creuse se pense et se produit elle-même."¹¹ Claudel's success as a playwright is due in part to his success in arousing in his audience the same kind of non-intellectual response.¹²

For Giraudoux, as for Claudel, speech is a dramatic act, but its function is not so much to reveal the divine order that exists as to bring order to a chaotic, incomprehensible, and absurd universe.¹³ Language is the ultimate means of salvaging human dignity. People

⁸ *Théâtre*, II, 20. The style here is oddly like Ionesco's in part of *La Cantatrice chauve*.

⁹ *L'Echange*, 1ère version, *Théâtre*, I, 696-97.

¹⁰ 2e version, *ibid.*, p. 178.

¹¹ *Le Repos du septième jour*, *Théâtre*, I, 807.

¹² Cf. J.-L. Barrault, "Le Phénomène théâtral," in *Cahiers Renaud-Barrault*, no. 20 bis (Paris: Julliard, oct., 1957—oct., 1961), p. 123: "Claudel, quelquefois, est incompréhensible, intellectuellement, mais son verbe respiré est tellement exact comme pâte, comme physiologie, que le public est touché plastiquement par le verbe de Claudel, et qu'à force d'être frotté par le verbe de Claudel, il arrive à être dans un certain état physique en dehors de tout entendement cérébral."

¹³ See Guicharnaud and Beckelman, *Modern French Theatre from Giraudoux to Beckett* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1906), pp. 23-24. Giraudoux "had complete confidence in the human logic of language as a means of accounting for the universe. . . . Language does have the power of ordering the universe, either by defining situations in an intelligible manner, or by imposing a direction on the course of events."

cannot always say what they mean, but they can mean what they say, and so become to some degree masters of their fate. The classical "What is conceived can be expressed" becomes "What is expressed can be conceived." Words serve as conceptual archetypes rather than as physiological or spiritual symbols.

It is easy to find in Giraudoux's plays examples of the way in which words function as a spring-board to launch a dramatic situation. The tragedy of Judith begins when she pronounces the word *vaincu*, which creates in her the concept of the defeat of the Jews, and gives her a new vocabulary of shame and humiliation. For Ondine the verb *tromper* has a similar function, after she has heard her fellow spirits apply it to Hans:

Jamais il n'avait été question chez eux de tromperie. [...] Mais ils ont aperçu un bel homme à cheval, la loyauté dans la bouche, et alors le mot tromper a couru jusqu'au fond des ondes. . . . Et alors, tout ce qui de Hans me donnait confiance, son regard, qui est droit, sa parole, qui est claire, cela leur paraissait un message de trouble, une hypocrisie. [...] Il m'a dit qu'il m'aimerait toujours. . .

Yseult. Et le mot trahir est né dans les eaux.

Ondine.—Les poissons eux-mêmes l'épelaient. . . ,¹⁴

In *Electre* the words *mère*, *père*, and *frère* form the meshes of a tragic net in which the characters are caught. The use of a name as a dramatic concept is common, of course, one of the most famous of Claudel's lines being the cry, in *Partage de midi*: "Mesa, je suis Ysé, c'est moi."¹⁵ A similar transformation takes place in Giraudoux's play, when Electre calls the Stranger by his name: "Tu es Oreste!"¹⁶ But the new Oreste does not become her beloved brother until by word and gesture she has recreated him:

De cette masse fraternelle que j'ai à peine vue dans mon éblouissement, je forme mon frère avec tous ses détails. Voilà que j'ai fait la main de mon frère, avec son beau pouce si net. Voilà que j'ai fait la poitrine de mon frère, et que je l'anime, et qu'elle gonfle et expire, en donnant la vie à mon frère. . . .¹⁷

This is a striking example of the creative use of language. In the recognition scene between Clytemnestre and Oreste, the words *fil*s and *mère* exercise similar power, so strong that the relationship of fear and hatred is almost forgotten until Oreste gives the two words

¹⁴ *Ondine* (Paris, Grasset, 1939), p. 139.

¹⁵ *Electre* (Grasset, 1937), p. 81.

¹⁶ *Théâtre*, I, 1003.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 87.

their tragic irony: "A quelle mère admirable tu ressembles en ce moment. Si je n'étais pas ton fils, je m'y tromperais."¹⁸

Like Claudel, Giraudoux makes words exercise a fatal power over those who use them and those to whom they are addressed. Songs and slogans prepare the Trojans for war, and the soldiers must hurl insults at their adversaries in order to hate them enough to want to kill them. In *L'Apollon de Bellac*, the adjective *beau* works on the men who hear it a spell comparable to the fairytale formulas that can change a beast into a Prince Charming. In fact, Giraudoux's characters often use words like a magic charm. This is part of the Illusionist's stock in trade in *Ondine*: by mentioning Venus or the Pyramids, he causes them to appear. Isabelle too has such a gift: when she says *le crépuscule*, the whole landscape becomes a suitable setting for the appearance of the specter, but he does not appear until she has pronounced the word *le spectre*.¹⁹ At the end of *Intermezzo*, the life-giving power of language comes, not, as for Claudel, from its physical sources, the beat of the heart and the expiration of the breath, but from the way it evokes in Isabelle's consciousness the human world that she has nearly forgotten. Similarly in *La Folle de Chaillot*, Pierre regains his desire to live through Aurélie's description of getting dressed each morning for the new day.

A lesser Giraudoux, Jacques Audiberti too uses language as a sorcerer might weave a spell, to transform reality into illusion, or to change a dream, a subconscious desire, into reality. In *L'Effet Glapion* the characters induce a kind of self-intoxication by talking about what they would like to be or to do: thus the young doctor, Blaise, freeing himself of the term *médecin* that defines him officially, changes momentarily into a musician:

Médecin? Je figure comme tel dans l'annuaire. Soit. Mais l'annuaire, soulevez-le. Soulevez-le. Qu'allez-vous décrire dessous? De l'ipéca? Non, Monsieur. Non! (*Emphatique et halluciné*) Les noires et les blanches me travaillèrent toujours. Sitôt que la polyphonie ouvre son armoire bariolée, des cascades d'algèbre élucidées se déclenchent, criblant de flèches d'allégresse ceux qui m'écoutent, qui m'applaudissent, qui me crient leur gratitude, car le compositeur, l'exécutant, c'est moi. . . .²⁰

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 101.

¹⁹ *Intermezzo* (Grasset, 1933), p. 72.

²⁰ *L'Effet Glapion* (Paris: Gallimard, 1959), p. 100.

Blaise's impassioned words no doubt produce a greater effect on him than on his hearers; they are a means of communication, not with the outside world, but with one of the inner selves that compose a personality. In *Le Mal court*, Audiberti has placed one of those fatal words like the *fil*s and *frère* which, for Giraudoux, not only symbolize but create the conflict between Electre and Clytemnestre. Here it is the word *fiancé*: as soon as the young princess has pronounced it, her destiny is decided, and the king will never be her husband. The cardinal whose aim is to prevent the marriage turns the word like a weapon against his innocent adversary: "Méfions-nous des mots qui disent d'avance, pour ainsi dire, ce qu'ils veulent dire, et qui le tuent dans l'œuf."²¹ In this play words would be better unspoken, but for that very reason they still have great dramatic power. In Audiberti's work, however, the potential nothingness of language begins to be realized.

For my second group of playwrights, words have largely lost their intellectual and emotional content, and the power of speech has become a menace or a mockery instead of a sign of man's superiority or of his link with his Creator. How then can a writer solve his dilemma if he insists, paradoxically, on writing a play? Among the exponents of this particular absurdity I have chosen Ionesco, Adamov, Beckett, and two less well-known writers, Jean Vauthier and Jean Tardieu.²²

Vauthier has presented as his principal subject the efforts of the poet to prevent the failure of language. In his first play, *Capitaine Bada*, the poet's search for perfection takes the form of torrents of words. He would rather talk than eat or drink, words are his being, but they also deceive and destroy him. Or rather they are themselves destroyed, murdered, by the woman who cannot understand his genius. Thus the vocabulary of love, of innocence, ceases to hold the lovers together, and only emptiness remains:

Mais songe, ô terrible chose, songe au drame de l'élimination des mots... il y a des mots dont je ne me servirai plus jamais avec toi... Tu assassines mon vocabulaire. Tu me couds la bouche et tu m'enfermes dans un sac. Nous y périrons tous les deux...²³

²¹ In *L'Avant-Scène*, no. 137 (Paris, 1956), p. 13.

²² Since I include Beckett in this study of French theater, I shall refer to the French editions of his plays. Some ideas in this part of my essay parallel closely those of Martin Esslin in *Theatre of the Absurd*, Anchor Books (Garden City, N. Y., 1961).

²³ *Théâtre* (Paris: L'Arche, 1954), p. 59.

Here the poet's tragedy is not so much the inability to express himself as the failure of communication with others. But in Vauthier's most recent play, *Le Réveur*, all language is inadequate to translate the artist's dream. The more he tries to describe his vision, the more he realizes that society has become so used to meaningless words—in this case to the sounds suitable for radio transmission—that a dream cannot survive the attempt to narrate it.

In a way, then, everyone who talks commits murder or suicide. No one has shown more compassionately than Samuel Beckett the perplexity, the half articulate pain, of the person who has discovered that he can destroy the meaning of his own words by merely listening to them. Madame Rooney, in *Tous ceux qui tombent*, worries about this:

Vous ne trouvez pas ma façon de parler un peu . . . bizarre? (*Un temps*) Je ne parle pas de la voix. (*Un temps*) Non, je parle des mots. (*Un temps, presque à elle-même*) Je n'emploie que les mots les plus simples, j'espère, et cependant quelquefois je trouve ma façon de parler très . . . bizarre.

Later her husband admits that he has noticed the same phenomenon: "Quand il m'arrive de surprendre ce que je suis en train de dire."²⁴ And when old Krapp's tape finally loses its power to remind him of the past, the meaningless words are wiped out and the tape revolves in silence.

The connection between words and survival, and the murderous effect they can have, are shown in a more complex manner in Adamov's *L'Invasion*. Although the central character has died before the play begins, he remains as it were posthumously present until, in the course of the play, when it becomes evident that his writings will never be published or even deciphered, we witness what Gide has called "son progressif puis définitif anéantissement."²⁵ Besides presenting in this play the futility of the writer's hope of survival through words, Adamov illustrates the impossibility of bridging the gap between the spoken words and the real feeling or intent of the speaker. An example of this décalage is Agnès' remark to Pierre that she needs the typewriter, when what she needs is really "tout autre chose,"²⁶ the rapprochement with

²⁴ (Paris: Ed. de Minuit, 1957), pp. 10, 64.

²⁵ "Témoignages," in Adamov, *La Parodie, L'Invasion* (Paris: Charlot, 1950), p. 10.

²⁶ Example chosen by Adamov in "Note préliminaire," in *Théâtre* (Paris: Gallimard, 1955), II, 9.

her husband that would save them both. Another typical example of the futility of speech is the prison scene in *La Parodie*, when the Employé says to the reporter:

J'ai beaucoup réfléchi entre-temps. J'ai des projets de toute espèce. Non, ne craignez pas que je me disperse . . . Je sais très bien ce que je veux. Je crois être bientôt . . . intermédiaire dans une affaire très intéressante. [. . .] Evidemment, ainsi, je risque quelque chose. Mais on n'a rien sans risquer . . . (*Silence*) Et puis, de cette manière, cela peut aller beaucoup plus vite.²⁷

These words, that seem direct and meaningful, and yet say nothing, create a feeling of tension, of vague hopelessness, of emptiness. We are embarrassed for the speaker, turning in his treadmill of half-formed ideas and grandiose projects; he is obviously unable to make himself into an important man of action. Adamov seems to parody the Claudelian concept of language. Instead of giving to words the power of forming and directing thought, he has succeeded remarkably well in using them as the muddled vehicle of pre-thought—or of anti-thought!

It is especially in his early plays that Ionesco demonstrates the dislocation of language that is his way of dealing with the contemporary dilemma as well as his method of parodying humanity's intellectual deficiencies. His aesthetic and satiric aims are achieved simultaneously, by a device that marks him as successor to Cocteau and Jarry, and as a distant descendant, so to speak, of Flaubert and Henry Monnier. For the basic element of his dialogue is the cliché, the familiar, commonplace formula on which people can rely because it gives a reassuring illusion not only of meaningful thought but also of permanence. Like all ritual, it is essentially a way of trying to explain and control the unknown. Ionesco's characters talk a great deal, as people tend to do when they speak in clichés, inflating their ego by pouring words into a kind of mental vacuum, which Dobrovsky has called the "unfillable void" of human existence in an absurd universe.²⁸ As the talk goes on, the mechanical

²⁷ *Op. cit.*, p. 99.

²⁸ "Ionesco and the Comic of Absurdity," in *Yale French Studies*, no. 23 (Summer, 1959), p. 6. I have found the following articles helpful also: In *Cahiers Renaud-Barrault*, no. 29 (fev., 1960)—number devoted to Ionesco: Jean Duvignaud, "La Dérision," pp. 14-22; Alfred Kern, "Ionesco et la pantomime," pp. 23-26; Pierre-Aimé Touchard, "Un Nouveau Fabuliste," pp. 3-13. Jacques Lemarchand, articles in *Le Figaro Littéraire*, 7 mars, 1958, and 30 jan., 1960. For bibliography of Ionesco's writings on the subject, see Esslin, pp. 343-45.

combinations of words begin to break apart, to fall into unexpected patterns governed by automatic association, until language escapes from all conscious control, opposites become identical, and sense becomes nonsense.²⁹

La Cantatrice chauve is no doubt the best-known illustration of the way Ionesco gives theatrical form to the process of dissolving the meaning of words. At first the Smiths and the Martins chat comfortably enough, affirming that yaourt is excellent for the digestion, that you can have confidence in a good doctor—though all doctors are quacks—that it is best to stay out of drafts, that observable facts are surer proof than theoretical demonstration.³⁰ After the Fireman's visit, however, their conversation changes its character, as though the machine had shifted into free-wheeling. Completely detached from the context, the cliché acquires something of the novelty, the strangeness, that Cocteau describes in the preface to *Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel*.³¹ The grammar-book type of sentence is composed increasingly of *non-sequitur*: "Je te donnerai les pantoufles de ma belle-mère si tu me donnes le cercueil de ton mari"; "L'automobile va très vite, mais la cuisinière prépare mieux les plats"; "J'aime mieux pondre un œuf que voler un bœuf." Association through rhyme becomes more frequent, and the conversation soon breaks down into a surrealist sequence of freely associated words and meaningless sounds.

In other works Ionesco's playing with language takes various forms. *L'Impromptu de l'Alma* shows the philosophical jargon of -ologies and -isms threatening to overwhelm the writer with its senseless pedantry. The conversation in *La Jeune fille à marier*, that might have come from one of Henry Monnier's *Scènes populaires*, follows its complacent course from one *idée reçue* to another, the speakers unaware of its vacuousness as they pad their remarks with exclamations such as: "En effet!" "D'accord!" "Pensez donc!" "C'est le cas de le dire!" "C'est ce que je me disais!" "Ah, là, là... ça c'est bien vrai, alors... Vous avez tout à fait

²⁹ Cf. Ionesco, "La Tragédie du langage," in *Spectacles*, no. 2, Paris (juillet, 1958). Similar disintegration of language in Beckett's plays, especially in *En attendant Godot*, has been analyzed in Niklaus Gessner, *Die Unzulänglichkeit der Sprache* (Zurich: Juris, 1957). Cf. Esslin, pp. 43, 44.

³⁰ I have chosen these examples of *idées reçues* because of their similarity to some of those collected by Flaubert for his *Dictionnaire des idées reçues*; cf. in *Bouvard et Pécuchet* (Paris: Conard, 1923), pp. 415-22, especially CHOLÉRA, DOCTEUR, MÉDECIN, AIR, PRATIQUE.

³¹ (Paris: Gallimard, 1928), pp. 15-16.

raison..."³² Sometimes they use the kind of double-talk that Flaubert called a *jocrisse*: "Voyez-vous, Madame, l'avenir de l'humanité est dans le futur, pour l'animal et la plante c'est tout le contraire..."³³ Finally, in typical Ionesco fashion, the commonplace scene takes on an oneiric character with the arrival of the Fille-Monsieur, whose reply to the question: "Ainsi donc, vous êtes mineure?" creates confusion and terror because it breaks the familiar pattern: "Oui, mais n'oubliez pas: à mineure, mineure et demie!"

In *Jacques ou la soumission* there is a striking resemblance to *Ubu roi*, in the breakdown of intelligible language into puns, malapropisms, deformed or parodied words, surrealist combinations: "un air dégoûtant," "un monostre," "je t'exerte" and "je les excècre," "fils de porc et de porche," "c'est le jeu de la règle," "c'est le crâne de la crème," and the expletive "Doudre!", evocative of Ubu's celebrated "Mordre!" When Jacques exclaims: "O paroles, que de crimes on commet en votre nom!" the author's exasperation seems to burst out as it apparently does in *Scène à quatre*, when one of the characters insists that people talk too much: "Il y a des fois cependant où l'on parle plus en ne disant rien et où l'on ne dit rien en parlant trop."³⁴

In *Les Chaises* also Ionesco plays with words and clichés.³⁵ And the one-sided conversation between the old people and their invisible guests has the same trivial character as that of *La Cantatrice chauve*: we feel sure that the unheard words are equally worthless. But in this play Ionesco gives to the problem of language deeper significance, identifies it more explicitly with the subject of the play. The dialogue has been compared to a walk in the fog, the mental and spiritual fog through which we all wander more or less consciously.³⁶ Everything might be cleared up—the confusion between past and present, between memories and dreams, between reality and self-deception—if it were ever possible to find the right words. The old couple talk on, because speech is all they have left, and words are their only hope of salvation: "C'est en parlant qu'on

³² *Théâtre* (Paris: Gallimard 1958), II, 249-56.

³³ Cf. Flaubert, "Extraits d'auteurs célèbres," in *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, p. 450: "Sitôt qu'un Français a passé la frontière, il entre sur le territoire étranger."

³⁴ In *L'Avant-Scène*, no. 210 (15 déc., 1959), p. 45.

³⁵ *Théâtre*, I, 135: the *Vieux* has invited "Le Pape, les papillons et les papiers"; p. 159: "Il a un air emprunté. Il nous doit beaucoup d'argent."

³⁶ Lemarchand, in *Le Figaro Littéraire*, 18 mars, 1961, p. 16.

trouve les idées, les mots, et puis nous, dans nos propres mots, la ville aussi, le jardin, on retrouve peut-être tout, on n'est plus orphelin."³⁷ Here Ionesco seems surprisingly close to Claudel, until he destroys all hope with tragic finality; verbal communication fails utterly, and the message that might have saved humanity is mere gibberish.

While there is ambiguity in Ionesco's symbol of the deaf-mute, since it may be our ears that are defective rather than our speech, the breakdown of words is nevertheless complete. Is the next step the elimination of spoken dialogue from the theater? In *Une Voix sans personne*, Tardieu has tried the experiment of showing an empty room, where the only animation is suggested by changes in lighting, the opening or closing of doors, and the offstage sound of footsteps, wind, a woman's singing. The author uses a spoken commentary, however, to emphasize the solitude, the mysterious emptiness, of ordinary, daily life, whereas human fate is shown entirely through pantomime in Beckett's *Acte sans paroles*. Perhaps man preserves by his silence some measure of the dignity that Ionesco denies him, but for the playwright the abandonment of speech seems a dead end.

In other plays Tardieu uses a technique closer to Ionesco's in *La Cantatrice chauve*. As though we turned quickly from one station to another on our radio, the air is full of voices, everyone is chattering, but we might be hearing a foreign language, in which an occasional word appears to have meaning but the connecting links of the thought are lost. The sketches *Un Mot pour un autre* and *Un Geste pour un autre* are parodies of familiar social situations where everybody understands what is going on in spite of the fact that words and actions are inappropriate or ridiculous. In *L'A.B.C. de notre vie* there is a background hum of words, representing what Tardieu considers the constant basis of all human activity. Above this chorus rise separate voices, each one seeming for a few moments to give individual existence to the speaker. But no one listens to him, and in the end all personal thought or feeling is lost in the general voice of humanity, that is as natural and as meaningless as the sound of the sea in Beckett's *Cendres*. In *Conversation-Sinfonietta* Tardieu goes still further in divorcing the sound of words from their meaning, although, like Ionesco, he uses the clichés of daily speech as his starting point. The effect

³⁷ *Théâtre*, I, 134.

is funny, and yet it is disturbing to hear words tossed irresponsibly into the air in such ineffective abundance. If no one listens to anyone else, if, as Brice Parain has said, "aucune parole d'autrui ne peut servir à personne, sinon d'occasion ou de prétexte pour se lancer à l'hure l'hure,"³⁸ it might indeed be better to be silent.

Why then do people talk? Beckett shows some of the reasons in *En attendant Godot*. Even if words mean nothing, if there is little hope that one day the right way might be found to say something important, talking is the best means of passing the time. It can keep us from thinking, it can help us to forget present discomforts, it can give the illusion of doing something. Vladimir even derives some pleasure from playing with words, as though within him a poet or a semanticist were trying to affirm himself. And talking is better than Pozzo's efforts to arrive somewhere, which are as futile as words, and cause suffering to Lucky. Words are a kinder and more agreeable form of human relationship than Pozzo's whip and Lucky's rope. But they remain a pitifully inadequate means of communication. In *Fin de partie* Beckett shows how the time comes when children no longer need to call their father in order to hear his voice in the dark, and the words he has taught them no longer mean anything. Clov's final revolt is a bitter realization not only that the explanations other people have given him, the "On m'a dit," are false, but that he has been fooling himself with his "Je me dis," and that even the commonest terms of daily existence can explain and justify nothing: "Puis un jour, soudain, ça finit, ça change, je ne comprends pas, ça meurt, ou c'est moi, je ne comprends pas, ça non plus. Je le demande aux mots qui restent-sommeil, réveil, soir, matin. Ils ne savent rien dire...."³⁹

Is this the conclusion we must reach after a study of contemporary French theater? Or is there hope in the evidence that the authors who are most pessimistic about traditional values and most discouraged about language have found varied and effective ways to communicate their ideas? If, as Suzanne Langer has said, language "in its literal capacity, is a stiff and conventional medium unadapted to the expression of new ideas, which usually have to break in upon the mind through some great and bewildering metaphor,"⁴⁰ it seems as though the playwrights have reached at

³⁸ *Sur la dialectique*, p. 82.

³⁹ (Paris: Ed. de Minuit, 1957), pp. 108-09.

⁴⁰ *Philosophy in a New Key*, p. 201.

least a preliminary stage in this creative process. Sometimes they have not succeeded in giving meaning to the "bewildering metaphor" for which they have reached, and more often, whether through reticence or unwillingness to appeal overtly to the reasoning power of their audience, they have preferred to leave it obscure.

Certainly language, in the theater, is no longer merely a transparent vehicle by means of which the characters in a play talk about a dramatic situation. For all the writers I have studied here, words are not so much intelligible signs as the representation of thought in its preconscious stage. In this respect they may be said to have much the same function as other physical acts. They are indeed essentially theatrical for both groups of playwrights, but with a difference. I have tried to show that Claudel and Giraudoux give validity to language as a means of attaching man to the external world, and as the only reality among the conventional artifices of the stage. The later playwrights, convinced that people translate their inner silence into a medium to which other ears are closed, see speech as a futile effort to make connections, and they therefore consider that words are as artificial as the other elements of a theatrical performance.

And yet man must talk. As Brice Parain wrote, and as Tardieu has tried to demonstrate, it is useless to revolt against the fact that language is the primary condition of human existence: "Nous ne pouvons nous libérer de notre servitude à l'égard du langage qu'en essayant de le connaître et de le dominer."⁴¹ This has been the problem confronting the playwrights: looking for ways to give theatrical form to the psychological truth that language is man's master, they have first been obliged to destroy the illusion that man is the master of his words. Having liberated language from the laws imposed on it by tradition, they have succeeded in revealing its infinite potentials, thus paradoxically giving to words new values and new power.

Wellesley College

⁴¹ *Sur la dialectique*, p. 46.

EINE UNBEKANNTE TRAUERKANTATE AUF LESSING

HEINRICH SCHNEIDER

Mit Recht berichten Dichterbiographien oft zum Abschluss der lebensgeschichtlichen Tatsachen über Nachrufe, Trauerfeiern und Denkmäler als den Beginn des Nachruhms des Dargestellten, selbst wenn sie mehr Zeugnisse wohlgemeinter, persönlicher Verehrung und weniger erste Beweise eines geistigen Fortlebens waren. Dies trifft auch in den Lessingbiographien zu. Die hierher gehörenden, sich auf Lessing beziehenden biographischen Dokumente sind fast vollzählig bei Goedeke verzeichnet, oder im Katalog von Carl Robert Lessings Bücher- und Handschriftensammlung. Ferner hat Julius W. Braun einige der hier in Frage kommenden Texte in sein bekanntes Werk über Lessing im Urteil seiner Zeitgenossen aufgenommen. Neben den wichtigen Nachrufen von Herder und Mendelssohn stehen also Titel über öffentliche Erinnerungsfeiern, in denen z.B. manche der vielen, mit Lessing befreundeten, darstellenden Bühnenkünstler ihre Trauer über den unerwarteten, unzeitigen Tod des Dramatikers zum Ausdruck brachten. Dabei waren solche, die durch ihre Mitgliedschaft in Freimaurerlogen sich mit dem Verstorbenen besonders verbunden fühlten und an Trauerfeiern dieser Art für in den Ewigen Osten eingegangene Brüder gewohnt waren.

Seltsamerweise ist jedoch der wie ein Programm gedruckte Text, der von dem Berliner Schauspieler Gustav Friedrich Grossmann (1743-96) als Trauerkantate gedichtet und in März 1781 in Bonn bei einer Trauerfeier für Lessing aufgeführt wurde, der Lessingforschung bisher nicht nur bibliographisch sondern vor allem auch inhaltlich völlig entgangen. Ein wahrscheinlich einzig erhaltenes

Stück ist vor kurzem in der Hessischen Landes- und Hochschulbibliothek in Darmstadt entdeckt worden.¹ Vor der erstmaligen Wiedergabe dieser Kantate in dem vorliegenden Aufsatz sind einige einführende Erläuterungen notwendig. Zunächst wäre darauf hinzuweisen, dass auf dem Titel der Name Grossmanns als des Textverfassers fehlt, während Georg Benda und (Christian Gottlob) Neefe als Komponisten des Textes bzw. der Ouvertüre ausdrücklich genannt werden. Dass Grossmann der Dichter der Kantate war, steht aber aus seiner Biographie² und den bibliographischen Angaben in Musikenzyklopädien über Benda und Neefe einwandfrei fest.³

Von Lessings zahlreichen Schauspielerfreunden war Grossmann einer der befähigsten Bühnendarsteller. Ausserdem war er ein erfolgreicher und geschickter Theaterdirektor und sogar ein annehmbarer Dramatiker. Als Verfasser einiger beliebter Tendenzstücke, in denen idealistisch gesinnte Bürger einen Kampf gegen Adel- und Beamtenkorruption führten, und als Bearbeiter französischer und englischer Theaterdichtungen sicherte er sich einen bescheidenen Platz in der deutschen Literaturgeschichte des ausgehenden 18. Jahrhunderts.⁴ In der Lessingbiographie war er schon immer bekannt durch einen an ihn gerichteten Brief des Dichters vom 17. XII. 1776 über seine etwaige Beteiligung an dem dann verunglückten Mannheimer Theaterunternehmen. Besonders wurden auch seine 1788 begonnenen und zunächst erfolglosen Bemühungen um ein öffentliches Denkmal für den grossen, ihm einmal nahestehenden Toten hervorgehoben. Über diesen Denkmalsplan Grossmanns sind wir durch eine jetzt sehr selten gewordene Schrift von ihm genau unterrichtet.⁵ Sie erschien 1791 in Hannover und erzählt von den befremdlichen Schwierigkeiten, Verzögerungen und Ent-

¹ Für eine photostatische Aufnahme und die Erlaubnis zur Veröffentlichung bin ich Herrn Bibliotheksdirektor Dr. Hans Rasp zu Dank verpflichtet.

² Josef Wolter, *Gustav Friedrich Wilhelm Grossmann, ein Beitrag zur deutschen Litteratur- und Theatergeschichte des 18. Jahrh.* Diss. (Bonn: Köln, 1901). -Ws Bericht auf S.24/25 gibt keine Quelle, aber es scheint, dass ihm unser Druck bekannt war trotz einer fehlerhaften Wiedergabe der lateinischen Inschrift des Grabmals auf S.3.

³ Vgl. Grove's *Dict. of Music and Musicians*, 5th ed. by Eric Blom (London, 1954), ff.

⁴ Richard Newald, (Geschichte d. deutschen Literatur) *Von Klopstock bis zu Goethes Tod*, T.I, S. 392 (München, 1957).

⁵ *Lessings Denkmal. Eine vaterländische Geschichte; dem deutschen Publikum zur Urkunde vorgelegt* (Hannover: gedruckt bei W. Pockwitz, 1791).

täuschungen, auf die eine Ausführung des Unternehmens stiess, und die es fast zum Scheitern brachten. In der Danzel-Guhrauer'schen Lessingbiographie findet sich eine sachliche Darstellung dieser Einzelheiten, während Erich Schmidt etwas hämisch unterstellt, Grossmann habe den Namen Lessings zu einer Reklame für sich selbst missbraucht. Vielleicht widerspricht dem bereits die Tatsache, dass Grossmann auch in freundschaftlichen Beziehungen zu Goethes Mutter, zu Schiller und vielen anderen bekannten Zeitgenossen stand. Das von ihm angeregte Denkmal Lessings, ausgeführt von dem Bildhauer Eugen Döll und schliesslich 1795 zustandegekommen, wurde in diesem Jahr in Wolfenbüttel zuerst vor und später in der Bibliotheca Augusta aufgestellt, wo es noch heute zu sehen ist.

Die Verzögerung des Denkmalunternehmens war hauptsächlich dadurch verursacht worden, dass zu seiner Finanzierung eine von einem angesehenen Dichter verfasste und von einem bekannten Komponisten vertonte Trauerkantate von Grossmann vorgeschlagen wurde, die den Mittelpunkt verschiedener Gedenkfeiern bilden sollte. Gerade hierin fand er wenig Unterstützung, wenn auch nach vielen Jahren eine von einem gänzlich unbekannten Dichter namens Philippon geschriebene, und von dem nicht so unbekannten Bernhard Anselm Weber (1766-1821) in Musik gesetzte Trauerkantate auf Lessing vorlag.⁶ Jedoch nicht sie, sondern die von Grossmann selbst kurz nach Lessings Tod 1781 verfasste Trauerkantate steht hier zur Erörterung, aber die Vermutung liegt nahe, dass sein späterer Vorschlag auf die Erinnerung an sie zurückzuführen ist.

Es ist bedauerlich, dass die weiter unten zum ersten Mal mitgeteilten Verse das Einzige sind, was von jener ersten Trauerkantate erhalten ist. Grossmann Text ist sprachlich gestelzt, flach und meist recht ungeschickt. Schon ein erster Blick verrät einen Mangel an poetischem Können. Damit gehört er in die Kategorie der Zeugnisse der Lessingverehrung, die zwar dem Herzen aber nicht den dichterischen Fähigkeiten der Verfasser Ehre machen. Zweifellos künstlerisch wesentlich wertvoller muss die dazu gehörige Musik gewesen sein, wie schon die Namen der beiden Komponisten es erwarten lassen. Der auf dem Titel als Komponist des

⁶ Georg Richard Kruse, "B. A. Webers Trauerkantate auf Lessing," *Lessing-Buch* (Berlin, 1926), S. 30-42.

Textes genannte Georg Benda (1722-95), einer der für die Entwicklung des deutschen Singspiels wichtigsten Musiker,⁷ entstammte einer böhmischen Familie, aus der zahlreiche andere Musiker dieses Namens hervorgegangen sind, mit denen er häufig verwechselt worden ist. Seit 1740 zuerst in einem Orchester in Berlin spielend, war er seit 1750 in Gotha als Hofkapelldirigent tätig an dem dortigen Theater. Seine fruchtbarsten Jahre als Komponist von musikalischen Bühnenwerken waren zwischen 1775 und 1778, und es waren hauptsächlich Texte des auch Goethe bekannten und von ihm geschätzten Dichters Friedrich Wilhelm Gotter (1746-97), die er diesen Kompositionen zugrundelegte. Nach der Auflösung des Gothaer Hoftheaters 1779 war Benda vorübergehend bei Schröder in Hamburg, dann in Wien, Paris und Mannheim und zog sich 1784 von der Bühne zurück.

Wie aus diesen kurzen Angaben ersichtlich, hatte Benda keine unmittelbare Beziehung zu der kurkölnischen Hofschauspieler-Gesellschaft, die, wie aus anderen Quellen, und nicht aus dem Programm, bekannt am 25. März 1781 in Bonn die dem Andenken Lessings gewidmete Trauerkantate zum ersten Mal eine Aufführung erlebte. Dagegen hatte er eine persönliche Verbindung mit dem damaligen Direktor des Bonner Hoftheaters Grossmann, der bis 1781 wiederholt Monodramen und Singspiele von (Gotter-) Benda oder anderer Textbuchverfasser zur Aufführung gebracht hatte. Als die Theatergesellschaft Abel Seylers nach dem Weimarer Theaterbrand von 1774 sich nach Gotha wandte, hatte der ihr damals angehörende Grossmann dort Benda kennengelernt. Wahrscheinlich verband beide Männer bald eine enge Freundschaft, die sich auch nach Grossmanns Trennung von Seyler und seiner Uebernahme der Direktion des kurfürstlichen Hoftheaters in Bonn im November 1778 fortsetzte. Jedenfalls hielt Grossmann sich dann 1781 für berechtigt, oder hatte keine Bedenken, dem von ihm verfassten Libretto einer Trauerkantate zum Andenken Lessings musikalisch eine ihm zur Verfügung stehende frühere Komposition seines Freundes Georg Benda unterzulegen, obwohl der Titel den Eindruck erweckte, dass die Komposition des Textes ebenso wie die der Neefeschen Ouvertüre eigens zu dem Anlass einer Kantateaufführung geschaffen worden sei. Es ist natürlich nicht ausgeschlossen, dass Benda diese Verwendung ausdrücklich autorisierte.

⁷ Fritz Brückner, *Georg Benda und das deutsche Singspiel*, Diss. 1904.

Darüber sowie über den Charakter der Bendaschen Komposition ist jedoch nichts bekannt.

Etwas mehr, wenn auch nur sehr wenig, lässt sich über die Ouvertüre von Christian Gottlob Neefe (1748-98) feststellen. Neefe ein sächsischer Landsmann Lessings aus Chemnitz, zweifellos als Musiker und Komponist Benda zum mindesten ebenbürtig, vielleicht überlegen, war nach einigen Wanderjahren 1776 zur Seylerschen Truppe in Gotha gestossen und bei ihr bis zu ihrem finanziellen Zusammenbruch 1779 als Dirigent tätig.⁸ Während Grossmann noch in Gotha war, befreundete er sich auch mit Neefe dessen musikalisches Können er besonders respektierte ("Neefe ist ein kleiner Mann, aber er macht grosse Musik"). Nun bot er dem eine Position suchenden die eines Musikdirektors der kurkölnischen Gesellschaft, und Neefe nahm an, als unter Grossmanns Direktion die zweite Spielzeit in Bonn im Gang war. Gleich in den Anfang seiner Tätigkeit fällt seine Musik zu Grossmanns Schauspiel "Adelheid von Veltheim." 1781 wurde Neefe von dem Kurfürsten und Erzbischof von Köln, der aber in Bonn residierte, zum Hoforganisten ernannt,⁹ und es war namentlich in dieser Eigenschaft, dass er 1782 als besonders geschätzter Lehrer dem jungen Beethoven nahekam.

So bedeutungsvoll musikgeschichtlich Neefes Verhältnis zu dem jungen Beethoven auch ist, in dem Zusammenhang hier kann es gerade nur erwähnt werden.¹⁰ Wohl schon bald nach dem Bekanntwerden von Lessings am 15. Februar 1781 in Braunschweig erfolgten Tod fasste Grossmann, wie mancher Andere, den Entschluss noch während der vom Herbst 1780 bis zum 5. April 1781 laufenden Theaterspielzeit eine Trauerfeier zu Lessings Andenken zu veranstalten.¹¹ Aus Briefen ist Neefes hohe Verehrung für den

⁸ Irmgard Leux, *Christian Gottlob Neefe* (Leipzig, 1925).

⁹ In seiner bei I. Leux abgedruckten Selbstbiographie bemerkte Neefe, dass man ihn zum kurkölnischen Hoforganisten gemacht habe, "ohne ihn wegen seiner protestantischen Religion in Anspruch zu nehmen."

¹⁰ Ausser den Beethoven-Biographien und der Neefe-Biographie von Leux (Anm. 8) s. den in Grove (Bd. VI, S. 42/43) erwähnten Brief Neefes v. 2. III. 1783 über das junge Genie, das "sicher ein zweiter Mozart würde, wenn es so weitermachte." Ein Brief Beethovens über Neefe aus dem Jahre 1793 ist verloren.

¹¹ Die Gedächtnisfeier, die der Berliner Theaterdirektor Karl Theophil Döbbelin für die Freunde Lessings veranstaltete, fand bereits am 24. Februar 1781 in dem Theater in der Behrensstrasse statt. Sie diente, zum mindesten in der Bühnenanordnung, Grossmann zum Vorbild. Eine Hamburger Totenfeier wurde am 9. März 1781 abgehalten.

Dichter bekannt,¹² sodass er sicherlich auch damals ohne weiteres bereit war, für die Gedenkfeier eine Ouvertüre beizusteuern, wie er auch später die Denkmalunternehmung Grossmanns nach Kräften zu fördern versprach. Ueber den Charakter der Ouvertüre wissen wir jedoch nur, was der Komponist in einem Brief aus Bonn vom 9. Februar 1784 an den Freund Grossmann über sie sagte, indem er daran erinnerte, dass in ihr "ein fugiertes Allegro im tempo moderato" vorkam. Das ist alles.¹³ In Neefes hinterlassenen Werken befand sich die Musik zur Ouvertüre nicht.

Auf die Bonner Trauerfeier am 25. März 1781 folgte eine Aufführung von Lessings "Freigeist," eine Wahl aus seinen Dramen, die vielleicht ein besonderes Licht auf den Veranstalter wirft. Am 6. April begab sich Grossmann mit seiner Truppe nach Frankfurt am Main, wo er zur Messe schon öfter gespielt hatte, und wiederholte dort am 23. April die Trauerfeier für Lessing; diesmal liess er "Emilia Galotti" folgen. Selbstverständlich wurden auch Bendas und Neefes Kompositionen gespielt.

Zum Abschluss der einleitenden erklärenden Bemerkungen, die zum Verständnis der Kantate notwendig erscheinen, sei noch auf eine, bereits im Anfang angedeutete Tatsache hingewiesen. Sowohl Grossmann wie Benda und Neefe waren Freimaurer, wobei es hier unwichtig ist, zu welchem System ihre Logen gehörten. Am besten sind wir über Neefe als Freimaurer unterrichtet. Während er Hofmusikdirektor beim Kurfürsten von Köln in Bonn war, eine Stellung, die er bis 1791 innehatte, war er Mitglied der Loge "Karoline zu den drei Pfauen" in Neuwied, und 1784 Präfekt der Bonner Illuminaten-Abteilung unter dem Namen Glaucus. Sehr wahrscheinlich gehörten Grossmann und Benda Schauspielerlogen an.¹⁴

Und nun zur Wiedergabe des Librettos.

(S.1)

Lessing./

Eine Kantate:/

dem Andenken/

Gotthold Ephraim Lessings gewidmet/

von/

¹² Ein Brief Neefes über Lessing in Grossmanns *Lessings Denkmal*, S. 55.

¹³ Leux, a. a. O., S. 75.

¹⁴ s. Eugene Lenhoff u. Oskar Posner, *Internationales Freimaurerlexikon* (Zürich, Leipzig, Wien, 1932).

der kurkölnischen Hofschauspieler-/
Gesellschaft./

(Vignette)

Die Ouvertüre ist von unserm Musik-/
direktor Neefe./

Die Komposition des Textes von Georg Benda./

Bonn gedruckt 1781./

(S.2)

Wir sind es dem Andenken des um Künste/
und Wissenschaften, um ganz Teutschland, und/
man darf traulich sagen: um die Welt so/
verdienten Mannes, auch unserer Seits schul-/
dig Ihm ein Opfer zu zollen, das von unse-/
rer Wehmuth, von der schmerzlichen Ueberzeu-/
gung wie viel auch wir an Ihm verloren!/
Zeugniss gebe. Döbblin in Berlin ist uns/
darinn in der That, aber vielleicht nicht im/
guten Willen zuvor gekommen./

(S.) 3

(Vignette)

Das Theater stellt einen Hayn vor, in welchem/
ein Grabmal in antiken Geschmack errichtet ist, mit/
der Inschrift: *Ex utroque fama immortalis dignissi-
mus*. Die Muse der Dichtkunst lehnet sich in einer/
niedergeschlagenen Stellung auf den Aschenkrug./

Chor./

Gott Phoebus stieg im bleichen/
Gewand zu uns herauf,/
Und mit ihm kam - o Schrecken!/
Auch Lessings Sterbetag./

Arie./

Voll ahnendem Empfinden,/
Bang und Gedankenschwer,/
Schwebt hoch auf Stral und Winden/
Teutoniens Schutzgeist her./

(S.4)

Hoch von der Morgenröthe/
Sank er zur Erd herab,/
Sein Antlitz dicht verhüllet:/
Ihm ahndet Lessings Tod./

Cavatine./

Wird Lessing euch entrissen,/
 (Begann sein Schauderwort!) /
 Dann fürcht ich für die Künste/
 Ein trauriges Geschick./
 Die Wissenschaften klagen,/
 Die einst sein Geist erhellt:/
 Er fand die Spur der Weisen/
 Von Gräcen und Rom./
 Die Wahrheit, die vom Irrthum/
 Er so geläutert hat,/
 Umschwebt vielleicht bald wieder/
 Des Wahnes dunkle Nacht./
 Er lehrte Menschenliebe,/
 Mit Worten, und durch That -/

Recitativ./

Hier brach der innre Schmerz/
 Von Jünglingen und Greisen/
 In lautem Jammer aus./
 "Vergebens!" rief das Schicksal,/

(S.) 5

"Vergebens jammert ihr./
 "Stirb!"/
 Jedermann erbebte:/
 Nur Lessing bebte nicht!/"

Chor./

Dort sinkt sein Staub, dort träget/
 Den Geist ein Gottheits-Stral./
 Empfange ihn; schon schläget
 Sein Herz zum letztenmal./

Duett./

Des Schutzgeists Blicke wandten/
 Sich nun von uns hinweg,/
 Die wir verwaiset standen,/
 Gleich Heerden ohne Hirt./
 Er blickte hin auf Lessing,/
 Gross im Triumph des Tods!/
 Und unsre Thränen flossen/
 Unaufhaltsam dahin./

Arie./

In Aetherbläue schreitet,/
 Den Schutzgeist an der Hand,/
 Der Sterblichkeit entkleidet,/
 Er in ein bessres Land./

(S.) 6

Ihm nach ein lautes Klagen./
 Das ihn zurück beschwor;/
 Ihm wehmuthsvoll zu sagen:/
 Was man mit ihm verlor./

Arie./

Schnell eilte nun der Schutzgeist./
 Der unsern Kummer sah;/
 War wie ein Blitz der Nächte/
 War schnell und heitrer da:/

Recitativ./

Ihr, die ihr tief gebeuget/
 Auf Lessings Asche seht;/
 Von wahren Schmerz durchdrungen,/
 An seiner Urne steht./
 Vernehmt zu eurem Troste,/
 Was er euch hinterlässt:/
 Er wählet junge Dichter/
 Zu Erben seiner Kunst./
 Unsichtbar will er wirken/
 Auf sie, und ihr Talent;/
 Vom Irrpfad sie enthalten,/
 Wohin Genie oft führt./

(S.) 7

Cavatine./

Voll Dornen sind die Wege/
 Zum Tempel wahren Ruhms:/
 Doch unter Lessings Leitung/
 Wankt nun der Dichter nicht./
 Die Fürsten will er lenken./
 An teutsche Art und Kunst/
 Weit thätiger zu denken,/
 Als teutsche Vorwelt that./

Arie./

Hier heiterten die Blicke/
 Sich allgemach nun auf;/
 Man nahm voll innigen Dankes/
 Sein gross Vermächtniss auf./

Chor./

Dem Vorbild nachzustreben/
 Schwur nun der Dichterchor-/
 Wir weinen seinem Geiste/
 Jetzt stille Zähren nach./

(Vignette)

IN THE BEGINNING WAS . . . ?
THE ORIGIN OF THOMAS MANN'S
JOSEPH UND SEINE BRÜDER

OSKAR SEIDLIN

On January 4, 1943, so Thomas Mann tells us,¹ he wrote the very last lines of his biblical saga, thus rounding out his monumental *œuvre*, one of the most monumental in all of German literature; rounding it out in the quite literal sense since its concluding four words take up and lead us back again to the title-line, which once, many years earlier (how many will be one of our questions) he had put to paper. Exactly seven weeks before this memorable day, on November 17, 1942, with the end of the long road clearly in sight, he spoke, in the Library of Congress at Washington, D.C., for the first time publicly and comprehensively on "The Theme of the Joseph Novels." He was ready to assess the labor that had gone into his *maximum opus*, to glance back from the "Joseph und seine Brüder" at the close to the beginnings of *Joseph und seine Brüder*. How wide was the span, how had started what was now about to end?

In answering this question, there is little importance in the external and anecdotal circumstances which prompted me, almost a decade and a half ago, to re-read the story in my old ancestral Bible. Suffice it to say that I was delighted, and that immediately a preliminary probing . . . began in my mind as to what it would be like to renew and reproduce this charming story in fresh narrative and with modern means—with *all* modern means, the spiritual and the technical ones. Almost immediately, these inner experiments significantly associated themselves with the thought

¹ *Die Entstehung des Doktor Faustus* (Amsterdam, 1949), p. 18.

of a tradition: the thought of Goethe, in fact, who relates in his memoirs *Dichtung und Wahrheit* how he, as a boy, had dictated the Joseph story to a friend and . . . woven it into a broad narrative . . . As an explanation of this youthful and premature venture, the sixty year old Goethe observes: 'This natural story is highly amiable: only, it seems too short, and one is tempted to carry it out in all its details.'

How strange! Immediately, these words from *Dichtung und Wahrheit* came to my mind . . .: they were in my memory; I did not have to re-read them, and indeed, they seem most fitting as the motto for what I then undertook; they furnish the simplest and most plausible explanation for my venture.²

So far so good. It is so precise an answer as to forestall any further questions. "Almost a decade and a half ago"—we can now fix exactly the year when the great work was being conceived: sometime in 1928 no doubt. But then we read the German text of the Library of Congress lecture and find that the "almost" is missing. "Vor nun schon anderthalb Jahrzehnten" we are now being told.³ How are we to explain this discrepancy, slight as it is? Had the American translator, without Thomas Mann's noticing it, made a mistake (although it seems quite an unlikely mistake), or did the author, rather, when readying his lecture for the later German publication, have some afterthoughts and substitute for the old one the new incontrovertibly correct date? Be that as it may, now we know better: it is 1927. But do we really know better? In the very year in which Thomas Mann published the German text of his Washington address, in 1948, he wrote a lengthy introduction to the new one-volume American edition of *Joseph and His Brothers*, and when its original text was being released, it bore the title "Sechzehn Jahre," meaning the years "von 1926-1942,"⁴ during which the Biblical tetralogy grew from conception to completion. Have we reached the bottom of the "pit of the past"? No, we haven't. When, in 1960, the letters of Thomas Mann to Ernst Bertram were published, the horizon receded a little more. In one of them he informed his friend that the Stinnes Shipping Company had recently invited him to take

² "The Theme of the Joseph Novels," Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., 1942, p. 5 f.

³ "Joseph und seine Brüder," *Neue Studien* (Stockholm, 1948), p. 163.

⁴ "Sechzehn Jahre," *Altes und Neues* (Frankfurt/M., 1953), p. 677.

part in a Mediterranean cruise lasting four "abenteuerliche Wochen, in denen es mir hauptsächlich um Ägypten zu tun ist. Ich werde einen Blick auf die Wüste, die Pyramiden, die Sphinx werfen, dazu habe ich die Einladung angenommen, denn das kann bestimmten, wenn auch noch etwas schattenhaften Plänen, die ich im Geheimen hege, nützlich sein."⁵ The date of this letter: February 4, 1925.

Such a picayune auditing of figures may smack of a bookkeeper's fanaticism. Yet it affords some playful satisfaction when applied to a work whose main theme is the receding and opening up of one "Dünenkulisse" after the other. Once this *leitmotif* is perceived, something more weighty than the "Dünenkulisse" of successively receding years may be involved. A suspicion arises that it is, after all, not Goethe who stands at the vanishing point of the perspective but someone else, someone out of Thomas Mann's deeper past. When re-reading the Joseph-story in his ancestral Bible, so Thomas Mann assured us, the thought of Goethe immediately mingled with his creative reveries; and so vivid in his memory was Goethe's report on his own boyish dabblings with the Joseph-theme that he did not even have to refresh it.

Perhaps; the time, now definitely established as the very early part of 1925, may lend credence to Thomas Mann's contention. The very letter to Bertram, in which he mentions for the first time the still dim and secret Joseph-plan, shows him engrossed in activities involving Goethe: he is in the process of revising his essay of 1921 on "Goethe und Tolstoi" for a new volume of his critical prose,⁶ and announces work on an introduction to a new edition⁷ of Goethe's *Wahlverwandschaften*. It seems to fit beautifully.

Still we know that the conscious *imitatio Goethe* played tricks on the memory of the later Thomas Mann. In his admirable study Bernhard Blume has shown that, from approximately 1930 on, the truly great awakeners of Thomas Mann's creative sensibilities and philosophical thinking were being relegated to the background in order to make room for Goethe.⁸ Indeed, if we consult Thomas

⁵ *Thomas Mann an Ernst Bertram* (Pfullingen, 1960), p. 136.

⁶ *Bemühungen* (Berlin, 1925).

⁷ Epikon edition (Leipzig, 1925); also *Die neue Rundschau* XXXVI (1925), pp. 391-401.

⁸ *Thomas Mann und Goethe* (Bern, 1949), p. 27.

Mann's "Lebensabriß," the brief stock-taking of his life on the occasion of this fifty-fifth anniversary, the picture presents itself as quite different. There is again the association of his own *Joseph* with young Goethe's abortive and lost narrative, there is even quoted the same sentence from *Dichtung und Wahrheit* to the effect that the biblical recital is much too short and ought to be carried out in all its details.⁹ But then Thomas Mann continues: "Noch wußte ich nicht, wie sehr mir dies Wort aus *Dichtung und Wahrheit* zum Motto kommender Arbeitsjahre werden sollte." The term "motto" appears here as well as in the Washington lecture. But the accent is shifted: in the "Lebensabriß" of 1930 he admits that, at the time of the conception of his *magnum opus*, he did not know yet that he was to follow a course that Goethe had hinted at in his autobiography; in 1942 however, in the Library of Congress speech, the remembering of the *Dichtung und Wahrheit* passage is coeval with his first ruminations of the Joseph-theme and furnishes the "most plausible explanation of my venture."

But we should have known all along that the *Dichtung und Wahrheit* reminiscence is a later interpolation. It was not at all the Goethean advice "to carry it out in all its details" that stood at the beginning of his venturing into the Joseph-material. According to the "Lebensabriß" something entirely different was originally in his mind. "Was ich plante, . . . war eine *Novelle* (my italics) als Flügelstück eines historischen Triptychons, dessen beide andere Bilder spanische und deutsche Gegenstände behandeln sollten."¹⁰ And even later in 1925, in his letter to Bertram of July 14, 1925, the triptych "Joseph, Erasmus, Philipp (II.," is still mentioned as the business on hand."¹¹

But if the cue is not Goethe's, is there someone else who may have given it to him, one of his earlier masters who had conditioned and determined his work more decisively than the later superimposition of the Goethe image would want us to believe? Whenever in later years, during his work on the monumental cycle and after its completion, Thomas Mann speaks of his intentions, he pronounces as the unique and unmistakable signature of his biblical narrative the blending of myth and psychology, the

⁹ "Lebensabriß," *Die neue Rundschau* XXXXI (1930), 763.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, 764.

¹¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 142.

x-raying of the venerable material by the most modern means of psychological analysis, and the elevation of the merely and individually psychological to the level of the eternally valid, the myth. Now, this formula "Mythos und Psychologie" appears prominently in a Thomas Mann essay which precedes even the first stirrings of the Joseph-inspiration by fully fifteen years, in his portrait of "Der alte Fontane."¹² Strange as it may seem to us that Thomas Mann speaks of "Mythos" in connection with a writer whom we have come to regard as one of the great, one of the few genuine German Realists, it is here, in discussing Fontane's ironic ambivalence toward everything "heroic" and "venerable," that he arrives at a formula which was indeed to guide him as the author of the much later *Joseph*-tales: "Der Dichter ist konservativ als Schützer des Mythos. Psychologie aber ist das schärfste Minierwerkzeug demokratischer Aufklärung."¹³ The vast array of ironies which the great "festival" of the Biblical saga celebrates, is here foreshadowed: traditional piety in alliance with shrewd modernism, conservatism with revolutionary progressiveness, the blessing from below with the blessing from above, the feeling for death with the friendliness to life, in short, this sympathy of the opposites which Thomas Mann was to pronounce the highest fulfillment of man's existence, the Third Humanism. Even the narrative "technique," which was to triumph in *Joseph und seine Brüder*, is here, as early as 1910 and à propos of Fontane's *Effi Briest*, clearly prescribed: "eine Verflüchtigung des Stofflichen, die bis zu dem Grade geht, daß schließlich fast nichts als ein artistisches Spiel von Ton und Geist übrigbleibt."¹⁴

The tenor, then, the *basso continuo*, so to speak, of the *maximum opus*, is not Goethe's but Fontane's, or at least of the Fontane as Thomas Mann had assimilated him. But—and this is our discovery—Fontane has furnished more than the general tenor. Although Thomas Mann never mentions it, Fontane has written his *Joseph*, or, in order to make the parallel even more striking, his "Joseph and His Brothers," a brief passage only, needing, to be sure, an enormous amount of elaboration which a later mas-

¹² *Rede und Antwort* (Berlin, 1922), p. 96. Bernard Blume (*op. cit.*, p. 21) points to the frequent use Thomas Mann is making of this formula in his later statements about the *Joseph* novels, also Jonas Lesser, *Thomas Mann in der Epoche seiner Vollendung* (München, 1952), p. 285.

¹³ *Rede und Antwort*, p. 97.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 85.

ter of German prose had to supply. In *L'Adultera* (1882), the first in the series of Fontane's great "Berliner Romane," Melanie explains to her future lover, Ebenezer Rubehn, why his name is so dear to her. Here is this delightful piece of conversational banter, a bit of Fontane's inimitable *causerie*:

Ruben, um es zu wiederholen, war mir von jeher der sympathischste von den Zwölfen. Er hatte das Hochherzige, das sich immer bei dem Ältesten findet, einfach weil er der Älteste ist. Denken Sie nach, ob ich nicht recht habe. Die natürliche Herrscherstellung des Erstgeborenen sichert ihn vor Mesquinerie und Intrigue . . . Und ich hoff' es Ihnen beweisen zu können. Über die sechs Halblegitimen ist weiter kein Wort zu verlieren; . . . und so nehmen wir denn als erstes Betrachtungsobjekt die Nestkücken der Familie, die Muttersöhnchen. Es wird so viel von ihnen gemacht, aber Sie werden zustimmen, daß die spätere ägyptische Excellenz nicht so ganz ohne Not in die Zisterne gesteckt worden ist. Er war einfach ein enfant terrible. Und nun gar der Jüngste! Verwöhnt und verzogen. Ich habe selbst ein Jüngstes und weiß etwas davon zu sagen. Und so bleiben uns denn wirklich nur die vier alten Grogards von der Lea her. Wohl, sie haben alle vier ihre Meriten. Aber doch ist ein Unterschied. In dem Levi spukt schon der Levit, und in dem Juda das Königtum—ein Stückchen Illoyalität, das Sie mir als freier Schweizerin zugute halten müssen. Und so sehen wir uns denn vor den Rest gestellt, vor die beiden letzten, die natürlich die beiden ersten sind. Eh bien, ich will nicht mäkeln und feilschen und will dem Simeon lassen, was ihm zukommt. Er war ein Charakter, und als solcher wollt' er dem Jungen ans Leben. Charaktere sind nie für halbe Maßregeln. Aber da trat Ruben dazwischen, *mein* Ruben, und rettete den Jungen, weil er des alten Vaters gedachte. Denn er war gefühlvoll und mitleidig und hochherzig. Und was Schwäche war, darüber sag' ich nichts. Er hatte die Fehler seiner Tugenden, wie wir alle. Das war es und weiter nichts.¹⁵

"Mythos und Psychologie" indeed! Could it be that Thomas Mann, bent over his ancestral Bible, heard, instead of Goethe's voice, the inflection of this other one, so dear to him and unforgotten even at the time when the "Stern der höchsten Höhe" was already about to rise on the horizon?

Ohio State University

¹⁵ Theodor Fontane, *Werke*, Hanser edition (München, n.d.), I, 415 f.

SYMBOLIC HIERARCHY IN THE LION EPISODE OF THE *CANTAR DE MIO CID*

PAUL R. OLSON

The crucial importance of the *afrenta de Corpes* within the narrative structure of the *Cantar de Mio Cid* has recently suggested to some investigators of the poem the need for a careful reconsideration of the role of the Infantes de Carrión within that structure and for some revision of traditional estimates of their significance as literary characters. Thomas Hart emphasizes that "the opposition between the Infantes and the Cid provides a kind of polarity around which the whole structure of the poem is organized,"¹ and he sees the Infantes not as essentially comic figures, ridiculous both in their pride and in their cowardice, but as the "unreasoning instruments of an unreasoning force," a force identified by Hart with that malevolent *fatalidad* which Leo Spitzer has regarded as the real adversary of the Cid, both in his exile and in the atrocity of Corpes.²

More recently, Ulrich Leo has discussed the irrational cruelty of the Infantes in psychological terms, and though well aware of the circumspection with which such a method must be applied to a medieval text, he considers it the only one which can explain satisfactorily the motives for an act that leads ultimately to the young nobles' own destruction. The malady which obscures their reason is, according to Professor Leo, "un egoísmo 'introvertido' por causa de un 'complejo de inferioridad,' como hoy se dice,"³

¹ Thomas R. Hart, Jr., "The Infantes de Carrión," *BHS*, XXXIII (1956), 17.

² Hart, p. 22. The mention of Spitzer is in reference to his "Sobre el carácter histórico del *Cantar de Mio Cid*," *NRFH*, II (1948), 107.

³ Ulrich Leo, "La 'Afrenta de Corpes,' novela psicológica," *NRFH*, XIII (1959),

and its effect is that it "convierte al hombre en enemigo de sí mismo y destructor de sus propias construcciones."⁴

The experience directly responsible for this crisis in the Infantes' inner lives is, presumably, the incident of the lion, which, as Professor Leo points out, is mentioned by them no less than four times—enough, certainly, to suggest an obsessive preoccupation with it—as a humiliation which they must both escape and avenge.⁵ It is therefore clear that, although the Infantes' conduct in the battle against Búcar was actually much more shameful than in the matter of the lion, it is the latter incident which has most gravely wounded their self-esteem and driven them to the folly of abandoning their position of security in the court of Roy Díaz.

The reason for this difference, according to Professor Leo, is that after the battle the fiction of Ferrando's victory over the Moor Aladaraf, which Pero Vermúdez has obligingly created, saves the Infantes from public humiliation, but in fleeing from the lion their disgrace was evident to everyone and became the subject of much ironic comment in the Cid's court: "non vidiestes tal juego commo iva por la cort" (2307).⁶ All of this is, of course, perfectly true, but I should like to suggest that the matter is probably more complicated than that. In the first place, the Infantes' cowardice in battle was very nearly as much a matter of public knowledge as the earlier incident, as Professor Leo himself recognizes, and in the second place, such a reason seems so conscious and 'logical' that one wonders if it can really account for the Infantes' profound preoccupation with it.

I believe, therefore, that a brief re-examination of that incident may produce a fuller understanding of its significance in determining the Infante's actions and at the same time allow us to sug-

296. Much justification, if it be needed, for the use of a psychological approach in studying the *Cid* can, perhaps, be found in the high degree of psychological realism occurring in numerous aspects of the poem. This has been particularly pointed out by Dámaso Alonso in his essay, "Estilo y creación en el poema del *Cid*": "Resulta, pues, que en este poema, en donde todo parece dedicado a la acción externa, en donde versos y versos se usan para dar aun los mínimos pormenores de una estrategia, a veces enfadosa, en este poema están pintados de mano maestra los procesos psicológicos, el variar de las almas." In *Ensayos sobre poesía española* (Buenos Aires, 1946), p. 89.

⁴ Leo, p. 295.

⁵ Leo, p. 296.

⁶ *Ibid.*

gest a more important connection between the incident and basic thematic aspects of the poem than is generally recognized.

It will be remembered that the *Cantar de Corpes* opens with a summary reference to the secure establishment of the Cid and his court in Valencia and then turns immediately to the narration of the lion episode:

En Valencia sedí mio Çid con todos los sos,
con elle amos sos yernos ifantes de Carrión.
Yazies en un escaño, durmie el Campeador,
mala sobrevienta, sabed, que les cuntió:
saliós de la red e desatós el león. (2278-2282)

The Cid's men gather around the *escaño*, and "fincan sobre so señor," presumably in order to protect him from the lion,⁷ but Ferrán Gonçalvez hides beneath this same *escaño*, and his brother, longing for the security of Carrión, runs out to hide in a winepress. After the Cid has awakened and humbled the lion through the power of his glance and bearing, the Infantes are found, pale and trembling, in their hiding places. The amusement of the courtiers at their ridiculous behavior is unparalleled and quite unrestrained, so that it finally has to be forbidden by the Cid himself. It is already too late, however, to save the Infantes' pride from irreparable harm: "Muchos tovieron por enbaídos ifantes de Carrión; fiera cosa les pesa desto que les cuntió" (2309-2310).

What, now, are the elements of this episode which explain the particular rancor it has aroused in the Infantes? The public character of the humiliation does, of course, account for a great deal, as does the very ridiculousness of the behavior itself: Ferrando's groveling beneath the *escaño* and Diago's soiling of his tunic would be unseemly under any circumstances and comically inappropriate in two such well-born nobles.

I believe, though, that besides all this there is a larger significance in the Infantes' ignoble actions which explains why, as a result of this episode, their resentment is directed not merely against the mocking courtiers but against the Cid himself, and why, in their sudden brooding over the event, they come to see it as a wrong which could and had to be redressed by attacking the

⁷ Professor Leo suggests (p. 297) that it was actually to seek protection that they gathered around the *escaño*; to do this, however, requires him to explain away v. 3335, and I do not believe he has been able to do so successfully.

Cid in the persons of his daughters, the Infantes' own wives. What I would suggest is that Ferrán Gonçalves, in taking refuge beneath the Cid's chair, has in the most literal and spatial sense symbolized his own inferiority to Roy Díaz, not merely in this one instance but within the whole hierarchy of merit, and therefore symbolized also the lower position in the hierarchy of honor which he ought by right to hold. The significance of this symbolic action is surely patent to everyone who beholds it, but at some level of consciousness it must have been patent to the Infante as well. Such a view of himself is a wholly new experience for the Infante and one so painful to his ego that he is driven to commit the savage act by which he hopes, again within the realm of symbolic behavior, to reverse the unjust 'ranking' of himself and the Cid which he had earlier effected through his own cowardly act.

Ferrán Gonçalves is quite clearly the more dominant of the Infantes, and it is easily conceivable that the particular injury suffered by his own ego could determine a course of irrationally savage behavior for his brother as well. It seems quite likely, for example, that Ferrando is the first who speaks in the scene in which the brothers finally decide to leave Valencia and perpetrate their crime (*tiradas* 123-124). Diago's comic echoing of his brother's words can then be taken as evidence of how completely he submits to his influence.⁸ He, too, has suffered humiliation, and in befouling himself in the press he may, perhaps, be said to have symbolized his own corruption, much to the amusement of the Cid's men and much to his own chagrin. It is, however, in Ferrando's action that I would see the underlying cause of both Infantes' rancor toward the Cid himself and toward their own wives.

That action is, of course, not merely a symbol of inferiority to the Cid but very direct evidence of it as well, and it may be objected that it is an unjustifiable complication of our reading to see a symbol and evidence in the very same phenomenon. I believe, though, that we may distinguish here between the evidence of inferiority which lies in the fact of Ferrando's having hidden himself at all and the involuntary symbolization which occurs through his choice of the Cid's own chair as his place to hide.

It is evident, moreover, from other references to *escaños* in the poem that they are themselves symbols of rank and of honor. In

⁸ See Hart, p. 21, note.

his first meeting with the Infantes the Cid honors them by having them sit "en un preçioso escaño" (2216), thus paying due respect to their nobility but at the same time signifying, perhaps, the equality of rank which the Infantes' marriage to his daughters will effect between the Cid and the house of Vani-Gómez. Later, in the Cortes at Toledo, the King attempts to honor the Cid by having him share his own *escaño*, saying "maguer que álgunos pesa, mejor sodes que nos" (3116). In this case, of course, the Cid's disobedience of the king's direct command is immeasurably greater proof of his complete loyalty than any complacent obedience would have been and makes it clear that the hero of this poem is concerned not merely with his own rank and honor but with the maintenance of a just order within his society generally.

The importance thus attached to the places in which men sit as symbol of their rank and honor is, of course, part of a tradition in Scripture and feudal literature—and in modern social protocol—which could scarcely be more familiar.⁹ In fact, as a symbol the *escaño* is so cogently natural that it may well be one of those spontaneously recurring common-places of the human mind which need depend on no tradition at all. The point is, however, that in the *Cantar de Mio Cid* this common-place has been made to function as an integral part of the dramatization of the theme of honor, especially, as I am hoping to show, in the episode under discussion.¹⁰

⁹ Examples, if any be needed, from the first two of these categories can be found in Matthew XXIII, 2 and 6; Mark XII, 38-39; and Luke XX, 46; in Geoffrey of Monmouth, *Historia Britonum*, IX, 13, the description of Arthur's coronation banquet includes the statement that "collocatis postmodum cunctis ut singulorum dignitas expectebat, Caius dapifer . . . comitatus est" (ed. J. A. Giles [London, 1844], p. 173; italics mine); as pure metaphor, the concept is used in the Old French *Romans de Carité et Miserere* of the Renclus de Moillens, which says that when serfs rebel, their masters, "s'il ne deffendent lor roiaume, / De haut estal en bas escame / Pueent bien lor estat cangier" (ed. A. G. van Hamel [Paris, 1885]; the lines are in stanza 165).

¹⁰ For a discussion of the importance which the *escaño* assumes in the chronicles and the ballads, see Ramón Menéndez Pidal, ed. *Cantar de Mio Cid* (Madrid, 1954) II, 658-659. In his edition of the *Poema di Mio Cid* for the Clásicos castellanos (Madrid, 1951), Menéndez Pidal also points out (note to v. 3121) that in Cervantes, too, it is mentioned as a proverbial symbol of honor (*Quijote*, II, 33). The *escaño* on which the Cid is sleeping must, of course, be an "asiento grande, para dos ó más personas," as Menéndez Pidal describes it (p. 648), and is not at all the same specific object as the *escaño torniño* which the

It is, then, largely because of this symbolic value of the *escaño* itself that Ferrando's act in placing himself beneath it can be seen as a symbol of his inferiority and not merely as evidence of it, and it must have been as a symbol that the act affected him most deeply. We may well believe that no mere evidence of their cowardice would cause the Infantes to think of themselves for a moment as inferior to Cid. Convinced that their own persons are of incomparably greater worth than that of a mere *Infanzón* from Bivar, they might well look upon such cowardice as merely the prudent caution which must be taken with inherently precious entities, while a lesser noble might not inappropriately be exposed to destruction by a marauding lion. Evidence, then, would mean little to the Infantes, but symbols do, for the very reason that their self-esteem has always been based upon signs of honor whose reality is limited to their outward and visible—that is, symbolic—aspect. Surely the meaning of the epithet, “*lengua sin manos*,” which Pero Vermúdez later hurls at Ferrando (3328) is precisely this, that his very substance, his ego if one will, is composed of vain symbols, of which the verbal ones are the exemplars, rather than upon the reality of his own merit.

In fleeing the lion, however, Ferrando has been presented with a symbol which tells him something about his place in the world wholly different from that which conventional signs of esteem have communicated to him and to others. To be sure, his practical sense might have been no more convinced by a symbol of inferiority than it has by evidence of it, but the symbol strikes through his smugness for a moment to deeper levels of mind with an intuition which implies a complete destruction of the world as he knows it. In this way, then, far more than through the public character of their humiliation, have the Infantes been wounded by the events of the lion episode and driven to commit the insane cruelty of Corpes.

But more significant than what this interpretation of the lion episode may suggest about the Infantes' motives for the *afrenta* are, perhaps, its implications with respect to the relationship be-

Cid occupies in the Cortes at Toledo and which later versions of the *Cantar* and the chronicles take as a particular symbol of the Cid's honor, supposing it to have been won in one battle or another against the Moors. Nevertheless, the natural symbolism which supports and unifies the particular associations of the *escaño torniño* must certainly be effective in this *escaño* as well.

tween the episode itself and the whole thematic structure of the poem. Fundamental to this structure is, of course, the concept of honor, traditionally understood to mean the outward recognition of inward worth. Thus, for example, St. Thomas' definition of honor, which Américo Castro discusses in his famous essay, is the "exhibitio reverentiae in testimonium virtutis, ut potest accipi a Philosopho in I Ethicorum."¹¹ and from the *Siete partidas* Castro cites also a definition of it as an "adelantamiento señalado, con loor, que gana ome por razón del logar que tiene, o por fazer fecho conosciado que faze, o por bondad que en él ha."¹² These definitions make strikingly clear the dual aspect, internal and external, of what they call honor, and in the *Cid*, too, I believe it is important to conceive the theme of honor as concerned, not merely with the relatively simple matter of kingly favor or disfavor toward Roy Díaz, but with the far more complex problem of the relationship between the "exhibitio reverentiae," the outward signs of respect shown by the king toward the *Cid*, and the particular degree of internal worth which the hero possesses.¹³

¹¹ *Summa Theologiae*, II, II, q. 103, a. 1. Castor's essay is "Algunas observaciones acerca del concepto del honor en los siglos XVI y XVII." In *Semblanzas y estudios españoles* (Princeton, 1956), p. 356. St. Thomas' definition of honor is based upon a statement in *Ethics* I, 5, that "men seem to pursue honour in order that they may be assured of their goodness; at least it is by men of practical wisdom that they seek to be honoured, and among those who know them, and on the ground of their virtue." (trans. W. D. Ross).

¹² Castro, p. 354. It is evident, of course, that here an important amendment has been made to the view of honor as being "in testimonium virtutis," for "el logar que tiene" is clearly not a form of *virtus*. Since, in fact, the "logar" is fully as external as the "adelantamiento" itself, the distinction between external and internal aspects of honor is at least partly lost, and the definition itself is therefore not fully consistent. Nevertheless, the reference to a "fecho conosciado" and to "bondad" shows that it is essentially based upon such a distinction.

¹³ This concept of honor as the homage paid to virtue has led Professor Spitzer to regard line 20 as a key verse precisely because it focuses attention upon the disparity between the eminence of the *Cid*'s virtue and the low estate of his honor at the beginning of the poem. See his "¡Dios qué buen vasallo, si oviese buen señor!", *RFH*, VIII (1946), 136. The theme of honor has also been discussed more fully in Pedro Salinas, "El 'Cantar de Mio Cid,' poema de la honra," *Universidad nacional de Colombia*, IV (1945), 9-24; Gustavo Correa, "El tema de la honra en el 'Poema del Cid,'" *HR*, XX (1952), 223-239; and Edmund de Chasca, *Estructura y forma en "El Poema de Mio Cid"* (Iowa City, 1955). All of these discuss the theme chiefly in terms of the problem of the recovery of the *Cid*'s honor, and therefore the structural concept which they emphasize is that of ascent. Gustavo Correa does note, however, that

Royal favor as such had been thoroughly re-won before the end of the second *Cantar*, and if this were the basic problem of the poem, the whole third part of it would have to be seen as constituting quite a separate episode. The Cid himself may, of course, be said to face two separate problems in regaining the favor of the King and in obtaining redress for the affront to his daughters, but the problem which gives thematic and narrative unity to the poem is, of course, a single one: that of according, both to the Cid and to his enemies of the house of Vani-Gómez, the appropriate degree of recognition of their particular degrees of merit, of maintaining the right balance, in short, between the hierarchy of honor and the hierarchy of worth.¹⁴ Ultimately, then, this problem of honor becomes a problem of distributive justice, and the Aristotelian definition of the just as the proportional (*Ethics*, V, 3) is, in fact, given a form almost arithmetical in its literalness in this conception of the two hierarchies, which demand adequation in precisely the same way as do the members of an expression of proportion.

This justice, which must necessarily oppose the disproportions existing in the world of the poem, is, I suggest, much more than an ordinary sort of 'poetic justice,' concerned with the rewarding of the good and the punishment of the evil. To be sure, that justice is also present in the poem, although its relation to the principal theme and argument is, I believe, rather indirect and far less significant structurally than the justice of precise propor-

in the background of all this is a medieval view of society as "un engranaje de categorías estrictamente eslabonadas con límites fijos entre la una y la otra" (p. 188), which is essentially equivalent to the concept of hierarchy which is referred to here. In identifying what he calls "el antitema de la *biltança*" (p. 194), which is "encarnada en los Infantes de Carrión" (p. 199), he also points the way to the interpretation developed here of the poem's argument as a series of adjustments in the relative positions of the Cid and the Infantes in the hierarchy of honor. See also the article by Leo, p. 293, note.

¹⁴ Implicit in my discussion of theme and argument is, of course, the assumption that the *Cid* can be regarded as a unified work of art, and there is no good reason to abandon this assumption in spite of Menéndez Pidal's recent conclusion that the poem can actually be regarded as the work of two distinct artists, the poet of Medinaceli having slightly revised the first two sections and drastically rewritten the third *Cantar* of a poem composed some thirty years earlier in San Esteban de Gormaz. See his "Does poetas en el *Cantar de Mio Cid*," *Romania* LXXXII (1961), 145-200. Don Ramón continues to assert in this article, however, that "la primera impresión que produce la lectura de este poema es la de su perfecta unidad de plan y de inspiración" (p. 146).

tions. The rewarding of the Cid begins, after all, almost as soon as he goes into exile, and it continues virtually without interruption throughout the poem. As for the punishment of the wicked, its presentation is essentially anti-climactic, occurring after the poem's hero has returned to Valencia, satisfied in his honor and confident that vengeance for the affront to his daughters can be left in the hands of others. At this point, the message brought by the emissaries from Aragón and Navarra has, after all, forced the Vani-Gómez to silence and settled forever the question of the Cid's place in the hierarchy of honor.

But is it legitimate to speak here of hierarchies at all? I believe it is, for although it would be vain to search in the *Cantar de Mio Cid* for influences from any of the usual sources of medieval concepts of cosmic or metaphysical hierarchy, the feudal society which it depicts is, after all, itself a hierarchical structure, and it may, therefore, be useful to look upon the entire argument of the poem in terms of a series of hierarchies of honor, the first members of which are at variance with the underlying and constant hierarchy of worth and the last of which, the basic problem of adequation having finally been solved, corresponds fully to it.

At the beginning of the poem, the hierarchy of honor among the principal characters is presented in the form:

King
Van-Gómez (los malos mestureros)
Cid.

The position of the Cid is, of course, so low that he has virtually been cast out of the structure altogether, just as he has actually been driven out of the kingdom, but it is a part of the Cid's greatness that in refusing to quarrel with Alfonso ("con Alfons mio señor non querría lidiar," 538) and later in honoring him with tribute,¹⁵ he manages to retain in some sense, at least, a position within the system, even though his enemies and the king himself have done everything possible to oppose this. On the other hand, the position of the Vani-Gómez here is very high, as it had been even before they succeeded in arousing the king's anger towards

¹⁵ Menéndez Pidal points out that the Cid hereby renounces a right which traditionally belonged to all nobles exiled by royal decree without formal conviction of crime: that of carrying on a private war with the king, raiding his lands or those of his subjects. See Menéndez Pidal's *La España del Cid*, Quinta edición (Madrid, 1956), pp. 275-276.

the Cid, and naturally there must have been many other members of the social structure on intermediate levels.¹⁶ To suggest a hierarchy, however, three gradations are quite sufficient, and dramatically far more effective than a more complex structure could be.

When the Cid regains the king's favor, Alfonso tries to give the right *exhibitio reverentiae* to his worth by arranging the marriage of the daughters of the *Campeador* to the Infantes de Carrión. The girls having been given to these scions of the Vani-Gómez as *parejas* (2761 and elsewhere), lawful wives equal in rank to their husbands, the Cid is by implication elevated to the social level of his enemies, the structure thus being:

King
Vani-Gómez—Cid.

But, as the lion episode demonstrates all too clearly, this structure is also a false one. It does, indeed, honor the Cid but not in a measure proportionate to his merit. To correspond properly, then, to the hierarchy of worth it must assume the form:

King
Cid
Vani-Gómez.

It may, of course, be argued that the poem itself has long since questioned the king's pre-eminence in the hierarchy of worth (such an implication seems to persist in the "si oviesse buen señore" of line 20 despite all exegetical efforts to dispel it), just as Alfonso does himself in saying to the Cid, "mejor sodes que nos" (3116), but Roy Díaz very orthodoxly insists (3117-3119) upon the king's primacy, "propter excellentiam dignitatis,"¹⁷ apparently, and in

¹⁶ The various degrees of nobility in eleventh-century Castilian society are discussed under the words *fijo dalgo*, *yfançon*, and *yfante* in the glossary to his edition of the poem, II, s.vv.

¹⁷ Aquinas, II, II, q. 103, a. 2. Quoted by Castro, p. 356. In its context in the *Summa*, the phrase refers, of course, to ecclesiastical dignity: "Si praelati sint mali, non honorantur propter excellentiam propriae virtutis, sed propter excellentiam dignitatis, secundum quam sunt Dei ministri, et etiam, in eis honoratur tota communitas." In any case, the analogy with civil dignity is clear, the last clause in this passage recalling our earlier mention of the Cid as upholder of right order in his society as a whole. In upholding the propriety of an honor given "propter excellentiam dignitatis" St. Thomas is, of course, following Augustine in opposition to the excessively spiritual and morally rig-

his moment of greatest influence with the king he is as faithful a vassal as he had been while in exile.

To be sure, the conquest of Valencia is a deed of such merit that only royal honor, ultimately, is adequate to it, but in a society which constantly looks upon the individual within the context of family and class it is possible to resolve the conflict between the Cid's position as ideal vassal and the demands of justice by the marriage of his daughters to the Infantes of Navarra and Aragón, thus bestowing royal dignity upon the Cid by implication and upon his descendants in actual fact: "oy los reyes de España suos parientes son" (3724).¹⁸ The sudden arrival in the Cortes of Toledo of the messengers bearing the new proposal of marriage is not determined by a logic of events but by the development of the theme of honor and by the demands of the justice which requires a right proportion in the recognition of merit. For in the Cortes the Vani-Gómez and the Cid's party have been disputing the basic questions of this very theme—questions of honor and rank, of proportion and right, and when the new proposal has been made public, Álvar Fáñez can triumphantly proclaim that the Infantes de Carrión must now acknowledge outwardly their inferiority to the wives they had abandoned and therefore to the Cid himself:

Antes las aviedes parejas pora en braços las dos
 agora besaredes sus manos e llamar las hedes señores,
 aver las hedes a servir, mal que pese a vos.
 Grado a Dios del çielo a âquel rey don Alfons,
 assî creçe la ondra a mio Cid el Campeador! (3449-3453)

Thus, finally, is external recognition given to that hierarchy of internal merit which was made manifest symbolically in the episode of the lion. That episode is significant, certainly, in showing

orous teachings of the Donatists, who held that prelates who had fallen into sin (specifically, denial of the Faith in time of persecution) no longer possessed valid orders. The term *dignitas* has, it must be noted, lost all reference, in this context, to inner worth and virtue, and the result is a confusion between the external and internal aspects of honor entirely analogous to that which occurs in the definition previously quoted from the *Siete partidas*.

¹⁸ Gustavo Correa notes a number of ways in which the poem represents a constant ascent in the honor of the Cid, which eventually reaches a point of virtual equality with that of the king, an equality finally consecrated by bonds of consanguinity with Spanish kings. See Correa, pp. 196-199.

the near-miracle that the Cid could accomplish through the sheer force of his presence, of something purely intrinsic to him. But I hope I have succeeded in showing that it is even more significant at the point in which it is also most comic, in the image it presents of a haughty Vani-Gómez crawling beneath the *escaño*, the seat of honor of the Cid. Whether or not we choose to speak of the Infantes' attitudes in the language of the modern psychologist, as does Professor Leo, it seems clear that they, too, see the events of this episode as symbolic of an actual hierarchy of worth and as portent of a future hierarchy of honor, neither of which they can accept. The incident thus becomes a maddening memory for them, adding new fury to their old antagonism toward the Cid and all his family.

This means, however, that they are at the same time antagonists of truth—the truth which is the hierarchy of worth—and of justice, which requires that the honor accorded to the Cid and to them be proportional to merit.¹⁹ But the world of the *Cantar de Mio Cid* is one in which truth and justice ultimately must triumph, and ironically the Infantes make themselves the principal instruments of this triumph: by renouncing the relationship of parity between their family and that of the Cid, they make possible the royal marriage which can alone give due recognition to the worth of the Cid and all his house. In the perverse cruelty of the *afrenta* and in the pathological self-destructiveness which it implies, the Infantes can be seen to act then, as the unreasoning instruments of a force which is itself eminently reasonable and good.²⁰

¹⁹ The *Cantar de Mio Cid* thus upholds a view of honor which like that of Aristotle himself (see Note 10), is much more consistent, logically and morally, than those that confuse the external and internal aspects of it. The error of the Infantes de Carrión is precisely that, to use the terms of the definition quoted earlier from the *Siete partidas*, they presume to an external "adelantamiento," not on the basis of an inner "bondad" expressing itself in some "fecho conocido," but rather upon that of the purely external "logar" into which they have been born (cf. otes 11 and 16). Only for the king himself is an exception made, for in honoring him "propter excellentiam dignitatis," the Cid honors the whole nation ("tota communitas," according to the passage from St. Thomas quoted in Note 16) and also proves himself a perfect vassal.

²⁰ We are thus led to regard the Infantes not so much as instruments of a malevolent fate which works in opposition to the Cid (although in the first instance, at least, they are that too) but ultimately as instruments of a benign force which is able to bring good out of evil and to make evil destroy itself. Such a view seems, after all, the more appropriate one in an epic which is a

Justice and right are triumphant, but this triumph is far more significant than the ordinary 'happy ending' of a folk tale or a *novela rosa*. In part, this is because it is a triumph which has matured slowly, as Salinas says, "gracias a la acumulación de esfuerzo, sobre fuerzo, de sacrificio sobre sacrificio, y adviene con toda plenitud de hermosura moral, como premio debido, y no como suerte caprichosa de tómbola."²¹ But it is also because in this poem justice and right are concerned, not merely with the distribution of rewards and punishments as such, but with the precise degree of recognition—that is, of honor—which shall correspond to each degree of merit, with according, not merely a portion of this honor, but honor in full measure to the hero who is himself *el caboso*—the man of full measure.

The Johns Hopkins University

product of the Christian middle ages rather than of pagan antiquity. In contrast, see footnote 2 and the corresponding passage of text.

²¹ I here quote Salina's essay mentioned in note 13 as reprinted in his *Ensayos de literatura hispánica* (Madrid, 1958), p. 33.

UN EJEMPLO DEL GENIO CREADOR DE LOPE DE VEGA: *EL ACERO DE MADRID*¹

W. L. FICHTER

Este año, cuando se celebra el cuarto centenario del nacimiento de Lope de Vega, ha de surgir indudablemente muchas veces la cuestión de su prodigiosa productividad como dramaturgo. Empero ningún intento de explicarla de una manera satisfactoria y completa podrá tener nunca éxito, porque en último término el secreto de la creación literaria o artística será siempre inescrutable. Lo único que quizá nos será dable lograr, siempre que tengamos los datos suficientes para hacer tal ensayo, será llegar a un parcial entendimiento de la creatividad de un escritor o artista, mediante la consideración de cómo éste ha tratado la materia prima que le ha servido para crear una poesía, un drama, una novela, un cuadro o cualquier otra obra de arte. En el caso de Lope podemos emprender esta tarea sin mucha dificultad, ya que se conocen las fuentes de tantas comedias suyas. Además, en vista de que gran número de estas fuentes, como las que se hallan en el romancero, en las crónicas y en las colecciones de novelas cortas italianas, le suministraron muchas veces argumentos detallados, será fácil seguirle paso a paso, mientras escoge algunos pormenores, descarta otros y añade los de su propia cosecha; en una palabra, podremos observar por lo menos la operación externa del proceso creador. Y si tenemos suerte al mirarle así de cerca, hasta podremos sorprenderle de cuando en cuando en el momento de apropiarse, a hur-

¹ El trabajo que aquí se publica fue presentado como ponencia en el Primer Congreso Internacional de Hispanistas, celebrado en Oxford, Inglaterra, del 6 al 11 de septiembre de 1962. Esta ponencia, no anunciada en el programa del Congreso, se presentó el día 6 en lugar de otra cuya lectura no llegó a verificarse.

tadillas cuando no abiertamente, alguna frase, hasta algún retruécano,² que le ha parecido bien en un libro que tiene delante, del mismo modo que un pintor o compositor suele tomar a veces algún que otro detalle de la obra de un predecesor. La misma oportunidad de examinar el uso que ha hecho Lope de sus fuentes más o menos largas existe también, aunque en menor grado, en aquellas comedias suyas que tuvieron su origen tan sólo en algún proverbio o canción. Tales comedias no son numerosas, pero tal vez no se las haya identificado todas aún, como ha ocurrido con *El acero de Madrid*.

Hace años José F. Montesinos llamó la atención al hecho de que en dicha comedia Lope tuvo en cuenta los dos primeros versos, o sea, el estribillo, de una canción incluida en la *Flor de varios romances nuevos y canciones* compilada por el Bachiller Pedro Moncayo e impresa en Huesca en 1589.³ Es más: un cotejo de la canción y la comedia revela que fue en la canción misma donde encontró Lope los prototipos de los personajes principales de *El acero de Madrid*, a la par que algunas de las situaciones básicas de la comedia.⁴ El texto de la canción es como sigue (ortografía y puntuación como en el original):

Canción.

Niña del color quebrado,
o tienes amores, o comes barro.

Andas desuelada
de vn amor trauiesso,
o te sabe al queso
a leche, o quajada:
vas siempre arrimada
por essas paredes
comes lo que puedes
bueno, o mal guisado.

² Véase más abajo nota 8.

³ Cf. "El estribillo fue glosado mil veces; recuérdese que Lope lo tuvo en cuenta en su comedia *El acero de Madrid*, Ac. N. XI, pág. 186 b" ("Notas a la primera parte de *Flor de romances*," *Bulletin Hispanique*, LIV [1952], 397).

⁴ Esto no se había notado hasta ahora, sin duda por la rareza de la canción, que no se incluyó luego en el *Romancero general* de 1600 ni en ninguna de las ediciones posteriores de éste. La rarísima *Flor* en que aparece la canción puede consultarse ahora en la reproducción en facsimile en el tomo I de *Las fuentes del Romancero general* (Madrid, 1600), edición en 12 volúmenes, a cargo de Antonio Rodríguez-Moñino, publicada por la R. Academia Española (Madrid, 1957).

Hablando al sereno
la noche entretienes,
o tu cuerpo tienes
de búcaros lleno:
que como veneno
al vientre encamina
la barriga empina
y ensancha el costado.

O es de fuego ardiente,
o de agua fría,
mal aya tu tía
que tal te consiente,
pues dize la gente
que aunque comes yesso
lo echarás con hueso
su tiempo llegado.⁵

Consideremos ahora el argumento de *El acero de Madrid*. La comedia comienza con una escena deliciosa en que la joven Belisa y su tía, Teodora, acaban de salir de misa. Mientras van a casa, la tía, suspicaz y por más señas beata, reprende a Belisa el haber mirado a un joven que encuentran en la calle. Pero Belisa, nada amedrentada, se deja tropezar a propósito, para que el joven—su amante, Lisardo—la ayude a levantarse, lo que ocasiona otra reconvencción por parte de la tía, quien se apresura a llevarse a Belisa, para no dar lugar a más conversación con Lisardo. Estando luego solos éste y un su amigo, Riselo, llega Beltrán, el criado de Lisardo, con un papel para éste que Belisa dejó en un guante al salir de la iglesia, para que Beltrán lo recogiera. El papel dice en parte:

Yo voy fingiendo, mi querido esposo,
que estoy descolorida y opilada,
para engañar un padre tan celoso
y una tía tan mal intencionada.
Busca un médico amigo que me vea,
y avísale de todo, si te agrada.

Éste dirá que sólo quien pasea,
con el acero, aqueste mes de mayo,
sana de aqueste mal . . .

Saldré, con este achaque, las mañanas,
tal vez a Atocha, al Prado, y tal al Soto,
que por ti juzgaré las cuestras llanas . . .⁶

⁵ *Op cit.*, fol. 50 rº y vº.

⁶ *Ac. N.*, XI, 173 a.

Siguiendo el plan ideado por Belisa, Lisardo y Beltrán consiguen entrar en la casa de ella, haciéndose pasar Beltrán por médico, y Lisardo por su ayudante. Al decirles Prudencio, el padre de Belisa, que su hija está opilada por haber comido barro portugués, Beltrán ordena que Belisa tome cada mañana media escudilla de agua acerada y luego salga a pasear al Soto, a Atocha, o al Prado.⁷ La cura se inicia, saliendo Belisa todas las mañanas acompañada de su tía, Teodora, y su criada, Leonor. Mientras tanto Lisardo ha inducido a su amigo, Riselo, a emprender la conquista de Teodora, fingiendo enamorarse de ella, para que deje de vigilar a Belisa durante los paseos matutinos. Hasta tal punto logra Riselo éxito en lo propuesto por Lisardo, que, después de reunirse repetidas veces las parejas—Belisa y Lisardo, Teodora y Riselo, Leonor y Beltrán—en Atocha, el Prado, el Soto y demás sitios a orillas del Manzanares durante el mes de mayo, se halla Belisa embarazada. Se lo comunica a su tía, pidiendo su ayuda a fin de evitar el matrimonio que ya le tiene arreglado su padre, con su primo Octavio, recién llegado a Madrid. Teodora la aconseja que dilate el casarse y que, después de dar a luz, entre en un convento. Belisa rechaza tal consejo, y negándose Teodora a ayudarla más, la sobrina la amenaza con decir a Prudencio que su tía ha sido tercera en sus amores. Prudencio entre tanto ha llegado a sospechar cada vez más de la conducta de Belisa y hasta de la de Teodora, y sus sospechas se confirman un día al ver hablar a Beltrán con la criada, Leonor, y al reconocer en él al médico fingido que asistió a Belisa. Manda Prudencio en seguida a su sobrino, Octavio, encerrar a Beltrán en un aposento, para luego hacerle confesar lo que sabe. Belisa, por su parte, mostrando ahora el valor y resolución ante el peligro que poseen las mujeres tantas veces en el teatro de Lope, pone en libertad a Beltrán y se escapa con él, no sin antes disfrazarse los dos, visitándose ella de hombre, y él de mujer. La acción se complica más con la intervención de otros personajes secundarios, como la amada de Riselo, Marcela, quien está a punto de darle calabazas por sus galanteos con Teodora, mientras los temores de deshonra siguen aumentando en el pecho de Prudencio. Pero, como era de esperar en una comedia de intrigas,

⁷ Para la costumbre, bastante común entonces entre las españolas, de comer barro perfumado, la resultante opilación, y el beber, como remedio, agua ferruginosa, véase S. G. Morley, "El acero de Madrid," *Hispanic Review*, XIII (1945), 166-169.

amores y celos, todo termina felizmente. Prudencio perdona a su hija y se contenta con que se case con Lisardo. Riselo y Marcela, como verdaderos amantes, también se casarán, y Beltrán—el “gracioso” de la comedia—será galardonado, por supuesto, con la mano de la criada, Leonor. Únicamente la hipócrita tía sale burlada: Prudencio mandará a Teodora a un monasterio, para que se cure de su falsa beatería.

Hecha la comparación de la comedia con la canción, es a todas luces evidente que *El acero de Madrid* debe algo a ésta. En primer lugar no cabe duda que Lope trazó la figura de Belisa teniendo presente a la niña de la canción. Al igual que ella, Belisa se halla enredada en un “amor travieso,” en el que sus regodeos y retozos con el amante tienen el mismo resultado que en la canción, como se ha visto. Y si Belisa consigue por algún tiempo engañar a su padre y a su tía, haciéndoles creer que su opilación fingida nace del haber comido barro, también eso está anunciado en la canción, en la descripción de la ambigua conducta de la niña. Finalmente, está patente que los dos versos de la canción, “mal aya tu tía / que tal te consiente,” deben de haber sugerido a Lope no sólo la añadidura de Teodora al argumento de la comedia, sino también su negligencia en guardar a Belisa.

Eso, y nada más, es lo que tomó Lope de la canción, pero era lo suficiente para servir de base a una de sus comedias de costumbres más encantadoras.⁸ Es una obra escrita, al parecer, con frui-

⁸ En la *Flor de varios romances nuevos y canciones* de 1589 Lope parece haber encontrado un detalle más para su comedia. Tres folios antes de la canción de la “niña del color quebrado,” en el fol. 47 r^o, al pie de la página, donde pudieran fácilmente llamarle la atención, se leen los versos siguientes:

Viola con su Moraliza
de pechos a la ventana,
pechos a quien paga pechos
el que los pechos abraza.

Estos versos pertenecen al romance morisco, “A la gineta y vestido / de verde y flores de plata.” Ahora bien, en *El acero de Madrid* Riselo, fingiendo haberse enamorado de Teodora, le dirige un largo piropo en el que se incluyen estos versos:

Esos pechos a quien paga
pechos Amor, cuando juega
del vocablo, y con que ciega,
tira, prende, mata y llaga,
me tienen muerto de amor. (Ed. cit., pág. 182 a)

Riselo repite aquí uno de los versos del romance — “pechos a quien paga pechos” — pero es aún más significativo el que añade inmediatamente después:

ción, en la que Lope lució sus grandes dotes de dramaturgo y poeta, como puede verse, por ejemplo, en: (1) la representación de los personajes, en especial la de Belisa, una de sus heroínas más agraciadas; (2) el chispeante ingenio y humorismo del diálogo, presentes en alto grado en los discursos de Belisa, Lisardo, Riselo y Beltrán; (3) los toques líricos, como los que se observan en (a) la seguidilla, "Mañanicas floridas / del mes de mayo, / recordad a mi niña / no duerma tanto" (*Ac. N.*, XI, pág. 178 b); (b) la glosa del estribillo de la canción, "Niña que al salir del alba / dorando los verdes prados," etc. (ed. cit., pag. 186 b); y (c) la endecha de Belisa, "Tía de mis ojos," etc. (ed. cit., págs. 198 a—199 a); (4) los pasajes escritos con alarde de destreza y maestría, a saber: las glosas de la seguidilla, "Mañanicas floridas," etc., pronunciadas por Lisardo, Riselo y Beltrán (ed. cit., págs. 178 b—179 b); las estrofas declamadas por los mismos tres, basadas en el estribillo (con variantes), "Que si crece el Sol que sale, / volverá se la niña, dirá que es tarde" (ed. cit., págs. 193 b—194 a); y la glosa cómica del comienzo del romance de "la bella malmaridada," recitada por Beltrán (ed. cit., pág. 207 b); y (5) el hábil maridaje de la acción de la comedia con el fondo madrileño, indicado ya en el título y reflejado en gran parte del diálogo.

Naturalmente, Lope se ha permitido usar de los convencionalismos empleados comúnmente en el teatro de su época—convencionalismos, muchos de ellos, inventados o popularizados por él mismo —y también ha hecho concesiones, como siempre, a los gustos del día. Así, las escenas en que aparece Beltrán lindan a veces con la farsa, como, por ejemplo, cuando desempeña el papel de médico;

"cuando juega del vocablo." Ello es que el citado romance es toda una serie de retruécanos, lo que, al parecer, contribuyó precisamente a su popularidad (véase J. F. Montesinos, op. cit., pág. 396). Se incluyó también en la *Flor de varios romances nuevos primera y segunda parte* (Barcelona, 1591), fols. 80 r^o - 81 v^o, y en el *Romancero general* (Madrid, 1600), fol. 27 r^o y v^o. En la *Flor* de 1591 los versos que nos ocupan se hallan al principio de una página (fol. 80 v^o), donde también hubiera sido fácil que Lope se fijara en ellos. Pero en esta edición, como en el *Romancero general* de 1600, el tercer verso termina en "pecho," no "pechos" como en la *Flor* de 1589 y en la comedia de Lope. Además, puesto que ni la *Flor* de 1591 ni el *Romancero general* traen la canción de la "niña del color quebrado," Lope debió tomar el retruécano aludido de la *Flor* de 1589.

Para otro caso de la apropiación de retruécanos por parte de Lope, tomados este vez de Quevedo, cf. *El sembrar en buena tierra*, vv. 1365 y sigs; véase también la nota sobre estos versos en la edición de W. L. Fichter (New York, 1944), pp. 203-205.

la inverosimilitud también se pone de manifiesto en los disfraces de Belisa y Beltrán, que sirven más que nada para mantener el enredo hasta el final de la comedia; y el concepto del honor, siempre tan grato al público del siglo XVII, que en la primera mitad de la pieza tiene poca importancia, en la segunda mitad llega a dominar la acción, dejando caer sobre ella hasta el desenlace su sombra cada vez más ominosa, produciéndose así un cambio de tono que va de lo alegre y cómico a lo casi trágico. Pero, aun llevando en sí estos y otros rasgos y debilidades del teatro clásico español, *El acero de Madrid* merece, con todo, reputarse por una de las mejores y más bellas comedias de Lope, y no es testimonio menudo de su ingenio e inventiva el que supiera crearla inspirándose nada más en la cancioncilla de la no muy inocente "niña del color quebrado."

Brown University

REVIEW ARTICLE

ROUSSEAU'S LITERARY WRITINGS: AN IMPORTANT NEW EDITION

GEORGES MAY

The second volume of this new edition *—the first one in nearly a century—of Rousseau's collected works was awaited with much eagerness and expectation by all Rousseauists who, in 1959, had greeted with admiration and gratitude the truly monumental and epoch-making first volume, containing Rousseau's autobiographical writings. This new volume, which appeared in timely fashion on the second centenary of the first publication of *la Nouvelle Héloïse*, will not disappoint Rousseau scholars: it is in every respect a capital edition, and one without which it will be impossible, during the foreseeable future, to do much effective work on Rousseau's literary writings.

As Professor Raymond puts it in his prefatory note, this volume "contient l'essentiel de la production de Rousseau dans l'ordre des 'belles-lettres,' de ce qu'on nommait jadis la 'belle littérature.'" (p. xi). Out of 1332 pages of text by Rousseau included in this volume—the balance is made up of the introductions, notes commentaries, bibliographies, etc.—almost 800 are occupied by *la Nouvelle Héloïse*. The rest (*Théâtre, Ballets, Pastorale, Poésies, Contes et apologues, Mélanges de littérature et de morale*) is made

* Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *Œuvres complètes*. Tome II: *la Nouvelle Héloïse, Théâtre, Poésie, Essais littéraires*. Edition publiée sous la direction de Bernard Gagnebin et Marcel Raymond. Textes établis, annotés et commentés par Henri Coulet, Bernard Guyon, Charly Guyot et Jacques Scherer. Notices bibliographiques par Bernard Gagnebin. (Paris: Gallimard, 1961. ciii + 1999 pp. Bibliothèque de la Pléiade.)

up of texts which will often appear little known, and most of the time quite unrepresentative of the author of the *Letter to d'Alembert*. This in itself will afford a favorable opportunity to look anew at Rousseau's insistence on the fact that he was not to be considered as a professional man of letters, that his writings did not belong to what was known as literature. Many readers of this part of the new volume will no longer view as an untenable paradox Rousseau's belief and contention that the years he devoted to literary production were actually an intermission in his life. The five hundred odd pages of this volume, which represent—aside from *la Nouvelle Héloïse*—the totality of “la production de Rousseau dans l'ordre des ‘belles lettres’”, will appear somewhat dwarfed, on the one hand, by the *Discourses*, *Émile* and the great political writings, and on the other, by Rousseau's acknowledged masterpieces in the field of autobiography, as well as by his still under-valued though truly magnificent correspondence.

This observation should in no way be taken to mean that these minor literary writings of Rousseau may be disregarded. Far from it. Several of them are of primary importance to our understanding of Rousseau, and were, until this volume appeared, all but inaccessible, and, therefore, seldom read, more seldom still discussed. Yet, as we know for instance from reading the eleventh book of the *Confessions*, Rousseau was deeply attached to the strange prose poem in four short cantos, whose inspiration he derived from the book of *Judges*, which he wrote in part in the carriage in which he left France in 1762, and which he entitled *le Lévi d'Éphraïm*: “S'il n'est pas le meilleur de mes ouvrages, il en sera toujours le plus cher.” Likewise it is a valuable asset now to have a dependable and convenient text of Rousseau's collected dramatic works, all initially composed before he settled in Paris in the mid-1740's. This part of the volume is edited and annotated by Professor Scherer, whose previous scholarly contributions to our knowledge of seventeenth and eighteenth-century French drama qualified him peculiarly well for this task. Perhaps the most important of the texts included in this section is the preface Rousseau composed in 1752 for his comedy *Narcisse*, the first in date of a long series of writings which he devoted to the endless task of explaining and defending himself.

Three of the seven plays or fragments of plays which make up Rousseau's dramatic works are written in verse (*Iphis*, *la Décou-*

verte du Nouveau Monde, and *l'Engagement téméraire*) ; so are his two ballets (*les Muses galantes*, and *les Fêtes de Ramire*), and the libretto of his short opera *le Devin du village*. The reading of these works, along with that of about 50 pages of poems and songs—some of which are only attributed to Rousseau—will do little to dispel the notion that the author of the *Rêveries* wrote infinitely better poetry in prose than he did in verse. Yet the importance and interest of some of these texts, for instance *le Devin* and the *Épître à monsieur Parisot*, will be immediately felt by any sensitive reader.

The only texts apparently published here for the first time—with the exception of a new autograph copy of *la Nouvelle Héloïse* which will be discussed later—are included among the miscellaneous writings which make up the final section of this volume. While none of them will appear to be of earth-shaking importance, one must gratefully admire the patient and devoted scholarship with which Professor Guyot sifted these precious fragments from the rich holdings of the Neuchâtel Municipal Library. And precious they indeed are, for not a line can be deemed altogether uninteresting when penned by a writer of Rousseau's gigantic stature, even if it is part of disconnected notes, some of which appear based on his readings. Moreover, a considerable amount of these texts—and this remark applies to the section edited by Professor Guyot as well as to other parts of this volume—were, even though already published, rather little known because of the relative unavailability of the books in which they had appeared: early volumes of the *Annales Jean-Jacques Rousseau*, Streckeisen-Moul-tou collection, etc. The very fact that they are now readily available, in a convenient volume, edited with exacting scholarship, will bestow upon them an unprecedented importance. Many Rousseau lovers will have the pleasure of "discovering" such small gems as *la Reine fantasque*, *les Amours de Claire et de Marcellin*, *le Petit Savoyard* or the *Lettres à Sara*.

But the major sections of this volume, which are devoted to *la Nouvelle Héloïse* are of course, in every meaning of the word, the most important. After the monumental four volume edition which Daniel Mornet had published in 1925, in the "Grands Écrivains" series, it might have appeared that the need for a new scholarly edition was at best a questionable one. The editors, Bernard Guyon and Henri Coulet, have conclusively demonstrated that

such was not the case. In many ways theirs is a different edition from Mornet's; in many ways it is a better one. Two distinct aspects of their work need be considered here: the text and variants, which are largely the result of H. Coulet's work; and the introduction, commentary and notes, due to B. Guyon, with, for the notes, the help of H. Coulet, as acknowledged in the introduction (p. lxx).

The chief reason for the superiority of the text of this edition over Mornet's is that Coulet had at his disposal a complete autograph manuscript unknown to his predecessor: the so-called Rey manuscript, belonging to the Heineman Foundation of New York City; that is the manuscript entirely copied by Rousseau for the printer, and from which the original edition—the only acceptable one according to Rousseau—was composed. Both the Mornet text and that of this edition are of course based on this original 1761 edition published by Marc-Michel Rey in Amsterdam. But, thanks to the Rey manuscript, Coulet was able, not only, as the "Note sur l'établissement du texte" puts it, "de confirmer absolument l'autorité de l'édition originale [*i. e.* the Rey edition of 1761]" (p. lxxii),—which in itself was a significant contribution, in view of Rousseau's own bitter protests to Rey—but, through careful collation, to detect and correct a few mistakes which appeared in the Mornet edition. Of the 15 to 20 mistakes thus amended, some were mere typographical errors. A few, however, are more significant. For instance, in the seventeenth letter of part two, Mornet (vol. II, p. 342) reads: "Ceux qui vont à pied ne sont pas du monde; ce sont des Bourgeois, des hommes du peuple, des gens de l'autre monde"; and explains in a footnote why, even though the Rey edition printed: ". . . des hommes, du peuple . . .", he believes the comma to be a typographical error. This new edition (p. 252) reinstates the comma and adds a footnote (pp. 1488-89) explaining that the Rey manuscript leaves no room for doubt, and that Mornet misinterpreted the evidence of the Luxembourg manuscript in correcting the text of the Rey edition. Likewise, in the third letter of the fifth part, Mornet (vol. IV, p. 73) reads: "Heureux les enfans bien nés . . ."; and explains in a footnote why, even though the Rey edition printed: "Heureux les bien nés . . .", he considers this, on the basis of the evidence afforded by the so-called *Copie personnelle*, to be a typographical error. This new edition (p. 568) reinstates the text of the Rey edition and adds a

footnote (p. 1678) explaining that this text is confirmed not only by the Rey editions of 1761 and 1763 and the Duchesne edition of 1764, but by the *Brouillons* and especially by the Rey manuscript. Clearly Rousseau was thinking of the Latin proverb *Beati bene nati* which was soon to be made famous by Bazile's pun in *le Mariage de Figaro*.

Aside from a few emendations such as these, and from the fact that the original spelling and accentuation are more systematically respected than in Mornet's edition, the text of this edition is not much different from Mornet's: they both are based on the Rey edition of 1761 and use, as a principle, eighteenth-century spelling. The new editors explain in their "Note sur l'établissement du texte" their editorial principles. Some inconsistency might appear to arise from the fact that they attempt, on the one hand, to respect Rousseau's spelling scrupulously, correcting only what they term "coquilles évidentes" (p. lxxviii), whereas, on the other hand, they explain that because of the general principles of this edition of Rousseau's collected works, they had to tamper somewhat with the punctuation. The few changes they systematically introduced in the punctuation (addition of commas within enumerations, and substitution of colons for semicolons, commas or periods before quotations and statements or before dialogues), as they state them (p. lxxviii), seem to conform to the principles established by Marcel Raymond in the introduction of his own edition of Rousseau's *Rêveries* (Droz. 1948, pp. lvii-lix). The best that can be said is that these principles are debatable. A good case could have been made for respecting rigorously the spelling of the Rey edition which, if admittedly different in a few points from that of the Rey manuscript, did bear the stamp of Rousseau's approval.

As for textual variants, a complete and perfect collection of them would be inconceivable, indeed perhaps meaningless. With the long unknown Rey manuscript, there now exist no fewer than five autograph manuscripts of *la Nouvelle Héloïse*, plus two editions to some extent approved by the author, the Rey editions of 1761 and of 1763. As a result of this unusual wealth, the editors wryly observe, "sur sept versions que nous possédons du roman, cinq manuscrites et deux imprimées, écrites par Rousseau ou approuvées par lui, il n'y en a pas deux qui soient "parfaitement" semblables, même pour l'orthographe" (p. lxxix). If, therefore,

the text of this edition is, as nearly as feasible, that which Rousseau with the help of his publisher Rey, tried to offer to the public of 1761, the editors fully realize that it is not truly a definitive text. Indeed a definitive text is inconceivable in the case of *la Nouvelle Héloïse* since Rousseau kept on correcting his text beyond the date of its publication. Rather, as the editors very felicitously put it, the text of the Rey edition of 1761, once corrected, is but "un moment privilégié dans l'histoire de l'œuvre." (p. lxxvii).

This in turn emphasizes the unusual importance of variants in the case of a text written and published under such circumstances. This edition offers considerably more variants than the Mornet edition, or for that matter, than any previous edition. As is the practice of the "Pléiade" series, these are printed at the end of the volume, with the footnotes. In the printed text of the novel, variants are indicated by italic letters in parentheses referring to the notes in which they appear, in order to differentiate them from editorial footnotes, which are indicated by numbers without parentheses. Hardly a page goes by without at least one variant, and often five, six or more. They are based on all five manuscripts and on the two editions mentioned above. Quite often they are accompanied and made meaningful by appropriate editorial comments. To be sure, these extremely copious variants are but the result of a selection. They are, therefore, not altogether devoid of some arbitrariness, yet by no means haphazard. Here again the "Note sur l'établissement du texte" is self-explanatory: "Nous avons retenu seulement les variantes les plus dignes d'intérêt, celles qui éclairent le lecteur soit sur la pensée, soit sur l'art de Rousseau. Les raisons de notre choix, nécessairement arbitraire, apparaissent dans les commentaires qui accompagnent le texte même des variantes" (p. lxxvii).

In view of the unprecedentedly thoroughgoing, painstaking and exacting editorial effort, this edition may without hesitation be labeled by far the best available of one of the most significant novels ever written. The scholars to whom we owe it deserve, therefore, our unbounded admiration and gratitude.

The reader will feel likewise deeply indebted to Dean Guyon for the outstanding quality of his notes and comments. Here again the editors were faced with the problem of deciding what to do with the wealth of footnotes with which Mornet enriched his

edition, thanks to his vast erudition and intimate knowledge of eighteenth-century thought, culture and customs. The wise decision was apparently made not to duplicate Morner's effort, but to orient the annotation of this edition in an entirely different direction. The result is that, in this respect, the Morner edition is not superseded. It ought still to be used by anyone who wishes to read *la Nouvelle Héloïse* against the cultural background of its age. The originality of Bernard Guyon's annotation is that, aside from necessary explanatory footnotes which are often of a philological or lexical nature, it actually amounts to the first running commentary of *la Nouvelle Héloïse*—an esthetic and literary commentary, but also an interpretative and elucidating commentary based on an intimate acquaintance with Rousseau, and on a thorough knowledge of his works. No amount of reviewing can really do justice to this most substantial and illuminating piece of work, in which B. Guyon's long familiarity with the novel and its author generate a form of meditative enjoyment which often becomes curiously infectious.

The mere fact that the section of this volume containing the notes and variants for *la Nouvelle Héloïse* is almost as long—once the smaller typography is taken into account—as the text of the novel proper, will perhaps give an idea of the extent of B. Guyon's contribution. Once is added the less objective fact that this reviewer never found the commentary trite or pointless—at worst sometimes a bit long—its unusual importance will, it may be hoped, appear with some force. This of course does not mean that some of B. Guyon's notes are not controversial. In final analysis, any attempt to interpret a work of art as rich and complex as *la Nouvelle Héloïse* reaches a point where controversy begins. On such diverse issues, for example, as Rousseau's notion of love in *la Nouvelle Héloïse*, or as the Christian or even Catholic nature of Rousseau's outlook on life, or again as the musical or more specifically operatic aspects of *la Nouvelle Héloïse*, the commentary, in spite of the amount of light it sheds and of the editor's admirable grasp of the novel in depth, will leave some readers unconvinced. Yet, even when the editor's personal views must shade the interpretation, these views are presented with the sincerity and scholarly integrity of the true humanist, although not without the eloquence and sometimes the lyrical outbursts of the true Rousseauist.

Moreover, Dean Guyon's contribution is not limited to this truly remarkable and unprecedented achievement. His 50 page introduction to the text of Rousseau's novel (pp. xviii-lxix) is in many ways as original and as valuable, even if less comprehensive. The single problem to which this introduction addresses itself is the often studied problem of the novel's genesis: not that of Rousseau's literary sources of inspiration about which disappointingly little is to be learned here, but that of the various phases through which the novel passed between the initial spark of inspiration and the mailing of the final batch of corrected proofs.

The substantial pages, which Mornet had contributed on this very subject in the introductory volume of his edition (pp. 77-145), might have appeared to preclude much originality on the part of his followers. Albert Schinz, however, had already demonstrated in 1929 that further research and speculation was possible in the case of a novel which stayed on the writing board as long as did *la Nouvelle Héloïse* (cf. his *la Pensée de Jean-Jacques Rousseau*, II, 245-341). Several scholars have since discussed the problem further, including Mornet himself in the review he published of Schinz's book for the *RHL* of 1930. Although B. Guyon does not discuss or mention their contributions, his masterful introduction brilliantly succeeds in reconsidering the whole complex problem and in proceeding briskly to find for it new, clear, elegant and convincing solutions.

On this point again, even a review as lengthy as this one cannot be expected to do justice to this capital and in some ways definitive study. If indeed some of B. Guyon's personal views—especially where religious issues are concerned—are equally debatable in the introduction as in the notes, his corrections and additions to what was known of the novel's genesis appear conclusive. If we define the most significant contribution in this respect as the demonstration that, between the time when, in the autumn of 1757, Rousseau considered his novel to be finished in four parts, and the time when, a year later, he considered it to be finished in six parts, *la Nouvelle Héloïse* went through a phase in which it was considered by its author as being finished in five parts, it is to be feared that the importance of this contribution may not appear very convincing. Yet here lies the originality and principal value of B. Guyon's introduction. Apparently no one before him had

ever suspected that, some time in midyear 1758, Rousseau considered that his novel, whose initial ending he had recently scrapped, and to which he had recently added a fifth part leading to another ending, was finished; and that it was only a little later that he divided his fifth part in two, reshaped various sections of the novel, rewrote and corrected here and there, thus finally achieving the admirably balanced form in which *la Nouvelle Héloïse* was published. This discovery in some ways amounts to that of the "missing link" and is of comparable significance.

Dean Guyon succeeds better than his predecessors—thanks in part to the evidence of the Rey manuscript—in following through the years 1756-1760 the living, growing and proliferating mass of writing which eventually became the novel as we know it, what he calls (p. lxii) "ce manuscrit tout palpitant de vie." Here and there this introduction owes its power of fascination to the same source as do some "mystery stories." There is something very exciting for the mind in seeing the mystery unfold and in having the feeling for the first time of understanding how a great work of art came into being. In fact this genetic study is such a fine model of what sound methods of literary history can achieve, that one may well regret that it could not be somewhat longer. More than once one seems to miss the development of an idea, the logical link between two stages of an argument, or again the full demonstration or illustration of a given point. At times, as one turns to the back of the book and looks through the notes, one finds by chance a point made in the introduction fully illustrated and developed. One cannot help, therefore, but judge unfortunate this split of B. Guyon's contribution in two uneven and very different parts. It seems to account both for the staccato impression sometimes given by the introduction, and for the repetitions which are thus made almost unavoidable. Moreover, even though this introduction clearly improves on all previous studies of the problem it considers, one might have wished that these studies be discussed, that their contributions be acknowledged, that the points where the author diverges from his predecessors or on which he is better informed than they, be clearly indicated. The very fact that this volume does not include a bibliography of works dealing with *la Nouvelle Héloïse* does not help correct this failure; and the "Notices bibliographiques" which it does include and for which we have to thank one of the chief editors, Bernard Gagnebin, the very

learned Librarian of Geneva, who had done the same work for the first volume of this edition, is limited to listings and descriptions of all known manuscripts and early editions of the works included in this volume.

But these regrets are only inspired by admiration, and by the recognition of the originality and importance of this new contribution to our knowledge of Rousseau's great novel. While B. Guyon's relatively short introduction cannot be expected to supersede all four parts of Mornet's volume-length introduction, it does, in the opinion of this reviewer supersede almost entirely the whole second part of this introduction: "la composition et la rédaction du roman." Likewise the "Chronologie de la Nouvelle Héloïse" included in this new edition (pp. 1825-1829), while not differing substantially from Mornet's is at the same time much more convenient and complete. Although all the dates it includes are not fully documented, it is by far the easiest to use, and it is therefore, safe to guess that much use will be made of it.

The same remark applies to the whole book. It is so usable and so dependable that one can almost predict that its timely publication will be the signal and the occasion of a newborn interest in the specifically literary works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

Yale University

NOTES

Two Letters from Wilhelm Grimm

In 1952 five letters from Wilhelm Grimm to Peter Erasmus Müller were published in *Studies in Honor of Albert Morey Sturtevant* (Lawrence: University of Kansas Press, pp. 119-137) as a supplement to Erich Schmidt's *Briefwechsel der Gebrüder Grimm mit nordischen Gelehrten*, 1885. At that time it seemed reasonable to assume that the extant letters of Wilhelm Grimm to Müller were preserved among Müller's papers (Ny kgl. Samling 3747-4°) in the Royal Library in Copenhagen. A further search reveals, however, that two additional letters are to be found in Ny kgl. Samling 1299^e-2° (136-137). The first of the two letters, dated October, 1818, was written between the second and third letters reproduced in the Sturtevant Festschrift. The second letter postdates the other letters to P. E. Müller by three years. Dated 1832, it permits us to conclude that Wilhelm Grimm did not take it amiss that Müller chose not to continue the discussion of the national origins of the Eddic lays in his letter of June 28, 1830.

The earlier of the letters, which accompanied the second volume of *Deutsche Sagen*, that had just been published in Berlin, expresses Wilhelm Grimm's continued interest in P. E. Müller's *Sagabibliothek*, the first volume of which had appeared in German translation in 1816 and in the original Danish in 1817. The second volume was published in Danish in 1818; a German translation did not appear until 1832. The review of the first volume, to which Grimm alludes in his letter, appeared in *Der Gesellschafter oder Blätter für Geist und Herz*, II. Jahrgang (Berlin, 1818), vol. I, 566-68.

Wertgeschätzter Freund

Erlauben Sie mir, dass ich mich, auch nur durch eine kleine Gabe, wieder in Ihre Erinnerung bringe. Dieser zweite Band unserer deutsche Sagen¹ enthält eine Fortsetzung unserer Sammlung, insofern von dem ersten unterscheidet, als er vorzüglich diejenigen befasst, welche an gewisse Stämme oder Geschlechter gebunden sind. Manches, und nicht gerade das schlechteste, ist aus den Heidelberger (ehemals Vanticanischen) Hand-

¹ Volume I had appeared in 1816.

schriften gesammelt. Es wird noch ein dritter Band und dann die Abhandlung über die Natur und Bedeutung dieser Sagen folgen, wodurch das ganze vor den Augen der Gelehrten eher Gnade finden wird.²

Mein Bruder ist anhaltend mit einer deutschen Grammatik beschäftigt, welche den ganzen germanischen Stamm umfasst und auf dem Wege der geschichtlichen Betrachtung manche neue Aufschlüsse gewonnen hat. Der erste Band wird wahrscheinlich zu Ende dieses Jahres fertig.³ Ich arbeite an unserer Ausgabe des Reinhart Fuchs, dessen Erscheinung sich auch verzögert.⁴ Für eine Zeitschrift *Hermes* bin ich eben beschäftigt, eine Übersicht der altnordischen Litteratur von der letzten, so ausgezeichneten Periode zu liefern; ⁵ es geschieht in der That recht sehr viel bei Ihnen, es wäre ungerecht, dies nicht mit Freude anzuerkennen und zur Theilnahme dafür einzuladen.

Wann wird der zweite Band Ihrer Sagenbibliothek erscheinen, auf den ich besonders begierig bin? ich habe Gelegenheit genommen, die Übersetzung der ersten in einem für das grössere Publicum bestimmte Unterhaltungsblatt (dem zu Berlin erscheinenden *Gesellschafter*) zu empfehlen; den gelehrten Werth des Unternehmens auseinander zu setzen wird mir jene Übersicht gestatten. Einige Anmerkungen zu Ihrer Recension der neuen Ausgabe der *Kämpfe-Viser* ⁶ werden Sie dort auch finden; ich habe mich in ein paar Punkten zu vertheidigen und bei andern zu zeigen, dass unsere Ansichten nicht sehr verschieden sind.

Leben Sie wohl, wertgeschätzter Freund, schenken Sie mir ferner ein freundschaftliches Andenken. Mit der aufrichtigsten Hochachtung

Cassel 3te Octbr.
1818

Ganz der Ihrige
W. C. Grimm

The other letter, of May, 1832, throws into perspective the relationship of Wilhelm Grimm to P. E. Müller's study of Saxo. In the letter, Grimm refers to Müller's *Critisk Undersøgelse af Saxos syv sidste Bøger*, which had been published by the Royal Danish Academy of Sciences in 1830. Grimm's anonymous review of this work appeared in the *Göttingische gelehrte Anzeigen* in 1832 (in vol. II, Nr. 73, pp. 724-728). Part I of the same work had been published by the Academy in 1823 and had also been anonymously reviewed by Wilhelm Grimm in the same journal in

² Neither a third volume nor an "Abhandlung" was published, but may be said to have been superseded by the *Deutsche Mythologie*.

³ *Deutsche Grammatik*, I-IV, originally published in Göttingen, 1819-1837.

⁴ *Reinhart Fuchs* did not appear until 1834, and then with the name of Jacob Grimm on the title-page as editor.

⁵ "Die altnordische Litteratur in der gegenwärtigen Periode," in *Hermes oder kritisches Jahrbuch der Litteratur*, II (1820), vol. I, 1-53.

⁶ P. E. Müller reviewed *Udvalgte danske Viser fra Middelalderen*, ed. Abrahamson, Nyerup, and Rahbek, I-IV, Copenhagen, 1812-14, in *Dansk Litteratur-Tidende for 1814*, Nr. 38-40, pp. 593-640.

1824 (vol. II, Nr. 41-42, pp. 401-410). These studies by Müller had been preceded by his *Ueber die Aechtheit der Asalehre und den Werth der Snorroischen Edda* which appeared in the German translation by L. C. Sander in Copenhagen in 1811, the year before the essay was published in the original Danish ("Om Authentien af Snorres Edda og Beviset derfra kan hentes for Asalærens Ægthed") in *Det skandinaviske Litteraturselskabs Skrifter*, VII, 1-97. Wilhelm Grimm reviewed the German edition in the *Heidelbergische Jahrbücher der Literatur* IV (1811), vol. II, Nr. 49-50, pp. 774-794, and, in 1821, reviewed Müller's *Undersøgelse om Snorros Kilder og Troværdighed* (Copenhagen, 1820) anonymously in the *Göttingische gelehrte Anzeigen*, vol. II, Nr. 157, pp. 1561-1566.

Jetzt erst, aber nicht minder aufrichtig und herzlich, danke ich Ihnen, verehrter Freund, für die mir gütigst überschickte 2te Abtheilung Ihrer Untersuchungen über Saxo. Die Ursache dieser Verzögerung ist die zufällige, doch von mir nicht verschuldete Verspätung meiner Anzeige in unsern gelehrten Blättern, wovon ich mir die Freiheit nehme, einen Abdruck beizulegen. Ich habe diese Fortsetzung u. den Schluss Ihrer Untersuchungen mit grosser Theilnahme gelesen, und unbezweifelt sind wir jetzt in den Stand gesetzt, ein Urtheil über Saxos Werth zu fällen, das die Unglaubigen ebenso wie die ÜberGlaubigen in Schranken hält. Möge nur Ihr schöner Plan zu einer critischen Ausgabe Saxos recht bald zur Ausführung kommen; ich befürchte, dass Ihre Berufsgeschäfte Sie davon abhalten. Wie man dadurch gestört u. festgehalten wird, erfahre ich selbst hier in meinem neuen Berufe.

Ich denke zunächst Freidanks Spruchgedicht in einer critischen Ausgabe zu ediren; der Dichter war mit Kaiser Friedrich II in Palästina u. sein Werk enthält eben so schätzbare historische Andeutungen, als Schilderungen von der Sitte u. Denkungsart jener merkwürdigen Zeit.⁷

Mein Bruder empfiehlt sich mit mir Ihrem freundschaftlichen Andenken auf das angelegentlichste u. ich bin mit Versicherung des aufrichtigsten Verehrung und Hochschätzung

der Ihrige
Wilhelm Grimm

Göttingen
8te Mai 1832.

University of Illinois

P. M. MITCHELL

⁷ Published as *Fridankes Bescheidenheit* (Göttingen, 1834).

Galdós *inédita*: Three Short Stories

Although Galdós' collaboration in newspapers has been mentioned several times in recent years,¹ no reference has been made to the short stories which appeared in newspapers and which still have not been collected or cited subsequently in any work on Galdós. Indeed, Berkowitz claimed that Galdós abandoned "the short story fairly early in his career."²

At least three short stories can be considered *inédita*. The first is entitled *Dos de mayo de 1808 dos de septiembre de 1870*. It was written in December of 1870 and published in *Apuntes* (Madrid), in the seventh issue, May 2, 1896. The second is *El pórtico de la Gloria*. It also was published in *Apuntes*, in the first number, on March 23, 1896. The last is *Rompecabezas* and was published on January 3, 1897, in *El Liberal* (Madrid).

Dos de mayo de 1808 dos de septiembre de 1870 is unusual for two reasons. It is narrated for the most part in the first person by a female character. As far as this writer knows, it is the only Galdós short story told from such a point of view. The last few paragraphs shift to a dialogue between the narrator and the author. The other unusual note is the reference to the *Plazuela del Limón* in the opening paragraph. Years later, in 1888, Galdós was to select the same plaza for the opening scene of *Miau*.

The events related in this story concern the efforts of the narrator to locate her son who has not returned from school on the second day of May of 1808. The closing dialogue takes the reader to September 2, 1870, "la fecha triste para Francia . . . la acción de guerra en que le han quitado a su *Mundo*, se llama Sedán."

El pórtico de la Gloria reminds one almost immediately of the style of *El caballero encantado*, written at least thirteen years later. On the literal level the story concerns the problems of certain "artistas inmortales confinadas . . . en aquella excelsa región que designaron los aniguos con el nombre de *Campos Eliseos*." Several of the immortals tire of their paradise and long for a return to earth. A revolution is plotted but is eventually thwarted by their ruler, Criptoas. The instigators, Fydias and

¹ See H. Chonon Berkowitz, *Pérez Galdós, Spanish Liberal Crusader* (Madison, 1948), José Pérez Vidal, *Galdós, crítico musical* (Madrid-Las Palmas, 1956) and Madrid (Madrid, 1957), Walter T. Pattison, *Benito Pérez Galdós and the Creative Process* (Minneapolis, 1954), William H. Shoemaker, *Crónica de la Quincena* by Benito Pérez Galdós (Princeton, 1948).

² *Sp. Lib. Crusader*, p. 116

Goya, in order to merit visiting the earth, are given the task of constructing a gate composed of "dos gruesos pilares, unidos en lo alto por un frontón." Fydias is responsible for the sculpture, and Goya, of course, for the painting. The condition, however, is that the two arts are to harmonize perfectly, to the extent that when completed, the gate would appear to be the product of one person. In spite of the humorous tone, the reference to the earthly, political situation of the Spanish people is clear.

The last story, *Rompecabezas*, is a thinly veiled adaptation of an episode from the life of Jesus Christ—the irony of the title is underscored by the subtitle, the word *cuento* in parentheses. Galdós continues to use other than contemporary material as he had done earlier in *El pórtico de la Gloria*. Again, there is an implied criticism of his own society, particularly the Church and its involvement in the political life of Spain. However, the humor of *El pórtico* is replaced by a more biting tone in *Rompecabezas*.

The importance and extent of Galdós' journalistic activity will be more apparent when an index of his newspaper articles is published. The articles include speeches, letters, short stories, literary criticism, political commentary, prologues for other than his own books, and extracts from his novels. Such a listing is contained in a Galdós bibliography soon to be published by the Museo Canario of Las Palmas de Gran Canaria.³ For the information of the *galdosianos*, however, the following periodicals are among those to which Galdós contributed: *Alma Española*, *El Día*, *La Diana*, *Electra*, *La Esfera*, *España Nueva*, *Ideas y Figuras*, *La Guirnalda*, *El Imparcial*, *El Motín*, *La Nación*, *El Oceano*, *El País*, *El Progreso Agrícola y Pecuario*, *La República de las Letras*, *Revista de España*, *El Sol*, *La Tertulia* (Santander), *Vida Nueva*, *El Tribuno* (Las Palmas), *Revista de Canarias* (Las Palmas), and *La Prensa* (Buenos Aires). Most are available in Madrid in either the Hemeroteca Municipal or the Biblioteca Nacional. At least one hundred of the articles have not been republished since their first appearance. While I have no plans to study or publish the *inédita* as a whole, I hope to conclude a study of Galdós' short story art which will serve as an introduction to a volume of all of Galdós' short stories, including the three briefly discussed in this note.

University of California, Berkley

ROBERT J. WEBER

³ It will contain over 7,000 items. Prepared jointly by Prof. Jos. Schraibman, Manuel Hernández Suárez, and this writer.

Poe's *For Annie* and Mallarmé's *Nuit d'Idumée*

Although Baudelaire's intense dedication to Edgar Allan Poe has been made largely comprehensible by the idea that Poe was Baudelaire's spiritual brother—their preoccupations and their anguish were remarkably similar—it has been more difficult to explain the dedication of the frail, reclusive Mallarmé. The poetic debt to Poe is, of course, fully comprehensible in Mallarmé as in Baudelaire, but the intensity of personal feeling has always mystified scholars. Unfortunately, Mallarmé's comments on Poe and Poe's work are few and brief. We must judge largely by Mallarmé's actions—the long and painstaking process of translation, the persistent correspondence with Americans who knew Poe and with English scholars who were studying Poe, the composition of the *Tomb of Poe* in a style very like Poe's own, and the reported conversations at Mallarmé's Wednesdays, where Poe was enshrined in conversation.

However, among Mallarmé's notes on the poems of Poe, one seems particularly revealing and brings us back to Mallarmé's own consciousness.

Voilà ce que fermées désormais à la parole, proféreraient les lèvres, où se pose et demeure l'énigmatique sourire funèbre. La réalisation de tel miracle poétique a été considérée par les experts, comme un défi que se posa le génie. Si j'osais, une première fois avant de terminer ces notes, une seule! porter un jugement en mon nom propre, je dirais que la poésie de Poe n'est peut-être jamais autant allée hors de tout ce que nous savons, d'un rythme apaisé et lointain, que dans ce chant; où se montre, sous un jour de convalescence, l'état d'un esprit aux premières heures de la mort. Triomphe de la délivrance avec besoin de se reprendre tout de suite à quelque chose, même les doux paradis terrestres regrettés; bercements par l'essor et de plus chères hésitations.¹

This is Mallarmé's complete note on *For Annie*. At first glance, one accepts it complacently, because it seems merely to prove that Mallarmé understood Poe's work. Certainly, *For Annie* reveals "the state of mind in the first hours after death." The sentence that follows, however, is deceptive: "Triumph of deliverance, with the need to take something up again at once, even the sweet earthly paradises regretted. . . ." The accuracy of the first part of the sentence tends to overshadow the error of the second part. What regret did the spirit have in his coffin?

Forgetting, or never
Regretting, its roses—
Its old agitations
Of myrtles and roses:

¹ Stéphane Mallarmé, *Œuvres complètes*, ed. Henri Mondor and G. Jean-Aubry (Paris, 1945), pp. 243-44.

In Poe's poem, there is no regret for past joy, because the sweet earthly love gradually becomes a transcendent vision of light and beauty. Although there is no question of mistranslation, Mallarmé has interpreted the drama as a process of delivery from the fever and the immediate return of consciousness to the dream of mortal happiness. Why has he failed to note the transcendental implications? Apparently, to judge by some analogous statements in youthful letters, Mallarmé read *For Annie* as a Symbolist poem, almost as an allegory of Mallarmé's own long, intermittent spiritual crisis.

Much of our knowledge of Mallarmé's crisis of the spirit depends on letters, for it occurred between 1867 and 1869 while Mallarmé was isolated from his literary friends. Henri Mondor, in his copious *Vie de Mallarmé*, suggests many contributing causes—anxiety over money, illness, daily martyrdom at the school, isolation from the literary life of Paris—but he does not pretend to explain the experience itself. The most revealing of Mallarmé's letters, those to Henri Cazalis, seem to describe a process of mystical purification. Mallarmé wrote to Cazalis in May of 1867 of a "long descent into Nothingness," and of his arrival at a Divine Conception.² The pattern of his descent and return to being was described nearly two years later:

... mon cerveau, envahi par le Rêve, se refusant à ses fonctions extérieures qui ne le sollicitaient plus, allait périr dans son insomnie permanente; j'ai imploré la grande Nuit, qui m'a exaucé et a étendu ses ténèbres. La première phase de ma vie a été finie. La conscience, excédée d'ombres, se réveille, lentement, formant un homme nouveau, et doit retrouver mon Rêve après la création de ce dernier. Cela durera quelques années pendant lesquelles j'ai à revivre la vie de l'humanité depuis son enfance et prenant conscience d'elle-même.³

This passage could almost be read as a gloss on Poe's poem. "My brain, invaded by the Dream, declining the external functions which no longer importuned it" paraphrases the first two stanzas of *For Annie*.

And the fever called "Living"
Is conquered at last.

Mallarmé's Dream is Poe's "water that flows/With a lullaby sound," for, in a letter to Catulle Mendès in 1870, Mallarmé spoke of his Dream as a marine grotto.⁴ Mallarmé's insomnia, which cannot be found explicitly in the poem, translates Poe's "fever" and "sighing." Mallarmé's great Night is, of course, the state of death in the poem. The earthly phase

² Stéphane Mallarmé, *Propos sur la poésie*, ed. Henri Mondor (Monaco, 1946), p. 79.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 87.

⁴ Henri Mondor, *Vie de Mallarmé* (Paris, 1941), p. 295.

of life, in both Mallarmé's letter and Poe's poem, is the period of sensation, passion, and striving.

Consciousness, slowly awakening, creates a new man—the creature freed of sensation and passion. In this new man, the impure consciousness, with its fever and desire, has been transformed so that it perceives and lives by the absolute. This is symbolically presented in *For Annie* by the transformation of love from passion ("that horrible throbbing at heart") to the adoration of pure light. Poe's *light* and Mallarmé's *Rêve* are versions of a mystical absolute.

However, in the last sentence quoted from Mallarmé's letter we see a departure from the progress of Poe's poem. Mallarmé's own experience of the dark night of the soul appears to have guided—probably unconsciously—his interpretation of the resolution of *For Annie*. The "need to take something up again at once, even the sweet earthly paradises regretted" is thus determined by Mallarmé's *Rêve*. It has reference to Mallarmé's convalescence, in which he was to "relive the life of humanity" rather than to Poe's effort to convey an impression of final bliss for the esthetic consciousness. As poets have traditionally done in attempting to communicate a sense of heavenly joy, Poe employs a love-image to reveal the spiritual assumption. In short, Mallarmé reads the journey of Poe's narrator as a descent into the abyss, a deliverance from agony, and a subsequent return to earthly life, whereas Poe's poem shows the dead man withdrawing from earthly life to rest finally in an elysium of beauty and transfigured love.

The distinction is a delicate one, but significant. It enables us to look for the source of Mallarmé's interpretation and to find a parallel in Mallarmé's history which helps us to understand his long and unfaltering reverence for Poe. By a personally symbolic interpretation, Mallarmé has revealed to us that Poe was the secret sharer of the most significant and profound experience of Mallarmé's life.

University of Alberta

JEAN ALEXANDER

REVIEWS

René Girard, *Mensonge romantique et vérité romanesque* (Paris: Bernard Grasset, 1961. 312 pp.) THE imitation of the life and character of Christ was hardly man's first choice of a model for his behavior. He has doubtless, however, been Western civilization's most luminous example of what René Girard calls "la médiation externe" in his rich and provocative study of the European novel, surviving in a way even in the novels of atheists, where "l'imitation de Jésus-Christ devient l'imitation du prochain" (p. 65). Indeed, the very conclusions of the novels of conspicuous unbelievers like Stendhal and Proust, with their intimations of renunciation, "vertical" transcendence and resurrection, suggest to Professor Girard that Christian symbolism "est seul capable d'informer l'expérience romanesque" (p. 309).

Summarization could only distort this extremely complex and densely written book. Criticism is equally risky, for, even when the reader is stimulated to disagree, he rather suspects his strictures are no news to the author, and that, rather than pointing to faults, they amount to a subjective displacement of stress and point of view. *Mensonge* is more a study in comparative psychology than an aesthetic work, for Professor Girard has put largely aside the problems of style and the novelist's grappling with the *Verbe*. Indeed, ranging from Cervantes to Proust, he passes over all novels save a chosen few, elected not on the basis of their creators' dedication to their craft or to Art, but for their poignant revelation of the processes of imitation and conflict that constitute the spiritual drama of their characters.

Yet the novelists whom Professor Girard interrogates and whom he sets to interpreting each other have all achieved indubitable aesthetic triumphs. If the author examines their work less as opaque finished objects of art than as transparent envelopes of a philosophic or even a religious revelation of truth, it is partly because of his conviction that in the true novel there can be no separation between religious and aesthetic experience (p. 309). He seems, moreover, to be attracted more by the common experience of all novelists than by their individual talents. His conclusions (oversimplified here, to be sure) would be that through at least four centuries

the novel (*le romanesque*) has remained essentially the same sort of achievement, the revelation of a life of imitation and inauthenticity, but culminating in such lucid insight into the relations between the Self and Others that the hero might be the author of his own creator's book. As Balzac once wrote of all zoological species "il n'y a qu'un animal," René Girard's thesis might be resumed—though not, I trust, radically betrayed—in the words: "il n'y a qu'un roman."

The risk of such an enterprise, however superbly accomplished, is that of all acts of definition, which set or seem to discover limits to *genres* that have demonstrated their freedom and adventurously broken out of the bounds in which they were confined and which also exclude the work that does not conform. I personally prefer to view the novel as an historical phenomenon, subject to unforeseen transmissions and still cling to Nietzsche's dictum that "only that which has no history can be defined." That, to be sure, is a sort of quibble over a mere expression, but Professor Girard invites it, not only by his definitions of *le romanesque* and romanticism, but by the very title of his book, which condenses those definitions and gives them prominence.

In fact, one might—playfully or seriously—invert that title, pursuing the idea of *poeta mendax* and the very notion of *fiction*, as well as a broader interpretation of the romantic, and maintain that the novel is a kind of artful lie, a willful distortion or refutation or transformation of Nature's truth, a creation *ex nihilo*, and view romanticism, on the contrary, as a movement that gave tremendous impetus to the exploration of the self and the ways in which it conceives its relation to others, to Nature and to God. Much of what we call romanticism was devoted to probing unknown, exotic regions of experience, society and history, as well as delving into what had hitherto seemed indescribable, irrelevant or indecent. And thus there is a case for the inverted title, *mensonge romanesque et vérité romantique*—enough of a case, perhaps, to give us pause before Professor Girard's definitions:

Nous réserverons désormais le terme *romantique* aux œuvres qui reflètent la présence du médiateur sans jamais la révéler et le terme *romanesque* aux œuvres qui révèlent cette même présence. (p. 25.)

If, however, one suspends that reservation (doubtless a romantic prejudice) and enters the argument with sympathy, an abundant wealth of insight becomes manifest. René Girard has taken concepts familiar to us all, Stendhal's *amour-vanité*, Proustian jealousy, the kind of definition or reflection of ourself we seek in the *regard* of Others (Sartre has perhaps dwelt most conspicuously on that theme) and has forged them into a psychology of mediation. His "true" novelists have punctured the "romantic lie" by rejecting the concept of man as an original and unique individual whose desires are self-inspired. *La vérité romanesque* exposes an existence of derivative ideals and imitative reactions—positive or

negative—in which, like three-dimensional shadows, we dance to the tune of Others, knowing, however, if we are astute enough, that they too are enslaved as we are. Even the loneliest Robinson Crusoe recreates on his desert island the values of his mother civilization.

Where then is choice? "Choisir, c'est toujours se choisir un modèle et la liberté véritable se situe dans l'alternative fondamentale entre modèle humain et modèle divin" (p. 64). We may not wish to pick a quarrel with this total denial of the gratuitous act, but there are surely some who can in good faith question the meaningfulness of that alternative—not those who deny God and thus divert transcendence "de l'au-delà vers l'en deçà," but those who have never been tempted by theism and for whom there has consequently been no descent from heaven to earth. But it is doubtless true that even the most untormented of agnostics must still speak and think in the language of his race, which, though he may try to give it a "sens nouveau," still dictates at least a symbolic religious conception of his life.

More immediate, however, is the question of whether a psychology based on triangular desire (subject, object and mediator) is fundamental to all true novels and whether: "Flaubert, Stendhal, Proust et Dostoïevski forment une chaîne ininterrompue d'un Cervantès à l'autre" (p. 57). Professor Girard has admirably proved the great importance of this aspect of the novels he treats, but one wonders if it is really so dominant over all other aspects of even those texts and if Flaubert and Proust, for example, were not as much Poets as Novelists, hungering more for Beauty than for Truth, or rather seeking a Beauty that would, alas, be true, rather than a Truth that would—O joy!—be beautiful.

Stendhal is a complex case. There can be no doubt of his bitter-sweet awareness of the role that vanity and pride play in human conduct or of his heroes' dependence on models. Yet Stendhal is eager never to let his sympathetic reader forget that his vain or apprehensive or hypocritical hero is not the true, the natural man, endowed with his *âme de feu*. Professor Girard rightly finds a profound significance in Julien Sorel's renunciation of "le désir selon l'autre" at the end of the *Rouge et le noir*, yet I am reluctant to view the change as a conversion and am more inclined to think that Julien was conceived from the first with the tender sympathy of Stendhal, though he could often inject pity, irony or his own personal vanity into the portrayal. Time and again the spontaneous natural Julien appears fleetingly beneath the mask of hypocrisy. "C'est une jeune fille de seize ans, qui a des couleurs charmantes, et qui, pour aller au bal, a la folie de mettre du rouge." The truth is that Stendhal was both clairvoyantly *romanesque*, in René Girard's sense of the word, and intensely romantic. Libertine sceptical egotist that he was, he was also never really free of the mediating influence of Rousseau and the "pre-romantic" eighteenth century, which had shaped his dream of

bonheur and *jouissance*, both possible only when man is purely and transparently "himself." That very ideal, of course, can be considered an example of "médiation externe," so that, as Amadis de Gaule was to Don Quixote, and as Napoleon was to Julien, so was Werther to Stendhal—with the difference that Werther penetrates into the "true" Julien and was never absolutely renounced by Stendhal.

We should not be aware of this if it were not for Stendhal's intermittent projection of himself into his novels, in which, as it were, he incorporated his own footnotes. It is his own reverie into which Julien escapes when he forgets his "noire ambition" and when, looking at Madame de Rênal, "pour la première fois de sa vie, il était entraîné par le pouvoir de la beauté." At such a moment—very early in the novel—must we not presume a cherished idea of the possibility of direct contact between subject and object, an ideal, privileged moment in which no model or mediator is present?

An idea of Professor Girard's that seems profoundly true is that as the novel approaches its conclusion there is a convergence of hero and novelist, until often, at or near the end, both speak with almost the same voice. "Le héros et son créateur sont séparés tout au long du roman mais ils se rejoignent dans la conclusion" (p. 295). (There is probably never total union, not even on the fringe of the *romanesque* that adjoins autobiography.) Do we not recognize Stendhal in the lucid Julien of the last prison scenes, the Julien who denounces the universal charlatanism of his century and who does not regret the absence of God, neither the cruel and vengeful little despot of the Bible nor even the just and good God of Voltaire? Julien may indeed be converted after his death sentence, but, if so, it is to *Beylisme*.

The end of a Flaubertian novel is also a moment of renunciation of illusions, although resignation might be a better word and one might also be tempted to substitute "defeat of desire" for René Girard's "victoire sur le désir." There are no conquering heroes in Flaubert. Gradual disintegration, rather than abrupt change, is the rule here. As in Proust, the "reviviscence du passé" is an aspect of those moments at which the hero is lent something of Flaubert's own vision and his own voice, as when, half-way through *Madame Bovary*, the sight of a flake of ash floating down from her father's letter reminds Emma of her childhood innocence: "Quel bonheur dans ce temps-là! quelle liberté! quel espoir! quelle abondance d'illusions! il n'en restait plus maintenant!" Even closer to the thought of the apparently hidden Flaubert is her reflection when much later she sees in Rouen the walls of her old convent, once more comparing the past and the present: "D'où venait cette insuffisance de la vie, cette pourriture instantanée des choses où elle s'appuyait?"

I am not sure, however, that, in Flaubert, the renunciation of what Professor Girard has called "la transcendance déviée" (turned down

from the divine to the human) leads to the symbolism of "transcendence verticale." (*Un Coeur simple* and *St. Julien* are perhaps doubtful cases.) Transcendence at the end of a Flaubertian novel might be described as transcendence from life to art, perhaps a vertical movement and also perhaps a kind of salvation for the novelist, although, in moments of despondency, Flaubert seems to have found aesthetic triumph a poor consolation for the tragedy of life. In his own conclusion, which, like those of Proust and Dostoyevsky, ends on the theme of resurrection, Professor Girard writes: "Toutes les grandes œuvres sont composées comme des cathédrales," but Flaubert's novels seem closer to Zola's description of *L'Education sentimentale*, "un temple de marbre élevé à l'impuissance," than to any Christian structure.

Actually, the cathedral form is not altogether inapplicable to Professor Girard's own book, which moves with its own *ferveur créatrice* toward an almost religious ascension. It is a beautiful study, the product of a lucid and subtle mind. One may contest some elements of its thesis, but in a spirit of respect and admiration.

Stanford University

RAYMOND GIRAUD

Paul Frankl, *The Gothic. Literary Sources and Interpretations through Eight Centuries* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1960. x + 916 pp. 57 plates). EVER since the romanticists reported that they had "rediscovered" the Gothic, this architectural style has been a major topic for historians of taste, not in the realm of the fine arts alone but in other provinces as well, and notably in the literary field. The fortunes of the Gothic have come to be a crucial or rather, by now, a settled issue, dramatically resolved like a main plot of *Geistesgeschichte*, observing strict unity of action. A whole scheme of esthetic currents across the centuries is dialectically organized according to positive and negative charges of interest in the Gothic. Much of this talk unfortunately remains rather glib, superficial, sparsely documented, although it would adopt the resonance of historical thinking and parlance. Writers of literary history in fact are among those most trustfully addicted to this "method." In surveys ideologically adventurous but factually tenuous and misty, they have told and confidently retold a facile story of Gothic architecture accursed and acclaimed, and fancied that this corroborated their account of developments in their own field.

The very fact that the late Professor Paul Frankl, distinguished authority on the Gothic, endeavored to gather material on this subject for some twenty years should serve notice that this chapter in the history of taste is far from closed. Massive as this study is, indeed, it cannot be considered

definitive or even, in some parts, thorough and probing, though it is a complex, imposing work, more comprehensive still than the title might indicate.

In content and manner, it tends to grow into an encyclopedic account of the subject. The "sources and interpretations" that the author compiled are not by any means exclusively or preponderantly "literary" in a belletristic sense; more loosely or inclusively, the "literature" here assembled is a body of commentaries on Gothic art ranging from technical analyses to tributes in prose and verse. Centuries, generations, movements, and authorities are codified. The literature is cross referenced, influences and associations are noted. Many writers wander into the text, and at times are so closely crowded as to afford but a cursory glimpse of each. Some, such as Willis, William Whewell, and Edward J. Willson, in this compilation receive less attention than they deserve. Over the entire book there hangs the feeling that it was a slow, strenuous accumulation of many years of scholarship. Some of the essays, ignoring recent contributions, appear to have been drawn up years ago. The argument on Viollet-le-Duc, for example, does not take into account the more significant new studies of his achievement. There is no appreciation of medieval town planning. Neither Patrick Geddes nor Lewis Mumford are mentioned, although their work belongs in this history. The author shows no sign of having taken notice of Samuel Klinger's *The Goths in England—A Study in Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century Thought* (1952), an interesting study of political factors that gave the term *Gothic* a favorable ring in those times. There is nevertheless a generous display of material drawn particularly from German sources of the last century and a half, and commentary on these often difficult works. For the English reader, this will be a very strong compensatory point.

A deep, irrepressible personal note, in the very midst of a work of this encyclopedic nature, was inevitable, in the case of a Paul Frankl who himself had sought so strenuously to define the meaning of the Gothic style. A compiler of commentaries, he also remains an outspoken theorist on his own, stoutly in dispute or competition with those whose views he compiles, and not signally patient with some whose definitions of Gothic have not coincided with his own. A weakness of the book—unless this be appreciated as its basic unity—is that it yields to the temptation of turning into an historical introduction leading up to the Frankl concept of Gothic. Even some of the early writers, more or less directly, are judged to be on the wrong or right road, according to the final outcome of the investigation that lies far ahead. Harshly, the school headed by Pugin, Ruskin, and George Gilbert Scott, for its moralizing esthetics is charged with Pharisaism and consigned to a "cul-de-sac," without reference to the substantial literature which relates these theorists to the growth of ideas

and forms pointing the way to modern architecture. Although noticeably slanted or self-oriented at numerous points, it is chiefly toward the end that this study pulls resolutely in the direction of Professor Frankl's own view, when he is called upon to survey the history and philosophy of art that was elaborated by his contemporaries and to which he was himself a potent contributor. This whole section of the work, which recounts the genesis and development of concepts of polarity underlying twentieth-century thought, is masterful, and conveys something of the excitement that accompanied vigorous theoretical debates. Against this setting, Professor Frankl's personal interpretation—which lays stress on the *diagonal* and *divisive* effect of Gothic *partiality* and *interdependence* confronted with the *frontal* and *additive* effect of Romanesque *totality*—is finally at home in its own climate. Though one did not anticipate as much, or just this, one is moved to find here the concluding statement of a great expert, at the end of a lifetime of study. Literary scholars interested in formal analysis will draw from these pages, though they deal with a different medium, an absorbing lesson in the search for the structure and meaning of a style.

In defense of a point of view, this treatise yet aims to work itself out as a cumulative record of other attitudes past and contemporary, as promised by the title, and basically it is as a contribution of this character—a history of responses to the Gothic—that it will be approached and evaluated. It would be grotesque pedantry to expect a survey of eight centuries to pick up every stray utterance on the Gothic, and ingratitude not to underscore that, for certain areas, the author puts together an impressive array of primary sources. His excursions into the nineteenth century, and into German esthetic thought, with its ramifications in other literatures, are extensive. Although, relatively speaking, interpretations of Gothic architecture are rather scarce in the Middle Ages proper, this period also furnished Professor Frankl with material for some of his most solid, penetrating developments, as on the lingering vestiges of Vitruvian principles, the *lux continua* of Suger, the commentaries of Gervase of Canterbury and Villard de Honnecourt, the secrets of the masons' lodges, the experts' reports on reconstruction at Chartres, Milan, and Gerona.

In following up the reputation of the Gothic, through the Middle Ages and from romanticism on at any rate, Professor Frankl did not simply recapitulate the obvious but endeavored to expand, correlate, integrate what was generally but loosely familiar, adding new facts and insights into the relationships of successive waves of feeling for the Gothic to the unfolding historical scene, the evolving concepts of style, and the developing methodologies of scholarship. There was no need or possibility to alter or reverse the traditional account, but he broadened and deepened it, despite his injustice to some writers in his disfavor.

It would not be unfair to say that his history breaks down considerably, adding very rarely to the little that has been publicized thus far, when it deals with the area that lies between the Middle Ages and romanticism. Among the personalities of that long and complex period, there is this time but a fitful representation of the Germans. Without explanation, no discussion of England before 1600 is attempted, while Italy and France—although the latter ever so slightly—are considered in the sixteenth century, and scarcely more is offered, after that date, then can be gleaned from the publications of Kenneth Clark, Reinhard Haferkorn, and B. Sprague Allen. As for the Mediterranean countries, virtually nothing from Hispanic sources—a customary gap in the literature on the subject. The treatment of Italy and France, with that of England after 1600, helps to give these pages a semblance of body and substance. But to the round of Italians, few are added whose testimony has not been labored and overworked before. On the French, there is little evidence that the author's research extended far beyond the findings of the Abbé Jules Corblet, whose flimsy, cavalier essay of over a hundred years ago unfortunately still remains the foundation for most statements on this particular question. No history of the term Gothic is tightly put together. Slips and blunders go unchecked—as when octosyllabic verses of *Il Penseroso* turn into a passage of *Paradise Lost*, or when the great Benedictine pioneer in medieval studies, Jean Mabillon, is seriously misrepresented as having said nothing about the Gothic. Unaccountable gaps confront the reader. In England, for example, Hawksmoor and Vansbrugh, whose work has been the subject of recent commentary, are omitted. In France, it is a surprise that the special importance of the Gothic to Soufflot, in the development of his own architectural forms, is not brought out, and more of a disappointment still that there is no mention at all of Claude Perrault, a distinguished and independent architect in the hey-day of French classicism—he is the forgotten man in histories of the taste for Gothic, and yet the Gothic figured prominently in his controversy with François Blondel, a most interesting episode in the famous Quarrel of Ancients and Moderns.

To dispute a welter of other points one after another would only end up as patchwork. A fresh book or round of monographs would need to be written, on the period from the Renaissance to the eighteenth century, for it is not merely a matter of touching up with corrections. Methods are at issue here. One primary principle is to let facts be. Professor Frankl falls to quibbling and haggling with what is set down in black and white. When, for example, he has to face the fact that in the seventeenth century the influential Jean-François Félibien discussed Gothic architecture with interest and appreciation, he cannot but whittle this down somewhat; not in a position to account for it in terms of the stipulated Geist of the

age, he now insinuates a bit of casual Freudian guesswork, suggesting that Félibien's "more friendly attitude toward Gothic may be interpreted as mild opposition to his father" (p. 343)—to this same André Félibien who, as it happens, has just been described a few lines above as showing "a certain respectful indulgence" for the Gothic! By turning the father-son complex around, in another instance, one can as readily rationalize downward an attitude that fails to square with the *Zeitgeist*: one can hint that in the case of Philibert de l'Orme, the son of a *maître maçon* of the old school, "perhaps" his "positive" attitude toward Gothic architecture "must be accounted for by filial piety" (p. 297). This sort of wrangling with facts, not limited to these examples, sounds for all the world like last-ditch skirmishing.

And skirmishing for what? For the conventional view. Professor Frankl encounters others, besides Félibien and de l'Orme, who must be reckoned admirers of the Gothic, but it does not occur to him to question seriously whether their taste—not confined to any underground movement—may be symptomatic of a widespread attitude. We are left rather hazily to infer that somehow their declarations are accidents, against the spirit of the times. Is not Aeneas Silvius (Pope Pius II) a man of the Italian Renaissance? Professor Frankl records the enthusiasm that this humanist geographer expressed for Gothic structures in the German cities he described. Striking texts are put before us, yet they do not move Professor Frankl to inquire what numerous other describers of cities may have had to say; he remains unaware, for example, of Flavio Biondo in the fifteenth century, or Leandro Alberti in the sixteenth. He does not seek out an ample supply of fresh evidence, because he is satisfied with the preconceived notion that he is dealing, still, with "The Period of Reaction against Gothic," come what exceptions and contradictions may.

One does not first set up the image of a *Weltanschauung*, and then let examples fit in as they will. It is for that image to fit the given facts. But there is another elemental problem, evidently not troublesome to many historians of taste: what constitutes evidence? The testimony of selected "representatives" of an age? How are these to be selected, without a wide acquaintance with the age? What, in effect, will confer the quality of "representative" to a witness? His prominence in our eyes, or in the estimation of his contemporaries? Molière, admired today and in his century for his great comedies, penned or rather translated a diatribe against the Gothic—shall we in all seriousness and confidently assume that, by sheer genius, on the matter of Gothic architecture he was the spokesman or translator of seventeenth-century France? Even if, in sixteenth-century Italy, we turn to the very Vasari, is it clear that we find him proclaiming a public view? Rather, may he be protesting, crusading? Ultimately, we will not know whether, or whom, the "representatives" represent, until

we sound out those presumed to be represented. The literate public of many voices, spreading through the provinces and the professions, must be heard out, lest one be left with the overpublicized whoops and hoots of a school or a coterie with vested interests in an esthetic program. The multifarious writings not only of artists but of travelers and of scholars digging into the past, and a host of other publications in which authors irresistibly take occasion to depict and commemorate landmarks of countries and localities, all may well count, all is to the purpose in a faithful portrait of the live and much-ignored public. If Professor Frankl had seized upon this vast body of literature and not honored the thin documentation handed down to him, he might have been persuaded finally to alter the plot of the story. The alleged "representatives" and their innumerable representees do not form a tight circle but make up a variegated republic of arts and letters in which, handily and even handsomely at times, against undeniable attacks and yet with support from classical quarters as well, the taste for Gothic survived. Among the ampler sections of the book, those devoted to more recent generations could themselves have acquired more blood and color.

Readers may also object, perhaps with reason, that Professor Frankl limits himself to the written word and excludes, as non-verbal tributes to the Gothic, the structures erected or restored through the post-medieval centuries in imitation of the Gothic style. Over against the familiar story of recurring vandalism and mutilations, the fortunes of neo-Gothic construction would be worth retelling, and would certainly be an additional index of attitudes and interpretations. Surely the movement called in England the Gothic Revival belongs in a history of taste. Yet Professor Frankl's position should not be too arduous to defend, even aside from the fact that his task was forbidding enough as he had delimited it. In a study of this kind, concerned with the reputation of a style, the question that it was indispensable to ask, in order to arrive at a sufficient answer, could not but concentrate on the reputation of those manifestly basic, original, outstanding creations which for all concerned embodied the style, historically and esthetically. It is not because construction went on in neo-Gothic style that post-medieval generations reacted to the Gothic, but evidently the reverse is true, and if necessary we can gather these reactions to the Gothic of the Middle Ages, which are primary, without or before surveying imitations. One can find responses to the Pyramids, surely, in periods or lands where such structures never gave rise to new modes of building. Hard pressed to throw an immense field into focus, Professor Frankl understandably chose to dwell on what was decisive. The only problem is that, despite his decision, he does easily enough become involved in a discussion of questions besetting architects of the Italian Renaissance in charge of completing Gothic monuments at Milan and

Bologna; these exceptions to his rule remind us all the more of the numerous temptations to which he did not yield. The rule undoubtedly remained too rigid. How, for example, may one simply bypass the Sainte-Croix Cathedral of Orléans, destroyed in the religious wars and completely rebuilt by the Bourbons?

It should be added that Professor Frankl does more justice to another variety of non-verbal appreciation of the Gothic. He appropriately calls attention to the pictorial artists, their development of architectural painting in seventeenth-century Holland, and their interest in depicting on canvas their impressions of the Gothic. He mentions engravers and notes the rise of illustrated books on the Gothic. Some of these pioneer publications remained serviceable and worthy of interest for a long time—one might have cited here, by way of significant illustration, the fact that a leading architect of the Victorian Gothic Revival, A. W. Pugin, possessed a library of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century books which were his principal resource not only for the history of the Middle Ages but for illustrations of Gothic building as well. However, at the top of pages that dwell on all this, the running head incongruously still stares at us: "Reaction against Gothic." *Quod scripsi, scripsi.*

In noting all that is lacking in this enormous book, it would be gross insensitivity not to prize all that Professor Frankl poured into it, and not to be enlightened and stirred by his own final pronouncement on the Gothic. To indicate that the historical part of his treatise remains incomplete, particularly as to the period he accepted as a depressed area, is to say, in the final analysis, that he undertook what at this juncture was unfeasible. A history of the taste for Gothic art through eight centuries and over most of Europe, to be definitive, would need to draw on a corpus of studies devoted intensively to each of the countries and major periods. Each society and age confronts us with such a ramified network of facts and problems that no one investigator alone, surely not even in twenty years, could range with sustained success over nearly a millennium. For his guidance, Professor Frankl at certain points had nothing better than flippant, biased, scandalous reports like the one of Jules Corblet. It is a commentary on the tenacity of prejudiced historicism that a Paul Frankl, himself so powerfully under the spell of the Gothic, could not more boldly yield to the evidence that was nevertheless available to him and recognize that, through all the vicissitudes of ideology, the Gothic as a thing of beauty did have its way of remaining a joy forever, if not for everyone everywhere.

The Johns Hopkins University

NATHAN EDELMAN
PHOEBE STANTON

Robert Champigny, *Sur un Héros païen* (Paris: Gallimard, 1959. 208 pp. Les essais, 93). PROFESSOR Champigny's book, a long, brilliant study of *L'Etranger*, is the finest writing on Camus that has appeared to date. It not only reveals the significance and the greatness of Camus' fiction, but at the same time comments profoundly on the state of man and human society.

Champigny places himself within the fiction and studies Meursault as if he were a living person. He develops his rich and dense argument through five chapters: "L'Etranger," "L'Innocent," "Le Juste," "Le Coupable," and "Le Héros."

In "L'Etranger" he makes clear the sense in which Meursault can be considered a Stranger. Until he has been judged Meursault does not feel himself to be a Stranger from reality or society. Both Christian and Romantic forms of alienation are foreign to him. Others in the narrative do not consider him a Stranger. At the moment of his crime he becomes a Stranger to society, in particular to three forms taken by the "société officielle, légale et religieuse": the examining magistrate, the prosecutor and the chaplain. To the prosecutor he is a Stranger *a priori*, like all criminals; the function of a prosecutor is to make a scapegoat out of all accused men. The other two are more discriminating. Both, however, personify a Christian point of view, and demand from Meursault an admission of catalogued motives and repentance. But Meursault is a pagan, he loves truth ("justesse") and he has a sense of human dignity. He is ostracized and condemned to death by "la société théâtrale," as Champigny also calls Meursault's antagonists, because of the combination of his pagan nature and his need for truth and dignity. Having become an objective Stranger, Meursault gradually comes to feel himself a Stranger. He will assume his condition completely at the moment of his encounter with the chaplain. But at the same time he will refuse to become a total Stranger, that is, a Stranger to himself and to his own life. In so doing he cuts himself off deliberately and finally from "la société théâtrale" which for Champigny is *antiphysis*. At the same time, however, by embracing suddenly his own almost finished life, he becomes one with himself, with his own life, which is *physis*.

The only person for whom Meursault could have been a Stranger is the reader. At the climax of Meursault's career, however, the reader's sympathy naturally turns toward him:

La sympathie se porte valablement sur l'individu, dans sa faiblesse ou dans sa force, en tant que l'individu incarne l'individualité, ou mieux l'unicité, c'est-à-dire le fondement même de la valeur. C'est parce que j'ai une vie à vivre, une vie que personne ne peut vivre à ma place, que tel ou tel phénomène peut pour moi être empreint de valeur. Dès lors ma sympathie ira valablement à ce qui incarne l'unicité, à ce qui me donne

une image de ma propre unicité. Si ce qui incarne l'unique à mes yeux est abattu, il y aura pitié ou colère; si ce qui incarne l'unique triomphe, il y aura admiration et joie.

Meursault incarnates the unique, authenticity, value, just as the prosecutor incarnates social and religious convention, inauthenticity, and anti-value. The reader's sympathy for Meursault in the end becomes admiration for the hero, for on the concluding page of the book Meursault becomes a "pagan hero."

In "L'Innocent" Champigny elaborates his conception of Meursault as "pagan hero." Meursault's existence is child-like; his world is limited by what he encounters from day to day; his time is limited to the moment, the day, at most, the week; he does not turn to the past. If he suffers from ennui, it is only with relation to the present. His relation to society is similarly child-like: he accepts and in certain cases understands the rules and conventions of society, but he does not internalize them. He is aware that he is responsible, but it is an awareness of something conventional and objective: "Il en a connaissance plutôt que conscience (au sens moral)." Champigny presents Meursault's paganism as a development of his child-like virtues. He does so by contrasting his conceptions of "pagan" and "christian." The fundamental notion in his conception of "pagan" is *physis*. The pagan's moral principle is to strive to live according to *physis* and its order. For the Christian, *physis* becomes nature, God's creation, and he participates in both. He splits *physis* into matter and spirit, soul and flesh. His existence in matter is the result of a Fall, and he feels exiled in it. The paradise to which he aspires is *antiphysis*. His god is a personal god, not the divine. For him, moral order and natural order are distinct: there are natural laws and moral commandments. Champigny's pagan defines himself as an animal who possesses *logos*; his Christian defines himself as a fallen soul. The pagan feels himself innocent, the Christian guilty. The Christian is responsible for his soul before God, the pagan is responsible before himself insofar as he possesses *logos*, that is, intellect and language. By the use of his *logos* he is in accord or not with *physis*. Insofar as he is in accord with it he is a Wise Man. The Christian tries to resemble his God; if he succeeds he is a Saint. The pagan seeks happiness, and he attains it by understanding *physis*. Moral fault comes from error or ignorance.

Champigny calls Meursault's temperament Epicurean. In its negative aspect Epicurean happiness consists in the avoidance of physical and psychic pain: *aponia* and *ataraxia*. Positively, it consists in pleasure. Epicurus distinguished between natural and necessary desires, natural and unnecessary desires, and unnatural and unnecessary desires. The last manifest themselves in social *antiphysis* as ambition and vanity. Meursault has no unnatural desires: he feels hunger, thirst and the need to

sleep, he desires cigarettes and sexual pleasure. There is more than Epicureanism in Meursault, however: "Il est pénétré par la *physis* dans sa présence englobante. Cette sensibilité à la *physis* dans son fond, dans sa totalité, dans sa puissance, est également ce qui permettra à la vie de Meursault de n'être pas seulement une collection éparse de plaisirs et d'ennuis, de faits isolés." The great presences in the narrative are the sky and the sea, night and day, and above all sun and light. Meursault is not always able to sustain the violence of *physis* and to keep his place in it. There will be error and tragedy, and his tragedy, from the murder to the liberating assumption is only apparently social. Meursault will reject this appearance to assume the natural tragedy, which is the real tragedy. Meursault adjusts to his imprisonment with an Epicurean wisdom. But this wisdom encounters a difficulty of a special order. He has stripped himself of all specific passions. In prison, however, he discovers in himself a passion for "cet objet total qui est aussi sujet, qui est lui-même comme être vivant; la passion de vivre." Meursault will not rid himself of this passion, the basis of his integrity. He will maintain his exaltation of life, place himself at its height. He thereby transcends wisdom and becomes a hero.

When Champigny speaks of Meursault as "Le Juste" he is alluding to "justesse," not "justice." "Justesse" consists in a just use of language, using language according to nature, that is, in the measure in which one can know and understand, and nothing more. Language, however, comes to us already made and it goes beyond our past and possible experience. It is not only *logos*, it is also *mythos*. It translates, it is, "la société théâtrale," or *antiphysis*. It is not only language of knowledge and comprehension, but language of belief. It assumes an autonomous, deceptive and fascinating existence of its own. It is collective myth and the substance of collective myth. It masks as much as it indicates what is. When we use it we are being used by it. It masks what we talk about and it masks us. Besides scientific and philosophic discourse there are two ways of finding "justness." The first is through poetry, in which collective myth is shattered and reborn in poetic myth. Poetic myth is "just," it is *logos*, for it no longer aims at belief. It is faithful to subjectivity. What was a vehicle of collective belief becomes an expression of self-comprehension. The other way is Meursault's way. It consists in limiting language to the indication of effective knowledge and the comprehension of self as knowing consciousness. All through his narrative Meursault takes care not to say what he does not know. He limits himself to indicating what manifests itself clearly to him, physically and psychologically. Meursault's rejection of "structures théâtrales" in his life and in his elaboration of his life produces a psycho-physical phenomenism that fits with the Epicurean conception of *physis*. Phenomena and sentences follow each other but

are not linked or organized. Subordination and coördination are in general avoided in the narrative. Meursault's consciousness does not assemble, it respects the individuality of the phenomenon. Together with his innocence, it is this love of "justness" that will make of Meursault a Stranger to society: "Franchise, impartialité, pudeur, courage, le récit de Meursault s'élève dans une souveraine dignité. Cette dignité est étrange, elle est étrangère à la société théâtrale. Cette dignité de l'animal qui a le langage s'oppose à l'hypocrisie du comédien et l'inquiète. C'est en cela essentiellement, que Meursault sera reconnu coupable."

Meursault kills the Arab and becomes guilty. He will be asked the reason for his act. By this question it is intended to draw him into the human and "theatrical" sphere, to draw from him a motive that can explain and found his act as a manifestation of a "persona théâtrale." But instead of giving a motive, Meursault offers a cause. At the moment of his act he is under the strange and terrible domination of *physis*; he is crushed, possessed by the elements, by the power of the solar fire that fills not only the air, but the earth and the sea. He accepts responsibility for his act, but not the responsibility demanded of him. He is responsible to himself at the moment, which means simply that he must choose to do this or that. He cannot be responsible *afterwards*, for he cannot change the facts. Afterwards, his only moral responsibility, to himself and others, consists in the just use of language to say what happened. He cannot only describe, but interpret and judge. He can acknowledge that he committed "une faute," but by "faute" he means "error" and not "sin." His "faute" consists in having symbolically broken the order of *physis-dike*. ("J'ai compris que j'avais détruit l'équilibre du jour . . .") With the last four shots, however, he comes into opposition with *nomos* as well as *dike*. Champigny suggests that in firing the last four shots Meursault deliberately calls down upon himself punishment for having destroyed the "equilibrium of the day," as if he wanted to "écarter l'impie de la plage, du lieu dont il a souillé la splendeur, enlever cette tache humaine de la plage et la livrer à ses semblables, les hommes, comme s'il voulait prendre sur lui la laideur qu'il vient de provoquer."

In the second part of *L'Etranger* the "société théâtrale," through its representatives, the investigating magistrate, the prosecutor and the chaplain, attempt to impose on Meursault an interpretation of his act and his life that he stubbornly rejects. He refuses to enter the "theatrical" social and religious world in which living beings are transformed into masks, knowledge of self and nature are replaced by social and religious myth, and morality by profound immorality. His passionate refusal reaches its climax in his assault on the prison chaplain, who tempts him with the *persona* of the fallen creature who can be saved.

In the concluding pages of the fiction the guilty man becomes the Hero. In his last words Meursault attacks the belief according to which

life has a meaning that comes from the outside and according to which men and their destinies can be hierarchized according to a collective table of values. He rejects the mirage of *antiphysis* and falls back on *physis*. The label "guilty" does not change the fact of death, and the death sentence inflicted by men is only a "theatrical" gesture. It is *nature* that condemns man to death. Furthermore, the value that men try to give to their lives through the choice of a personal myth or destiny is purely verbal. All human destinies are of equal value. Meursault demythicizes the term "destiny" and makes it equivalent to chance, or necessity. "Nothing is important" is one of the themes of his final outburst. This affirmation, however, implies a value, according to Champigny, the value of "justness" of language and thought and his experience of life. To this value he adds another—in opposition to the "theatrical" extra-terrestrial value of paradise—the value of the sensual and esthetic goods of this earth. A third value, which includes and founds the other two, is the value, not of life, but of *his* life. A Stranger now to other men, and condemned to death, he comes to see his life as *perfect*, as completed. The life that he had to live and whose future was in the hands of destiny, the life that he did not possess, that had value only in its moments of pleasure now becomes *his* life, *his* good, *his* possession, becomes value in its totality. Nothing is important but that totality. The chaplain tries to give his life a value that transcends it and in so doing wants to deprive it of the only value it has. He wants to deny death, but Meursault clings to his death as much as he does to his life. For his life cannot totalize itself and become value except through death. Meursault is thus led to demand his death. To be fully alive is to be fully mortal.

Meursault's words end on a note of peace and liberation. He is liberated because now he is no longer in the hands of a destiny to come. There is a reconciliation, an identification of Meursault and his destiny. This is why he can speak of re-living his life: "en revivant sa vie, Meursault la vivrait en possédant son destin, ce qu'il ne pouvait faire en la vivant." He has accomplished the two principle objectives of Epicureanism: he has overcome the fear of death and rid himself of the fear of the gods. He has attained an accord between his totalized life and the night sky that he contemplates, and he opens himself to the "tender indifference of the world." His *ataraxia* and the *ataraxia* of *physis* are in harmony. He looks into the "nocturnal *physis*" with a feeling of deep satisfaction, because both the sky and his life seem finished, necessary, fulfilled, stable, freed from Becoming.

Champigny means by Hero one who assumes an exemplary destiny in an exemplary manner. A Hero's destiny is exemplary and he assumes it in an exemplary manner if his destiny and its assumption reveal something fundamental and specific about the human condition. What "human condition" implies, among other things is unicity. To be a man is

to be condemned to be "unique." I am only to the extent that I am unique. Through stupidity or hypocrisy or because our social and material condition stifles us, most of us are ignorant of or mask or deny this unicity. The Hero claims it and brings it to light. He is exemplary in that he causes us to assume our destiny. He causes us to liberate and fulfill ourselves. It is in his last moments that Meursault can be said to be a Hero in this sense. Meursault exalts life, not life in general, but his life. He makes it his own and exalts it at the same time that from the outside he declares it absurd and refuses to give it any meaning. He makes it his own and exalts it in the face of and on the basis of death. He thus attains a pure integrity, an integrity that goes beyond words. Champigny concludes: "Le héros est seul, mais sa solitude est exemplaire. Il s'intègre, s'accomplit et aussi se ferme, mais son intégrité offre un halo de langage. Il se referme sur sa vie, se comprend en acte, mais ce faisant, il nous ouvre la possibilité d'une compréhension en langage."

This is a general, and probably unfaithful, outline of the argument of Champigny's splendid study of *L'Etranger*. It is the only writing about Camus that reaches, in its own way, up to Camus. It would make no sense to criticize or quarrel with particular points. I found the book endlessly stimulating. It is fitting that it should be published in the same series as *Le Mythe de Sisyphe* and that its type should be the same as that of the edition of *L'Etranger* that many of us read just after the war. One has the strange feeling of looking through the pages of *L'Etranger* to its meaning.

Wesleyan University

CARL A. VIGGIANI

J.-J. Rousseau, *Julie, ou La Nouvelle Héloïse*; introduction, notes et choix de variantes par René Pomeau (Paris: Garnier, 1960. lvii + 829 pp.). A serviceable, expertly edited, popular priced edition of Rousseau's great epistolary novel has long been needed. While Mornet's critical edition in four volumes is in several ways irreplaceable, it was always rather expensive and is now very hard to obtain. M. Pomeau has done everything that could be desired for an edition of this kind. The twelve original engraving by Gravelot (published separately by Duchesne in 1761) are reproduced together with Rousseau's interesting commentary. Also included are the "Seconde préface ou Entretien sur les romans," and a more authentic text of "Les Amours de milor Edouard Bomston," which is the "extrait" of a longer episode Rousseau had decided to exclude and destroy. In a "Note sur la présente édition," Pomeau describes the various manuscripts and editions and their filiation, justifying the use of "R 61" (the princeps) as the basic, authoritative text, which, however, is enriched by some variants having minor stylistic interest, and by a few

which are worthwhile from the viewpoint of substance. The notes also identify several quotations or allusions not accounted for by Mornet.

Pomeau's introduction is scholarly and lucid. While a thirty-eight page commentary cannot, of course, treat all aspects of *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, he has given us a remarkable example of *multum in parvo*. He begins, as is proper, by setting the work in Rousseau's life and character. Here, as elsewhere, Pomeau is able to rectify several of the conclusions of Mornet, who did not have Dufour's edition of the *Correspondance* or the articles of Guillemin (*Annales*, 1941-42) at his disposal. Thus he argues convincingly in favor of the accuracy of the *Confessions*, in which Rousseau fixes the inception at the end of August or beginning of September of 1756. There are too many elements in the genesis and evolution of Rousseau's concept of the novel to be summarized in a brief review, but the threads are traced in masterful fashion, and throughout we are made to see his increasing personal involvement. The history includes, as it must, a brief but impartial retelling of the quarrel with Diderot (together with comment on its relation to the growing work), and an account of the passionate, pitiful and wretched "affair" with Mme. d'Houdetot. The latter episode is the occasion for a major correction to Mornet's findings. Mornet had placed the real event in a causal relation to the literary creation. Pomeau, after setting forth the chronological objections, argues convincingly that the major process was the reverse: Rousseau was trying, after a fashion, to transpose dream into reality. Later, after the failure of the real-life experiment, the novel will compensate for life. Pomeau also emphasizes the close connection between the *élan vers la vertu* in the novel and Rousseau's need to feel his own innocence, to have others, especially Diderot, believe in his virtue and confirm it. I find only one minor point for criticism in this section: there is some chronological confusion, or at least clumsiness, when we are told of the completion of the novel, beginning on February 13, 1758, in a passage which leads up to the writing of the *Profession de foi* the preceding month (p. xx).

The enthusiastic reception of *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, its emotional realism to which contemporary reactions testify, the jealousy of Voltaire and Diderot — with these matters Pomeau begins his discussion of the novel itself. The originality of Rousseau is viewed in comparison with *Clarissa* and with the romantic *invraisemblances* of eighteenth century French novels, especially those of Prévost. *La Nouvelle Héloïse* is also a social novel. Happiness is to be found in the country, not in over-civilized cities; but Rousseau inconsistently blends praise of poverty with the modern, prosperous agronomy of Wolmar's estate. Pomeau acutely notes, too, the contrasting absence of a political environment and the authoritarian, "machievellian" politics with which Wolmar manages his domain, which does not, however, exclude humanitarianism and a feeling for the dignity

of labor and of the individual. Discussion of the role of religion in the novel leads to a brilliant and subtle analysis of the character and emotions of its heroine, Julie, with its polarities of sexual ardor and the need for security, its outbursts of ever-latent passion and its clinging to the protection of religion and the home. While Wolmar assumes the role of paternal symbol, almost a "Divinity in the midst of his Creation," Julie becomes more and more the maternal image, the center of the whole little society (or, better still, of the little social whole). Saint-Preux falls into a child-like passivity in relation to both—a passivity which he had already demonstrated as Julie's lover. In this we see Rousseau's own personality, and Pomeau might have referred here to his analogous dual relation with Mme. de Warens.

Pomeau is perhaps too darkly allusive in his treatment of the image of the veil. He hints at its origin in the death of Jean-Jacques' mother; but a new-born infant does not see its dying mother. Can we accept without reservation the judgment that Julie is "one of the greatest creations of literature"? She is, to be sure, mysterious and complex, and there is great subtlety in her motivations. But has she kept her appeal in our day? Too often she appears as an intellectual abstraction of her creator, as his mouthpiece. Too often she loses her feminine traits and is metamorphosed into an over-intellectualized, even a wooden personality. Pomeau, finally, limited in space, does not attempt to relate this work to problems and themes which course through Rousseau's writings and constitute a great part of their abiding interest. This lack is most telling in the concluding paragraph. There, after having previously declared that Rousseau desired to "enseigner aux hommes les chemins de la vertu" (p. ii) and having characterized *La Nouvelle Héloïse* as "ce nouveau Cid" (p. xxv), he summarizes it as a "roman de l'amour impossible," and refers to the stifling of romantic love by virtue as "l'asphyxie du sentiment, quel triste et plat spectacle." This may not have been Rousseau's opinion. Is *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, as Pomeau here suggests, the story of a virtuous woman twice brought low by the invincible passion of an *amour fatal*, and further, impoverished by her refusal to accept it? Was it really an *amour impossible*? Not if we consider it in the light of innumerable eighteenth century French novels, from *Les Illustres Françaises* on. Or is *La Nouvelle Héloïse* the story, in the tradition of Corneille (or far more, of Mme de la Fayette—that is, in the heroic rather than the romantic tradition), of a passionate woman who learns the price of virtue and of an ego-image (an ideal, or merely a way of life) which she embraces in conscious defiance of natural impulse to pleasure? Is it not she who makes the love "impossible"? Doubtless *La Nouvelle Héloïse* is both these stories, and has been read as both; but if it is related to the development of Rousseau's social philosophy, the emphasis is clear.

Margaret Guiton, *La Fontaine, Poet and Counterpoet* (New Brunswick, N.J.: Rutgers University Press, 1961. 196 pp. \$5.00). MARGARET Guiton is already widely known as the co-author, with Professor Germaine Brée, of *An Age of Fiction*. Now, with unusual versatility, she has turned her attention from the present age to an earlier one, and from fiction to poetry. As a scholarly book her *La Fontaine* is quite unorthodox but, so it happens, worthy of the highest praise. It bears a gaily illustrated dust jacket, it contains hardly any footnotes and no bibliography, and it is written in a very readable, sometimes amusing style. It opens not with an Introduction but with an *explication de texte*, and it has no Conclusion at the end. It flirts engagingly with the "new criticism." Yet it remains a solid and substantial study, in fact an extremely sensitive and rewarding appreciation of La Fontaine's poetry.

The various chapters may appear to be separate essays but they are woven together by a central theme, "poetry and counterpoetry." This expression, coined by Mrs. Guiton, implies that the poet's vision of reality is both emotional and comic. It keeps shifting in viewpoint between the simple intensity of lyricism and the "double vision of comedy." Or, as she says:

The double vision of comedy arises out of our recognition of two different and contradictory aspects of an identical situation—a conflict between appearance and reality, promise and performance, what we are intended to see and what we, sometimes perversely, see for ourselves . . . It [counterpoetry] is directly opposed to imaginative poetry, for it aims not at a willing suspension of disbelief but at a suspension, whether willing or not, of our habitual beliefs about ourselves. It is nevertheless a type of humor that can be expressed only through a poetic use of language; it is only by using poetic figures of speech, and the fable is essentially such, that one can express two different and contradictory meanings at the same time. (Pages 26-27.)

Thus, while a fable by its nature is both a fiction and a metaphor, we find that La Fontaine never tells a straight and simple story. His characters slip back and forth between animal traits and human traits. Sometimes he seems to take his subject seriously, then suddenly breaks the spell and playfully reveals its fictional quality. Many of his moral lessons can be read ironically, making it difficult or impossible to know the author's real attitude. In style and versification he continually passes from one level of diction to another—elevated, popular, conversational, satirical, etc. Such elusive subtleties, the very essence of La Fontaine's genius, are probed delicately and surely in Mrs. Guiton's highly original study.

Writing for the general reader, she provides quotations in French and

in English translation, and her translations, in unrhymed free verse, are generally quite faithful and resourceful. One opens the book to find first of all, on facing pages, *Le Corbeau et le Renard* given in French and English. Mrs. Guiton then proceeds to an *explication* of the fable and offers many penetrating, illuminating comments. This *explication* and another one later in the book—the last 21 lines of *Les Deux Pigeons*, pp. 155-167—should be read by all students and teachers interested in La Fontaine. They will undoubtedly disagree with some details, as I do, but they will gain a better understanding of the poet's artistic technique.

This book has four main sections, the first being entitled "The Fable: Prose or Poetry?" Here the author discusses the fable tradition, the animal-man metaphor, La Fontaine's re-creation of a prosaic genre, and certain questions of language and verse form. I think perhaps she over-stresses his use of proverb language and folk style but my only real complaint is a misquotation of Malherbe on page 41. (Malherbe would turn over in his grave if he saw this Alexandrine, one of his best, converted into a line of 13 syllables.) On the other hand, Mrs. Guiton has some important things to say on La Fontaine's free verse, on his delicate equilibrium between verse and prose, and on his "built-in gearshift" which enables him to glide swiftly from one poetic manner to another. In the chapter "The Fable as Counterpoetry"—or as poetry which "implies an intellectual criticism of life"—the author takes up some of the many comic veins in La Fontaine. She deals, for example, with certain literary devices such as parody and irony, with satire of the social order, and with the poet's amused but rather misanthropic view of human character. "The Fable as Poetry" is a more miscellaneous chapter and includes such topics as mimicry and the problem of the animal soul. She clarifies (but perhaps oversimplifies) La Fontaine's position in relation to the doctrines of Descartes and Gassendi, this being a long-debated question which still needs further study.

Mrs. Guiton's final chapter, "A Citizen of the Universe," contains an excellent discussion of La Fontaine's affinity with certain ancient writers whom he loved: Lucretius, Horace, and Virgil. What she says is wise and freshly conceived but, once again, she does not attempt to treat the topic exhaustively. To do so would entail the research and critical apparatus of a doctoral dissertation, or of a professional scholarly treatise, and I hope there will be further work in this important field. Mrs. Guiton's approach is of course quite different; through wide reading, reflection, intuition, she has sought to explain some of the quintessential qualities of La Fontaine's poetry. To my mind she has succeeded very well.

Thomas R. Hart, *La Alegoría en el Libro De Buen Amor* (Madrid: Revista de Occidente, 1959. 123 pp.). DR. Hart uses "allegory" in a broad sense, that of saying one thing and meaning another. His introduction lists a number of authorities, from St. Augustine downwards, to show that the Middle Ages expected literature to be allegorical in this way, to contain a *sententia* that was something deeper than the *sensus*, a "husk" that had to be peeled off before the "kernel" could be discovered. Boccaccio is made to clinch the quotations with his statement that poetry "disguises" truth with fiction, in order, because of the intellectual effort involved in unravelling it, to make it more esteemed. But Boccaccio is talking primarily of mythology and, if I am not mistaken, did not suggest that the same principle applied to his *Decameron*. Dr. Hart does not point out that Scripture (to which the majority of his quotations refer) and mythology were special types of literature, nor does he indicate that in most other cases the "kernel" need be nothing more than the lesson or moral to be drawn from the "letter" of the text. We are left very uneasy, therefore, when he states that in order to understand medieval poetry we must know the allegorical meanings that were at that time attributed to particular things, and that we may learn these from the manuals drawn up to enable preachers and teachers to elucidate difficult passages of the Scriptures. But is the *Libro de buen amor* the Bible? And is it not the case that the commentators were free to attach any "allegorical" meaning they pleased to biblical passages, provided they did not overstep the bounds of orthodoxy?

When, however, the principle is applied to Juan Ruiz the results are not as alarming as this makes them promise to be. The passage on money (490-513), because money "faze correr al coxo e al mudo fablar," becomes a kind of inverted allegory of Christ and through the fact that the distinction between *cupiditas* and *caritas*, to which a moralizing on money naturally led, could often be presented as a distinction between *caritas* and *libido*, the idea of avarice becomes intimately connected with the central theme of the whole work. Dr. Hart may well be correct in maintaining that this theological range was in the Archpriest's mind, but do we really have to have recourse to "allegory?" That all sin is an inversion of Christ-like values will always be implicit in any Christian treatment of it, and surely no allegory is necessary before one of the seven deadly sins can be made relevant to any other.

The *serranillas*, because *pan de trigo* is a symbol of Christ, and frost and ice are symbols of Satan, become allegories of the conflict between reason and the flesh. If they are in fact presented as moral temptations they must of necessity imply such a conflict, but why can't Juan Ruiz be allowed to have his joke about beautiful shepherdesses and the purity of their love without his reader having to make this so solemnly explicit?

The fable of the gardener and the snake (1348-1353) is an allegory of Adam before the Fall. The fable of the hound too old to hunt (1357-1366) allegorizes the putting off the corruption of "the old man." The point Dr. Hart makes about these, and about the other allegories he detects, is that they reinforce the fact that Juan Ruiz really does write about *buen amor*, and writes about it seriously and worthily. But it does seem that Dr. Hart has missed the point of the fable of the debate in sign language between the Greek and the Roman (46-64), which he appears to interpret as a statement that there is more in the book than meets the eye. Surely the point is that the Roman, who is a tough ruffian, interprets the signs in a ruffianly and aggressive way, while the Greek, who is a wise and learned man, interprets them in terms of the existence and power of God. All language is ambiguous in this sense: the serious reader will see that Juan Ruiz's book has a serious and didactic intention; the ribald reader, on the other hand, is bound to read it as ribaldry. Similarly the allegorizer, like his predecessors the medieval exegetes, will not fail to find in it what he is looking for.

Might it not be better to lay more stress on the rest of the Archpriest's professed intentions (13-15, 44-45)? "Que los cuerpos alegre e a las almas preste"; "ca la mucha tristeza much pecado pon"; as we might say nowadays, melancholy and depression produce neurosis. Cheerfulness is healthiness, and this is as true of religion as of everything else—which is why the first religious notes struck are the hymns on the joys of Our Lady (20-43). The proneness of human nature to sexual sin is not something to be taken tragically. Above the *amor loco* of this world there is a joy and a hope that make it imperative for men, if they are to remain sane, to laugh about their own weaknesses. That his own sign language should be allegorized into solemnity is perhaps a joke that the Archpriest is enjoying in heaven.

Kings College, University of London

ALEXANDER A. PARKER

Luis Monguió, *Sobre un escritor elogiado por Cervantes: los versos del perulero Enrique Garcés y sus amigos (1591)* (Berkeley and Los Angeles, Univ. of California Press, 1960. 64 pp. Univ. of California Publications in Modern Philology, 58). WE have here a bibliographically scrupulous and fully annotated edition of the poems, by Garcés and his friends, which accompany his translations, dedicated to Philip II, of Petrarch's *Rime*, Patrizi's *De Regno*, and Camoens' *Lusíadas*, each published in Madrid in 1591. Of his eight friends, six seem to have lived, like him, in Peru; their 28 sonnets, 10 octaves, and single *canzone* are therefore concrete evidence of literary activity in the early days of that colony, which had had a viceroy only

since 1544. This literary activity, consisting essentially of personal compliments couched in sonnets and in humanistic commonplaces, seems not to have differed noticeably from similar activity taking place in Spain at the same time. Its importance, then, as evidence is to indicate how quickly metropolitan standards in poetry of this sort became established in the major Spanish colonies.

Professor Monguió, most of whose critical work so far has been devoted to modern Peruvian poetry, promises us (p. 2) an eventual study of Garcés' work as a translator; such a study would be eminently worthwhile. It would be interesting to compare his version of the *Lusitadas* with those of Caldera (Alcalá, 1580) and of Gómez de Tapia (Salamanca, 1580). Even more interesting would be a comparison of Garcés' version of the *Rime*, recently reprinted by García Morales in Madrid, with the other published Spanish version (of the First Part, "In vita," only) made by another exile from Portugal, Salomón Usque ("Salusque Lusitano," Venezia, 1567); I suspect that the Usque version is poetically superior. And is it possible that Garcés, whose "bourgeois" career as discoverer of mercury in Peru, as adviser concerning silver coinage, and as a man of letters Monguió rightly considers significant, was an exile from Portugal to Peru for reasons similar to those of Usque the Jew? (Cf. octave beginning "Si la verguença no me lo impidiera," p. 32.) Finally, one is curious as to any possible contact which Garcés may have had with a greater humanist from Peru, El Inca Garcilaso, whose translation of Leo Hebraeus' *Dialoghi d'amori* had been published in Madrid only one year previous (1590) to Garcés' translations.

Ohio State University

ELIAS L. RIVERS

Index

AUTHORS OF ARTICLES AND NOTES

- Alciato, Jules C., Plutarque et Shakespeare, Sources possibles de deux présages Stendhaliens 309
- Alexander, Jean, Poe's *For Annie* and Mallarmé's *Nuit d'Idumée* 534
- Beare, Robert L., Quirinus Kuhlmann: Where and When? 379
- Beare, Robert L., The So-Called "Neukirch Sammlung": Some Speculations 411
- Blanco Aguinaga, Carlos, Dos Sonetos del Siglo XVII: Amor-Locura en Quevedo y sor Juana 145
- Champigny, Robert. Délimitation du genre romanesque 225
- Cohn, Robert Greer, A Note on the Lahure Edition of the *Coup de Dés* 305
- Cope, Jackson I., Girolamo Preti's Aesthetic Allegory: A Marinistic Poem on Violence in Love and Art 90
- Fichter, W. L., Un Ejemplo del genio creador de Lope de Vega: *El Acero de Madrid* 512
- Freccero, John, Zeno's Last Cigarette 3
- Gross, Nathan, Invention in an Imitated Sonnet by Góngora 182
- Hatcher, Anna Granville, The "Detto del Gatto Lupesco" 66
- Holdheim, William W., Gide's *Caves du Vatican* and the Illusionism of the Novel 292
- Jantz, Harold, Brockes' Poetic Apprenticeship 439
- Jantz, Harold, German Baroque Literature 337
- Larkin, Neil M., Another Look at Dante's Frog and Mouse 94
- López-Morillas, Juan, Preludio del 98 y Literatura del Desastre 163
- Macksey, Richard A., The Artist in the Labyrinth: Design or *Dasein* 239
- Macksey, Richard A., Marcel Proust and the "Chant d'un Rossignol" an Unpublished Letter 463
- May, Georges, Rousseau's Literary Writings: An Important New Edition 519
- Melcher, Edith, The Use of Words in Contemporary French Theater 470
- Mitchell, P. M., Two Letters from Wilhelm Grimm 529
- Morrisette, Bruce, Theory and Practice in the Works of Robbe-Grillet 257
- Musa, Mark, Movement and Meaning in a Poem by Panuccio del Bagno 37
- Norton, Peter M., Cesare Pavese and the American Nightmare 24
- Olson, Paul R., Symbolic Hierarchy in the Lion Episode of the *Cantar de Mio Cid* 499
- Price, Blanche A., Alfred de Vigny and Julia 449
- Rehder, Helmut, Reflections on Goethe and the Baroque 368
- Rivers, Elias L., The Pastoral Paradox of Natural Art 130
- Rosenberg, Nancy H., Petrarch's Limping: The Foot Unequal to the Eye 99
- Sarolli, Gian Roberto, Boscán as Translator: St. Jerome or the Humanists? 187
- Schneider, Heinrich, Eine Unbekannte Trauerkantate auf Lessing 484
- Schulz-Behrend, G., On Editing Opitz 435
- Schulz-Behrend, G., Opitz' *Zlatna* 398
- Seidlin, Oskar, In the Beginning Was . . . ? The Origin of Thomas Mann's Joseph und seine Brüder 493
- Singleton, Charles S., Inferno X: Guido's Disdain 49
- Spitzer, Leo, On the Significance of *Don Quijote* 113

Strauss, Walter A., Albert Camus, Stone-Mason 268

Wardropper, Bruce W., Góngora and the *Serranilla* 178

Weber, Robert J., Galdós *inédita*: Three Short Stories 532

Ziolkowski, Theodore, Albert Camus and Heinrich Böll 282

AUTHORS OF REVIEWS

Alciatore, Jules C.: J. F. Marshall, Victor Jacquemont, Letters to Achille Chaper. Intimate Sketches of Life Among Stendhal's Coterie 333

Arndt, Karl J. R.: G. Schulz, Schillers Horen. Politik und Erziehung. Analyse einer deutschen Zeitschrift 108

Brody, Jules: W. G. Moore, Racine: Britannicus 443

Brombert, Victor: C. A. E. Jensen, L'Evolution du Romantisme: L'Année 1826 326

Champigny, Robert: F. Jameson, Sartre: the Origins of a Style 446

Clements, Robert J.: S. Cigada, L'opera poetica de Charles d'Orléans 204

Crocker, Lester G.: J.-J. Rousseau, Julie, ou La Nouvelle Héloïse; introductions, notes et choix de variantes par René Pomeau 553

Durán, Manuel: A. Castro, De la edad conflictiva. I. El drama de la honra en Epafia y en su literatura 195

Edelman, Nathan and Phoebe Stanton: P. Frankl, The Gothic. Literary Sources and Interpretation through Eight Centuries 541

Ehrmann, Jacques: J. Doolittle, Rambeau's Nephew, a study of Diderot's "Second Satire" 110

Fellows, Otis: A. Vartanian, La Mettrie's L'Homme machine. A Study in the Origins of an Idea 212

Françon, Marcel: H. Nais, Les animaux dans la poésie française de la Renaissance. Science. Symbolique. Poésie 327

Girard, René: A. Rimbaud, Œuvres: Sommaire biographique, introduction, notices, relevé de variantes et notes par Suzanne Bernard 328

Girard, René: C. Baudelaire, Les Fleurs du mal. Les Epaves. Bribes.

Poèmes Divers. Aruœnitates belgicæ, ed., A. Adam 319

Giraud, Raymond: R. Girard, Mensonge romantique et vérité romanesque 537

Glaetli, Walter E.: A. Bettex, Spiegelungen der Schweiz in der deutschen literature 1870-1950 223

Gossmann, Lionel: Montesquieu, Lettres persanes, texte établi, avec introduction, bibliographie et notes, par Paul Vernière 322

Hornik, Henry: O. de Turnèbe, Les Contens, ed., N. B. Spector 205

Kurth, Lieselotte E. and William H. McClain: T. Fontane, Schriften zur Literatur, ed. Hans-Heinrich Reuter 109

Lapp, John C.: R. B. Grant: Zola's Son Excellence Eugène Rougon, an Historical and Critical Study 213

Macksey, Richard A.: G. D. Painter, Proust: The Early Years 330

McClain, William H. and Lieselotte E. Kurth: T. Fontane, Schriften zur Literatur, ed. Hans-Heinrich Reuter 109

Mendels, Judy: S. Sonderegger. Die Orts-und Flurnamen des Landes Appenzell: Grammatische Darstellung 315

Mendels, Judy: U. Daab, Die Althochdeutsche Benediktinerregel des Cod. Sang. 916 318

Monty, Jeanne R.: V. J. Johansson, Sur la Correspondance littéraire secrète et son éditeur 444

Nelson, Robert J.: P. Currie, Cornille: Polyeucte 311

Parker, Alexander A.: T. R. Hart, La Alegoria en el Libro De Buen Amor 558

Remak, Henry H. H.: F. Ernst and K.

- Wais, Forschungsprobleme der Vergleichenden Literaturgeschichte 215
- Richter, Bodo L. O.: P. de Ronsard, *Œuvres complètes*, XVII. Edition critique par Paul Laumonier, révisée et complétée par I. Silver et R. Lebègue 207
- Rivers, Elias L.: D. W. McPheeters, El humanista español Alonso de Proaza 193
- Rivers, Elias L.: E. S. O'Kane (Sister M. Katharine Elaine, C.S.C.), Refranes y frases proverbiales españoles de la Edad Media 192
- Rivers, Elias L.: L. Monguió, Sobre un escritor elogiado por Cervantes; los versos del perulero Enrique Garcés y sus amigos 559
- Sarmiento, Edward: E. J. Gramberg, Fondo y forma del humorismo de Leopoldo Alas, "Clarín" 202
- Sarmiento, Edward: K.-L. Selig, The Library of Vincencio Juan de Lastanosa Patron of Gracián 202
- Sarmiento, Edward: R. G. Mead, Jr., Tema hispano-americanos 203
- Schumann, Detlev W.: A. Lübbering, "Für Klopstock": Ein Gedichtband des Göttinger "Hains," 1773 219
- Stanton, Phoebe and Nathan Edelman: P. Frankl, The Gothic. Literary Sources and Interpretations through Eight Centuries 541
- Thornton, Thomas Perry: G. F. Jones, Honor in German Literature 106
- Viggiani, Carl A.: R. Champigny, Sur un Héros païen 548
- Wadsworth, Philip A.: La Fontaine, Contes et Nouvelles; introduction, notes et relevé de variantes par Georges Couton 447
- Wadsworth, Philip A.: M. Guiton, La Fontaine, Poet and Counterpoet 556
- Wardropper, Bruce W.: P. Calderón de la Barca, La vida es sueño, ed. A. E. Sloman and La vida es sueño, ed. E. W. Hesse 199

AUTHORS OF BOOKS REVIEWED

- Antoine Adam, ed., Charles Baudelaire, Les Fleurs du mal. Les Epaves. Bribes. Poèmes Divers. Arucenitates belgicae 319
- Baudelaire, Charles, Les Fleurs du mal. Les Epaves. Bribes. Poèmes Divers. Arucenitates belgicae, ed., Antoine Adam 319
- Bernard, Suzanne, ed., Rimbaud, Œuvres: Sommaire biographique, introduction, notices, relevé de variantes et notes par Suzanne Bernard 328
- Bettex, Albert, Spiegelungen der Schweiz in der deutschen literature 1870-1950 223
- Calderón de la Barca, Pedro, La vida es sueño, ed. Albert E. Sloman and La Vida es sueño, ed. Everett W. Hesse 199
- Castro, Américo, De la edad conflictiva. I, El drama de la honra en España y en su literatura 195
- Champigny, Robert, Sur un Héros païen 548
- Cigada, Sergio, L'opera poetica de Charles d'Orléans 204
- Couton, Georges, ed. La Fontaine, Contes et Nouvelles; introduction, notes et relevé de variantes par George Couton 447
- Currie, Peter, Corneille: Polyeucte 311
- Daab, Ursula, Die Althochdeutsche Benediktinerregel des Cod. Sang. 916 318
- Doolittle, James, Rameau's Nephew, a study of Diderot's "Second Satire" 110
- Ernst, Fritz and Kurt Wais, Forschungsprobleme der Vergleichenden Literaturgeschichte 215
- Fontane, Theodor, Schriften zur Literatur, ed. Hans-Heinrich Reuter 109
- Frankl, Paul, The Gothic. Literary Sources and Interpretations through Eight Centuries 541
- Girard, René, Mensonge romantique et vérité romanesque 537
- Gramberg, Eduard J., Fondo y forma del humorismo de Leopoldo Alas, "Clarín" 202
- Grant, Richard B., Zola's Son Excel-

- lence Eugène Rougon, an Historical and Critical Study 213
- Guiton, Margaret, La Fontaine, Poet and Counterpoet 556
- Hart, Thomas R., La Alegoria en el Libro De Buen Amor 558
- Hesse, Everett W., ed., P. Calderon de la Barca, La Vida es sueño 199
- Jameson, Fredric, Sartre: The Origins of a Style 446
- Jensen, Christian A. E., L'Evolution du Romantisme: L'Année 1826 326
- Johansson, Viktor J., Sur la Correspondance littéraire secrète et son éditeur 444
- Jones, George Fenwick, Honor in German Literature 106
- La Fontaine, Contes et Nouvelles; introduction, notes et relevé de variantes par Georges Couton 447
- Laumonier, Paul, ed., Pierre de Ronsard, Œuvres complètes, XVII. Edition critique par Paul Laumonier, révisée et complétée par I. Silver et R. Lebègue 207
- Lebègue, R. ed., Pierre de Ronsard, Œuvres complètes, XVII. Edition critique par Paul Laumonier, révisée et complétée par I. Silver et R. Lebègue 207
- Lüggering, Anton, "Für Klopstock": Ein Gedichtband des Göttinger "Hains," 1773 219
- Marshall, J. F., Victor Jacquemont, Letters to Achille Chaper. Intimate Sketches of Life among Stendhal's Coterie 333
- McPheeters, D. W., El humanista español Alonso de Proaza 193
- Mead, Robert G., Jr., Temas hispano-americanos 203
- Monguió, Luis, Sobre un escritor elogiado por Cervantes: los versos del perulero Enrique Garcés y sus amigos 559
- Montesquieu, Lettres persanes, texte établi, avec introduction, bibliographie et notes, par Paul Vernière 322
- Moore, W. G., Racine: Britannicus 443
- Nais, Hélène, Les animaux dans la poésie française de la Renaissance. Science. Symbolique. Poésie 327
- O'Kane, Eleanor S. (Sister M. Katharine Elaine, C.S.C.), Refranes y frases proverbiales españoles de la Edad Media 192
- Painter, George D., Proust: The Early Years 330
- Pommeau, René, ed., J.-J. Rousseau, Julie, ou La Nouvelle Héloïse; introductions, notes et choix de variantes par René Pomeau 553
- Rimbaud, Arthur, Œuvres: Sommaire biographique, introduction, notices, relevé de variantes et notes par Suzanne Bernard 328
- Ronsard, Pierre de, Œuvres complètes, XVII. Edition critique par Paul Laumonier, révisée et complétée par I. Silver et R. Lebègue 207
- Rousseau, J.-J., Julie, ou La Nouvelle Héloïse; introductions, notes et choix de variantes par René Pomeau 553
- Schulz, Gunter, Schillers Horen. Politik und Erziehung. Analyse einer deutschen Zeitschrift 108
- Selig, Karl-Ludwig, The Library of Vincencio Juan de Lastanosa Patron of Gracián 202
- Silver, I., ed., Pierre de Ronsard, Œuvres complètes, XVII. Edition critique par Paul Laumonier, révisée et complétée par I. Silver et R. Lebègue 207
- Sloman, Albert E., ed., P. Calderón de la Barca, La Vida es sueño 199
- Sonderegger, Stefan, Die Orts- und Flurnamen des Landes Appenzell: Grammatische Darstellung 315
- Spector, Norman B., ed., Odet de Turnèbe, Les Contens 205
- Turnèbe, Odet de, Les Contens, ed. Norman B. Spector 205
- Vartanian, Aram, La Mettrie's L'Homme machine. A Study in the Origins of an Idea 212
- Paul Vernière, ed., Montesquieu, Lettres persanes, texte établi, avec introduction, bibliographie et notes, par Paul Vernière 322
- Wais, Kurt, ed. (with Fritz Ernst), Forschungsprobleme der Vergleichenden Literaturgeschichte 215

I
y
a

y
i-
i-
i-

e
s,
i-

s,
i-
I.

le
ix
)

i-
er

of
on

n-
it-
et
e-

le

r-
n-
r-

d.

L'.
he

et-
n-
es,

) ,
ch-